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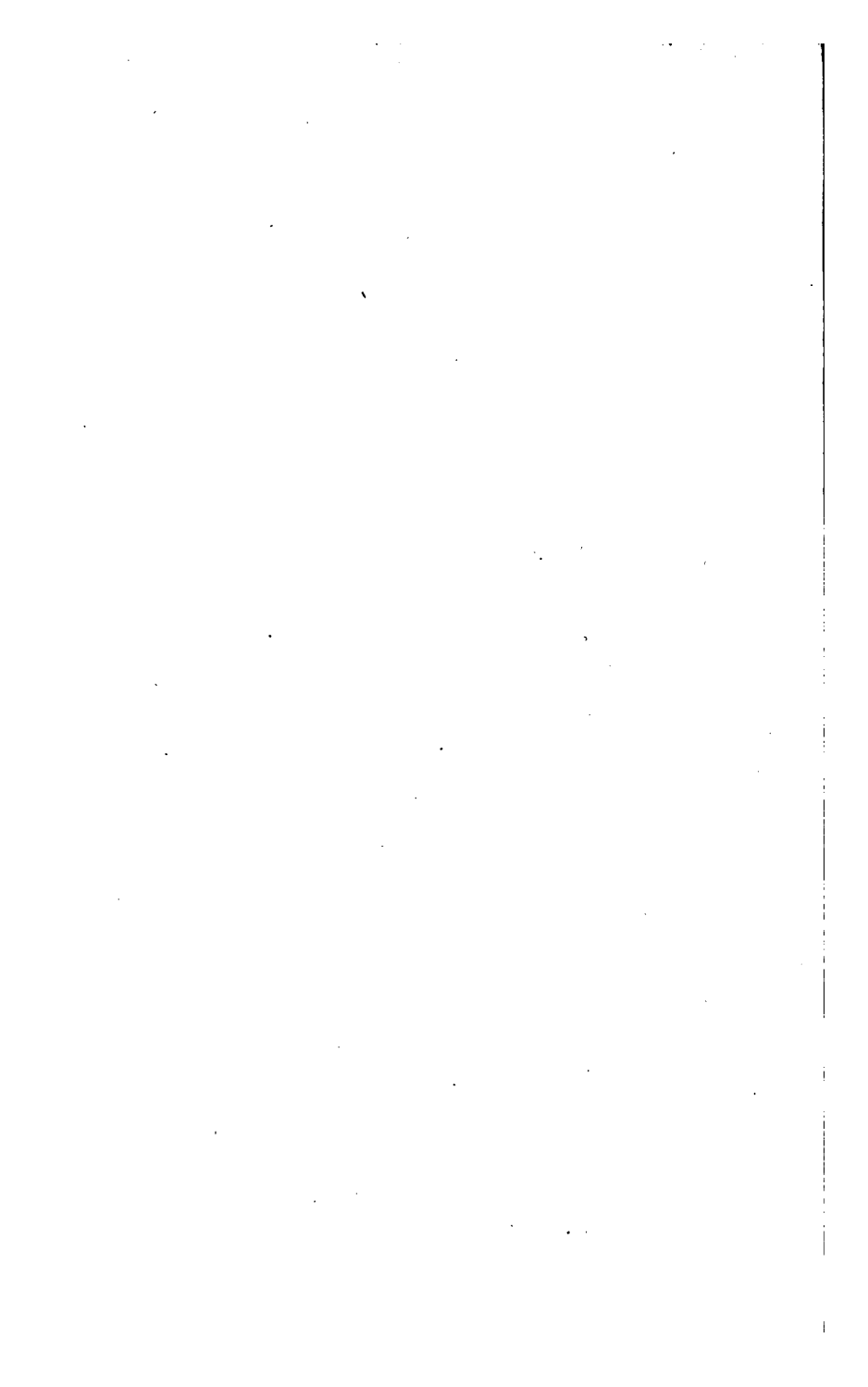
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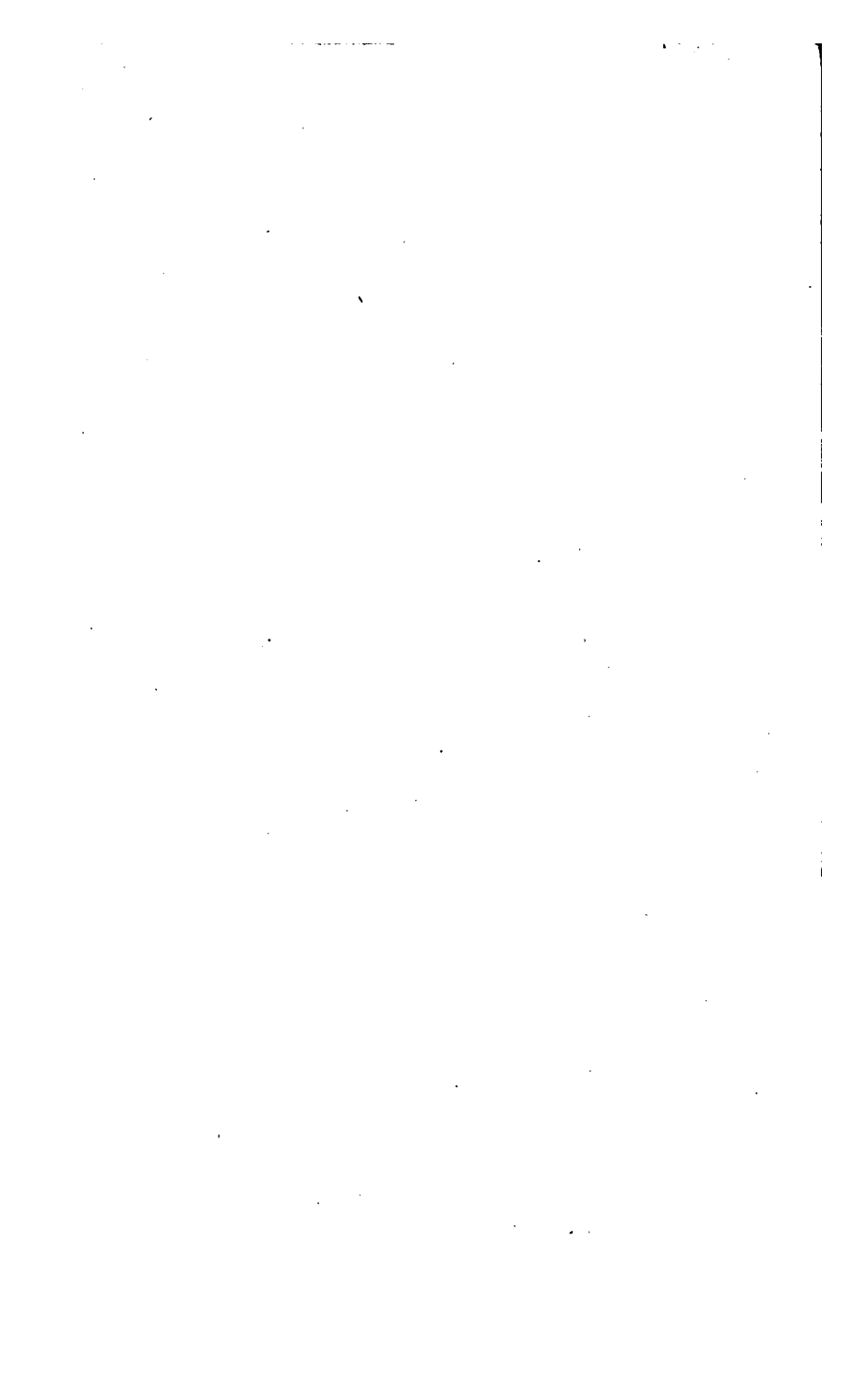
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THE
LIFE
OF
CARL THEODOR KÖRNER.







THE
LIFE
OF
CARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.





Engraved by Edw. Stevens

CARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

*From an Engraving by Müller
after a Painting by the Sister of Körner.*

✓

THE
LIFE

1827

OF

CARL THEODOR KÖRNER,

(WRITTEN BY HIS FATHER,)

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS

POEMS, TALES, AND DRAMAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY G. F. RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF "POETIC HOURS."

Φιλτάθ' οὐ τί που νεῖδηκας
Νησοῖς δ' ἐν μακαρῶν σε Φασιν εἶναι.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

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1827.

193.



PREFACE.

CARL THEODOR KÖRNER, whose memory is revered in Germany, no less for his genius than his heroism; and who is honoured by his countrymen with the trophies of the poetic lyre and the patriotic sword, is, as yet, but little known in this country. A few of his compositions have been translated, and Mrs. Hemans has written a beautiful little poem to his memory*; but these constitute, I believe, the only testimonies which our language possesses of his talents; and his life and his works are com-

* In the Literary Souvenir for 1825.

paratively unknown to the English public. This deficiency it is intended to supply by the following publication, which comprises a memoir of his life, together with versions of several of his poems, tales, and dramas. The life is simply a translation from the biographical sketch prefixed to his remains ; and the selections from his works comprise such productions as were considered best adapted to illustrate the merits of their author, as well as most calculated to interest and to gratify the English reader. For the translation of the Life, as of many other parts of the work, I am well aware that many apologies are requisite—for the narrative itself I feel that none can be required. The circumstances under which it was produced are sufficient to disarm criticism, even were it devoid of talent or interest of its own. It is written by Körner's

father ;—and as the testimony of an afflicted parent to the merits of his lamented son—its brief and candid statements—its simple and unaffected details, and indeed its general tone of intelligence, of feeling, and of good sense, must endear it to every reader of judgment and of sensibility; and render it a tribute alike honourable to the parent and the child.

I would not wish to anticipate, by any observations of my own, the pleasure which I am persuaded my readers will derive from perusing the works of this distinguished young man, and the narrative of his estimable father; yet I must beg to offer a few brief and prefatory remarks on the merits of his productions, and the worth of his character. A review of the former will present a bright instance of early genius; a consideration of the latter will exhibit

some of the noblest qualities that adorn and dignify human nature ; while both will unite to afford an illustrious example of youthful excellence ; to justify the sentiments of his countrymen, by all classes of whom he is regarded with enthusiastic admiration ; and to prove how still more eminent would have been his attainments and productions had his life been spared, and had it not been mysteriously ordained by Providence, that this admirable youth should be numbered among the great sacrifices which were to be made by his country, ere she could regain her freedom.

His works consist of martial and miscellaneous poems, prose tales, and dramas. Of his poems, those of a martial character are commonly most distinguished ; they all breathe a high spirit of heroism, a strong hatred of tyranny and oppression, and a deep

sympathy for the afflictions of his suffering country. His miscellaneous pieces will also be found to exhibit some of the most admired graces of refined and elegant poetry. His few prose tales are very beautiful compositions, and induce us only to regret that he has left no more examples of this delightful style of writing. But his dramas are considered his highest efforts, and these display, in the most striking manner, the power and fertility of his mind. He appears to have essayed every species of dramatic composition—to have attempted farce, opera, comedy, and tragedy, and to have succeeded alike in all. In comedy, his productions were exceedingly admired, and he was considered by distinguished critics to possess that genuine *vis comica*, which is the basis of all dramatic efforts of this kind: while in tragedy, the merits of his pieces

insured him the most substantial emoluments, and the most flattering honours; and he was rewarded at once with the approbation of the public, the patronage of the court, and the favourable opinion of the most distinguished writers and critics.

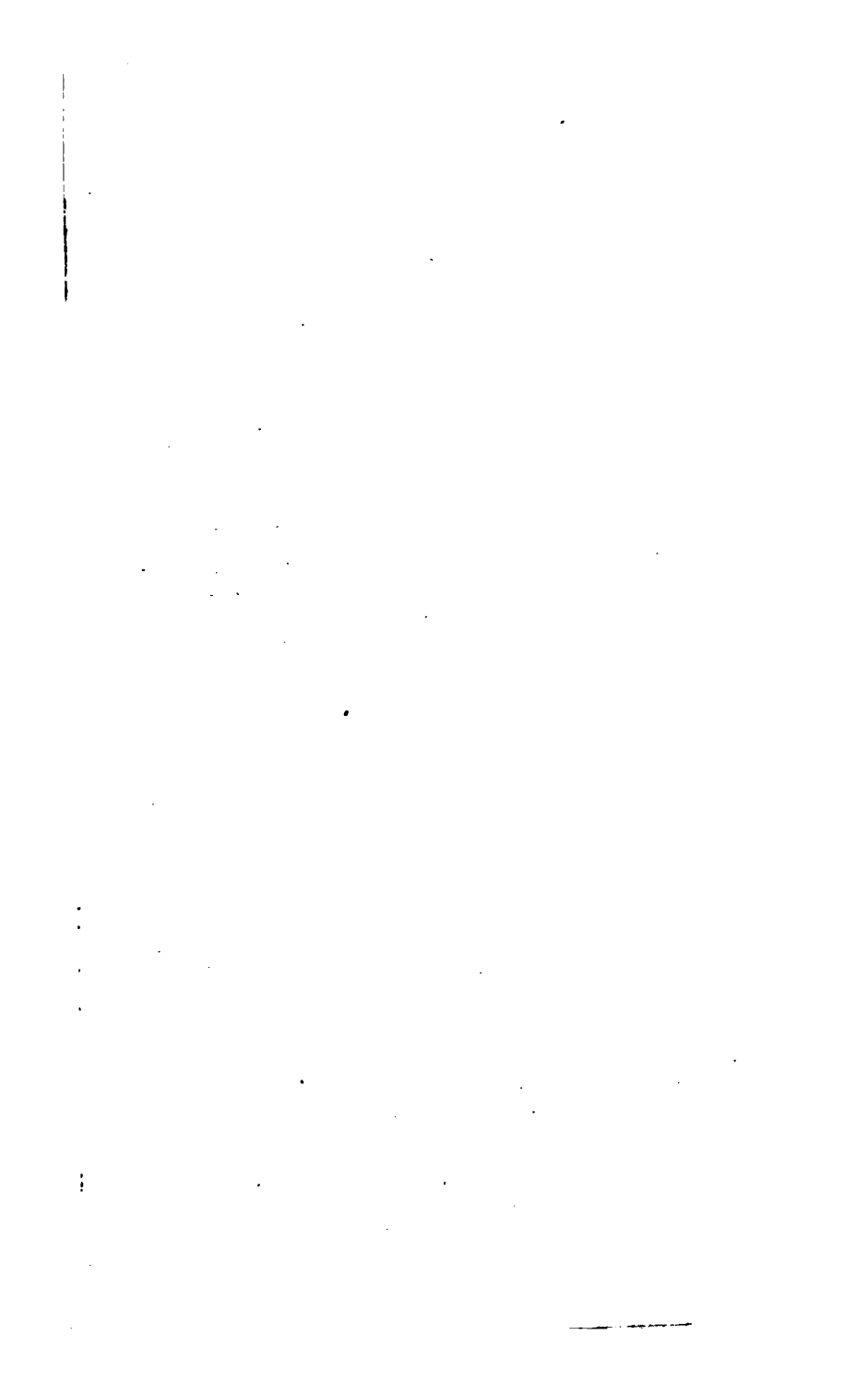
His collected works consist of four considerable volumes, varying in their degrees of interest and attraction, according to the nature of their subjects; but, allowing for the imperfections necessarily incident to youthful efforts, all bearing the impress of high poetic genius. And when we reflect on the various studies, avocations, and pursuits of the author, and consider that in addition to his academical career he also discharged the duties of a military life; and that his various attainments were acquired, and he himself snatched away at the early age of twenty-two, we cannot refuse

our highest admiration of an instance of early genius, which is probably unrivalled, and certainly unsurpassed in the annals of literary distinction.

While such were the talents of his mind, to those who peruse the following memoir, the virtues of his heart will be equally apparent. His character, indeed, was one of rare and admirable excellence, combining in a singular union all that was exalted in principle and heroic in sentiment, with all that was gentle in feeling and tender in affection. The narrative of his father places the connexion between himself and his son in the most interesting light, and nothing can be more touching or delightful than the picture here exhibited of their perfect friendship, confidence, and esteem. But it is in the great act of his life—his offering himself for his country, and joining the

army for the deliverance of Germany, that his character is displayed in all its varied attributes of tenderness and of heroism. That a youth so celebrated for talent, fame, and reputation should offer himself, at the call of patriotism and of religion, for the cause of his country; and should sacrifice, on the altar of her freedom, his hopes, his prospects, and his life, affords an example of heroic self-devotion, which may vie with the brightest records of the historic page; and which must combine with his intellectual eminence, to render his name immortal, as long as piety, patriotism, and genius shall continue to be revered on earth.

I trust, therefore, that I shall not be considered by my readers as having added to the number of useless publications, in offering to the English public the present memorial of the celebrated German soldier-





Engraved by F. Matthews.

MONUMENT TO THEODOR KÖRNER.

London, Published by Tho. Agnew & C^o St Paul's Church Yard, March, 1871.

poet. I have, at the same time, to solicit their indulgence for the following brief and unworthy tribute to his memory:—

Shade of the brave! whose young, heroic breast
Hath own'd a soldier's and a poet's fire;
Whose youthful hand, with twofold ardour blest,
Hath dared to grasp alike the sword and lyre.

Forgive that I, a stranger, would aspire
To sing thy warrior and thy minstrel fame,
And tell of those who nobly shared thy name,
Thy sainted sister and thy sorrowing sire!

For Valour's self hath mourn'd her votary's doom,
And Poesy hath bless'd with sweet applause
This noblest victim in a noble cause,
While both entwine their trophies on thy tomb!

Forgive that I a stranger's praise accord,
And twine this frail, faint wreath around thy lyre and sword!

G. F. R.

It may be necessary to append the following remarks, which have suggested themselves during the progress of the work.

It is mentioned that Körner belonged to an *æsthetic* society. The term *æsthetic*, invented by Baumgarten about the beginning of the last century, and which means "the philosophy of beauty," will be best understood by the English reader, if we state the society to have been one for the cultivation of good taste.

Some of the pieces, such as "Lützow's Wild Chase;" "Confidence;" the "Farewell to Vienna," and "A Sonnet on the Bust of the Queen of Prussia," which have inadvertently been inserted among the Miscellaneous Pieces, should have been placed in the selection from the "Lyre and Sword."

The greater part of Körner's lyrical compositions, as the "Lützow's Wild Chase," the "War Song," the "Sword Song," and some others, having been admirably set to music by the regretted Von Weber, it has been the object of the translator to retain the measure of the German poetry unaltered. This circumstance may possibly plead in excuse for some degree of stiffness, which is, perhaps, inseparable from the attempt to preserve, in the same version, both the metre and the meaning of the original.

The plates appended to the present volume may derive some degree of interest from the circumstance, that they are designed after engravings from paintings by the sister of the poet, which were procured from Germany expressly for the work.

It will be perceived from the following memoir, that Körner's father was a man of no common mind. He alludes, in the course of the memoir of his son, to his own intimacy (among other learned men) with Schiller. To this it may be necessary to add, that their connexion was of the most affectionate kind, and that the *Life of Schiller*, prefixed to Cotta's edition of his works, and esteemed as the best yet published, is from the pen of his friend Körner.

In addition to the eulogies already pronounced in favour of Carl Theodor Körner, the following tribute, from the pen of the acute and discriminating Professor Bouterwek, is extracted from the third volume of his *History of German Literature*:—

“Theodor Körner, the spirited imitator of Schiller, would have become a distinguished tragic poet, had he not met with the still more glorious fate of falling on the field of battle, while fighting for the deliverance of Germany.”



L I F E
OF
CARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

VOL. I.

B

L I F E

OF

CARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

CARL THEODOR KÖRNER was born at Dresden, on the 23d of September, 1791. His father was, at that time, a Saxon Counsellor of Appeals, and his mother was the daughter of a deceased and esteemed artist of Leipzig, the engraver Stock*. The weak and precarious state of his health, during childhood, required constant care, and his mental cultivation was thus rendered an object of later attention. He was chiefly in the open air, and passed his time,

* Goethe, in his Memoirs, mentions this artist in terms of respect, as having given him instructions in engraving, during his stay at the University of Leipzig.—TRANSLATOR.

partly, among boys of his own age in a neighbouring garden ; partly, during summer, in the society of his parents and his sister in a vineyard (weinberg). His education was, from these circumstances, retarded much later than that of other children ; and he was by no means one of those who, by the precocity of their knowledge and talents, have gratified the vanity of their parents. But the distinguishing features of his character, even in childhood, were great tenderness of heart, and strong affection for those who had won his love, united with singular firmness and strength of mind, and very quick and lively powers of fancy.

His mental faculties developed themselves with his bodily growth ; and, though it was difficult at first to excite his attention, yet, when this was effected, his comprehension was keen and acute. He had less inclination, as well as less capability, for the learning of languages, than for the study of history, natural philosophy, and the mathematics. His constant dislike to the French language was remarkable, even when he had made some progress in other tongues, both ancient and modern.

The practice of gymnastic exercises, in his early years, gave strength and flexibility to his body ; and the youth was considered an animated dancer,

a bold and daring rider, an excellent swimmer, and, in particular, an admirable fencer. His eye, hand, and ear, were happily organized by nature, and were rendered perfect by constant exercise. He was skilful in turnery, especially in works of the finer kind; and he drew, with considerable merit, both mathematical figures and landscapes. But his inclination and his talent for music were yet more conspicuous. He already promised to excel on the violin, when he was attracted by the guitar, and to this latter instrument he remained attached to the last. With his guitar on his arm, he would imagine himself transported back to the age of the troubadours. Several of his little original compositions for this instrument, as well as for the voice, were very successful; and his just, fine, and animated style of playing was heard with great pleasure. But poetry was the ruling passion to which he was devoted from his earliest years. His father, however, conceived it his duty, merely to allow the first poetic essays of his son, and not to excite them. He had too high an opinion of the art in general, not carefully to watch its dawning in one, for whom he was so deeply interested, and he was especially anxious, that mere inclination should not be mistaken for inspiration. Facility of composition alone is, cer-

tainly, not a sufficient ground for the decision. The approbation which it is easy to obtain is dangerous; and in dispositions where idleness is mingled with vanity, the admiration which he receives often induces the youthful poet to remain stationary in the original low situation which he at first occupies. Fortunately this was not the case with Körner. With the feelings of a true poet, he attached little value to the external marks of approbation which he received, but gladly hastened onward to compete with the noblest and most difficult themes.

Schiller and Goethe were the favourite poets in his father's family, and Schiller's ballads were probably the first poems which the youth perused. All that was noble and elevated had, for him, peculiar charms; and yet he attempted serious poetry somewhat late, and at first with considerable timidity. His earliest effusions consisted of humorous pieces, which owed their origin to occasional circumstances. He did not want for matter, as the freshness of life and the joyousness of youth were not repressed in him by any discouraging influence; and as facility of rhyming, and of versification, were perfectly natural to him.

He did not quit his home before the middle of

his seventeenth year, and received instruction, for a time, partly at the Kreuz Schule, at Dresden, but chiefly under the care of select private tutors, among whom was the future historian Dippold, who died, too early for his art, as Professor at Dantzig. A grateful mention is also due here to the present Pastor Roller of Lousa, for his excellent instruction in piety; and to Professor Fischer, of the Saxon Ritter Academy, for his admirable tuition in the mathematics.

One of the most difficult tasks which a father has to discharge is that of guiding a son in the choice of a profession. A proper estimate of the advantages and discouragements of every relation of life is not to be expected from youth; and the reasons which determine them are often insufficient: while it is, at the same time, a delicate matter to counteract their wishes, since it is desirable, in animated minds, that their pursuits should accord with their inclinations. Körner had, also, to select a profession which would yield him a sufficient income, as he could not depend on the possession of a large estate. The art of mining offered peculiar charms for him, from its associations with poetry, and from the various food for the mind afforded by the auxiliary sciences necessary for its acquirement; while these studies

were equally indispensable for the completing and perfecting his education. He required, in order to counteract his natural tendency towards those pursuits, which were designated by the Greeks the music of the mind, a counterpoise of what may be termed intellectual gymnastics; and thus the study of physics, of natural philosophy, of mechanics, and chemistry, presented difficulties to overcome, which, to a mind like his, proved, however, more attractive than repelling.

No opportunity was wanting, at Dresden, to prepare him for the higher courses of instruction in mining at Freyberg; as, in the house of his parents, many favourable circumstances were united, which were advantageous for the formation of his character. The natural candour, joyousness, and warmth of his disposition, developed themselves here without interruption. In a family, which was united by mutual confidence and affection, the claims of the boy and the youth were not disregarded; and without ruling, he early enjoyed a freedom, within his sphere, which was highly beneficial. Besides this, his home had many other charms. All were sensible to the delights of poetry and music, and to these the female part of the family added the accomplishments of drawing and painting. Small

evening parties were thus formed, at which visitors of talent were present. The son was, in such a circle, received with perfect good will, and was much esteemed, because he was not forward or intrusive; but, on the contrary, was altogether unaffected, and entered, with interest, into all their discussions. Some female friends of his sister, who were distinguished both for their mental and personal charms, were delighted with his vivacity and talent; while, on his part, he was not insensible to finding himself the object of their esteem. By this means he became accustomed to genteel society, and learned to appreciate the value of refined intercourse.

His father was one of Schiller's most confidential friends; and he had hoped, from this intimacy, to derive considerable advantage for his son; but, for such a result, Schiller unfortunately died too early. The last time he was at Dresden was when young Körner was only ten years of age. Among those who chiefly contributed to form the growing mind of the youth, while he remained at home, was the Prussian Colonel, Ernst von Pfuel, a most intelligent and accomplished officer, and the Danish poet, Oehlenschläger.

In the summer of 1808, Körner commenced the

study of mining at Freyberg; and the new student soon found himself placed in a very desirable situation. The Counsellor of mining, Werner, was a friend of his father, and treated the son with peculiar kindness. Among the rest of the tutors, Professor Lampadius distinguished him with eminent regard; he found a friendly reception in the most distinguished houses; and his talent of speedily ingratiating himself with those young men who interested him, was rendered particularly available. It occurred, fortunately, that several accomplished and highly educated young mineralogists and chemists were assembled at the academy, at Freyberg, at that time.

Körner, at first, pursued the practical part of mining with great zeal, shunned no hardship, and was quite at home in the duties of a miner's life. He painted it in glowing colours in the poems which he wrote about this period; and the honest and experienced fraternity of miners, with whom he lived, he never could sufficiently describe. By degrees, however, a less attractive reality took place of the ideal; and the mighty charm of those sciences, which are as auxiliaries to the art of mining, seduced him from its practice. Mineralogy and chemistry, in a pre-eminent manner, furnished him with em-

ployment. Fossils were collected, the mountainous districts were explored, charts were drawn, and, with the help of an experienced friend, experiments in chemistry were made. Both Werner and Lam-padius remarked with pleasure the progress made by their pupil.

During two years' residence in Freyberg, young Körner attained a maturity of knowledge and discretion, which could scarcely have been expected from one of his years, and of his vivacity. Much influence was exercised over him by a young fellow-student, the partaker of his studies and his joys, named Schneider, a young man full of mind, energy, and character; but who was, through adverse circumstances, inclined to melancholy. The butterfly was attracted by this dark flower; and the elder and more sensitive friend required to be treated with tender delicacy. A fatal event severed this union. Schneider was a rash and daring skater, and while engaged in this exercise, he broke through the ice, and in spite of all assistance was lost. The sight of his dead body, and of that of another deceased friend, who was a promising artist, produced on Körner a deep and lasting impression.

His prevailing liveliness of disposition was extremely distant from frivolity. The characteristic

German perseverance was perceivable even in his most lively moods; and when apparently bent on exhausting the present moment of its enjoyment, he would willingly revert to pursuits of the most serious kind. An interruption to his studies was less prejudicial to him, than it would have been perhaps to any one.

Dresden is so contiguous to Freyberg, that he could, almost always, participate in the little fêtes and festivals of his family. He also enjoyed opportunities of making more extended journeys. His father had been intrusted with the guardianship of the daughter of a deceased friend, the merchant Kunze of Leipzig; and young Körner, by this means, gained a second sister. He could not remain absent when she was married to Mr. von Einsiedel; and the nuptials were celebrated in Leipzig, after the ancient manner, with all the unrestrained joyousness of happy youth.

He was equally unable to resist the invitation to pass some days at the country seat of the Duchess of Courland, at Löbichau, near Altenburg. His parents had the good fortune to become intimately acquainted with this lady, and her sister, the wife of the Chamberlain von Recke, and enjoyed her especial good will. Young Körner, as the godson

of the Duchess, had received from that lady a considerable present to assist him towards the expenses of his academical studies; and he knew how to appreciate the kind reception which he met in Löbichau.

In the summer of 1809 he undertook, after sufficient preparation, a journey on foot through the Oberlaussitz, in the Silesian mountains, which proved as instructive as it was delightful. Count von Geszler, formerly Prussian ambassador at Dresden, with whom Körner's father had been in habits of friendship for many years, was then living in Silesia. He and the Prussian Upper mining Counsellor, von Charpentier, gave the young mineralogist intelligence of the most remarkable objects connected with his studies, and likewise afforded him every facility for observing them with advantage. Introduced by Count von Geszler to the Count von Stolberg, in Peterswalda, and to the minister, Count Reden, in Buchwald, Körner was received by these noblemen with great kindness. The sublime and beautiful scenery had every charm for his poetic mind, and he ever reckoned his residence in Silesia among the most happy days of his life. He expressed his feelings, while here, in several poetical compositions.

From this period more seriousness and depth are perceivable in his poetic productions ; and, in particular, we may observe a good, old, virtuous German feeling. He had not known religion as a dark and gloomy task-mistress, or as a foe to innocent joys, but as a soul-cheering and elevating friend. His whole education was directed with the view that he should be impelled rather by a noble emulation than by slavish fear, and he was early accustomed to revere whatever was sacred ; thence proceeded the candour and the zeal with which he embraced the spirit of Christianity. At a time when the haughty feelings of an impetuous and heedless youth were ruling in him, he produced his spiritual sonnets, which were the genuine and spontaneous effusions of his mind. Their simplicity evidently proves that they are not to be classed among the productions of fashion. He thus speaks of them in a confidential letter : “ I think the sonnet peculiarly adapted to this species of composition ; for there is in its measure a repose and love which are quite in unison with the narratives of holy writ.”

As little would it be supposed that he was the first who conceived the idea of a “ Pocket Book for Christians,” which was to consist of historical trea-

tises, spiritual sonnets and songs, or other poetical compositions on passages from the Scriptures, and was to be ornamented with appropriate engravings. A letter of his at this time contains the following animated passage: "Shall not then religion, for which our fathers fought and fell, equally inspire us? and shall not the tones of its poetry speak to the souls of many who yet live, in all their purity? There are several bright examples of religious inspiration in, and before, the thirty years' war, which also deserve their bards." The completion of the plan was at that time prevented by several unexpected difficulties, though Körner's father used every effort to forward the design, and the celebrated bookseller, Göschen, of Leipzig, was prepared to undertake it.

Körner's academical career at Freyberg terminated in 1810, and he, at first, designed to remain at Tübingen, with a view to profit by the instruction of Kielmeyer. He afterwards decided on the newly established academy at Berlin, where more favourable circumstances were united for his further scientific improvement; yet at the same time Leipzig, where Körner's father was born, and many of his friends resided, and where also distinguished tutors were to be found for the son, was not wholly to be

overlooked. It was, therefore, determined that he should remain at Leipzig half a year. The lectures at Freyberg ended too late to allow him to profit by the commencement of the summer half year at Leipzig; the intermediate time he passed in travelling. He accompanied his parents to Carlsbad, where he made some agreeable acquaintances; and afterwards spent some happy weeks at Löbichau, where indeed he was detained longer than he had intended, in consequence of receiving an injury in his foot. On this account, he was compelled to abandon a mineralogical tour, which he had proposed to take, on foot, to the Hartz mountains.

His evening recreations at Löbichau were of a poetical kind. A lady of talent in the suite of the Duchess of Courland, a physician, and an artist, united with Körner to produce a diurnal paper, which they termed "Tea Leaves," which was merely intended to remain in manuscript, for the amusement of the society here assembled. Körner had, then, just appeared before the public as an author. A collection of his poems had recently been published, under the appropriate title of "Blossoms." There was, perhaps, much to be objected to in so early an authorship, yet Körner's father conceived that it offered advantages which compensated for all its

objections. The youthful poet, by this means, hears the voice of severe censure, and is made sensible to those defects which have escaped the notice of his friends; while he also undergoes the trial whether harsh and unjust criticism shall dispirit and deject him, or, on the contrary, shall stimulate him to new efforts.

At the time of his arrival in Leipzig there were some unhappy differences existing among the students. The two great parties were much exasperated against each other, and it was impossible for Körner to remain neuter. In making his election, he was guided alike by his own judgment, and by the connexions which he had formed at Freyberg. He did not side with the Renownists (Renomisten*), but his fancy heightened to him the peculiar charms attending the life of the students (Studenten). He then endeavoured, and with tolerable success, to reconcile the dissensions of the contending parties. He earnestly applied himself to philosophy and history, and also devoted several hours each day to anatomy. He was likewise member of an æsthetic society, and of the Macaria, an institution for intellectual pursuits and social pleasure. He established a poetical

* See Russell's Travels in Germany, vol. i. chap. 3.

association, was perfectly well received in all the most respectable houses ; and in the circle of joyous youths who were not yet subject to the cares of civil life, he was considered a worthy companion. If, subsequently, he opposed some coercive measures and would suffer no insult to his honour, and in his zeal for his friends overpassed the narrow limits prescribed by fear and caution ; it is easy to perceive that he did not fulfil every requirement exacted by his academical superiors.

At Berlin, where he arrived at Easter, 1811, he met an old friend of his parents, Counsellor Parthey, who received him in a manner the most gratifying to his feelings. His father, on account of his early intimacy with Count Hoffmanssegg, had furnished him with letters of introduction to that nobleman, who welcomed him with great kindness, and undertook to direct his botanical studies, which now required to be pursued with earnestness. Another portion of his time, during the first half year, was devoted to attending the lectures of the Professors of history and philosophy. He also enjoyed, by means of Counsellor Parthey, the unlimited use of the considerable private library of Nikolai ; while the Zelter institution for music and the theatre promised to afford him agreeable recreations from his

studies. These favourable prospects were, however, frustrated by the effects of a tertian fever, which attacked him at the commencement of May. The disorder continued for several weeks, and from his frequent relapses, occasioned such weakness, as to require the most energetic means to be used for his recovery. Travelling and change of air were considered likely to be beneficial; and the time thus lost appeared immaterial, since the remaining lectures of the summer half-year were found to be of little consequence, from his not having been present at the commencement of the course. He repaired to Carlsbad, and remained there a month with his parents, and thence his inclinations would have led him to the Rhine and to Heidelberg. But his father was disgusted with the spirit which pervaded most of the German universities, and considered it his duty to place him in a situation, where all associations should be broken off, which might have a prejudicial influence on his ardent disposition. He felt, indeed, that he had an important design to execute; an event to which general rules can, scarcely, in all cases be made to apply. He had to place a promising youth on a distinguished point, where his mental horizon was to be extended, and his inclination to advancement and to perfection was

to be excited and encouraged. On the whole, his father expected the best results as likely to be accomplished by a residence at Vienna. In addition to the superior advantages naturally connected with a capital, he reckoned much on the reception his son would meet in the house of the Prussian minister and ambassador, William von Humboldt, with whom he had been in close intimacy for many years. He had also, on account of his friendly relations with Frederic Schlegel, to expect a like desirable welcome for his son from that eminent learned man. The youth was better preserved from the dangers incident to his age and situation, than other young men, by the rectitude of his own character : on this his father could safely rely, and he never found himself deceived.

In August, 1811, on Theodor Körner's going to Vienna, the decisive portion of his life commenced. He found himself in a new world, full of youthful life and spirit, with all which he felt himself in the most happy accordance ; yet did he never lose sight of circumspection. Without neglecting social, intellectual intercourse, or denying himself pleasures of a refined and eligible nature, he devoted the greater part of the day to serious study, and was particularly fruitful in poetic pro-

ductions. Undisturbed by any contrary circumstances, and cheered by the approbation of his father, he could now yield to his native impulse for poetry, as the scientific knowledge which he had acquired at Freyberg, was calculated to afford him the means of subsistence.

What his father most desired was, not so much his preparation for any particular pursuit, as the completion of his moral and intellectual character as a man; for only such a one did he consider justified in aspiring to be a poet. He was fully aware of the necessity of his son's attaining a thorough knowledge of history, and of the ancient and modern languages. He had a poetical object in his historical studies, as these afforded him materials for his dramatic works.

He was, for some time, engaged in the plan and preparation of a tragedy called *Conradin*; which, however, he never completed; as, from the nature of the materials, much of the piece would have been objectionable to the censorship; and his object was to produce it at the theatre. His first essays consisted of two one-act pieces, in Alexandrines—the *Bride*, and the *Green Domino*, which were both received with much applause. A farce called the *Night-Watch* was also very successful. Körner

now began to attempt subjects of a passionate and tragic nature, which had ever possessed great attractions for him. A tale of Heinrich von Kleist's was, with some alterations, worked up into a drama in three acts, called Toni. Soon after followed a terrific tragic piece, in one act, called the Expiation. He now considered himself prepared to venture on the production of the Hungarian Leonidas, Zriny. This was followed by an appalling drama, called Hedwig, and a tragedy called Rosamund, taken from English history. His last dramatic work of a serious kind, Joseph Heyderich, was founded on a real incident, the self-sacrifice of a brave Austrian subaltern officer, who devoted his own life to save that of his lieutenant. He still found time, notwithstanding these works, to produce three small comic pieces, the Cousin from Bremen, the Officer of the Guard (Wacht-Meister), and the Governess; as also two operas, the Fisher-girl, or Hatred and Love; and the Four Years' Post (der vierjährige Posten) *, as well as several small poems; and he

* It may be necessary to state, in order that this phrase may be better understood, that the piece is founded on the circumstance of a regiment returning to the same quarters in a fortified town which it had occupied four years before.—

also concluded an opera commenced some time before, the Miners (Die Bergknappen). Part of an opera which he had written for Beethoven, The Return of Ulysses, was also ready, and he had, likewise, prepared a multitude of plans, both of small and large pieces. It would not have been possible to accomplish all this in the short space of fifteen months, had he not possessed great facility of composition, which he had acquired by his numerous, early exercises. The collecting the historic materials, and sketching the plan, was what cost him most time; and, as an example of his rapidity, he was able to write a large work in the space only of a few weeks of entire seclusion and uninterrupted exertion. A summer's residence at Döblingen, an agreeable village near Vienna, afforded every facility of this kind.

His productions experienced, on the whole, a reception far beyond his expectations. The public feeling showed itself the most enthusiastically at the first representation of Zriny. The author was called to appear before the audience in person, an honour altogether unusual in Vienna. But the single voices of certain critical judges, the favourable opinion of the judicious few, was yet more gratifying to his feelings. The friendly judgment of

Goethe reached him from afar; and, by his influence, the *Bride*, the *Green Domino*, and the *Expiation* were brought out at Weimar, with particular care and with eminent success.

Vienna perfectly fulfilled, and even exceeded the expectations both of father and son. The delightful environs, and the treasures of art collected within this city, afforded Körner a variety of enjoyment. He became acquainted with the charming banks of the Danube in his return from Ratisbon, whither he had accompanied a friend. The world of joy, by which he was now surrounded, and in which he soon found himself at home, excited in him feelings of accordant kind. Far from being enervated by it, his ardent nature received a new impulse; all his faculties were excited; and the objects of his emulation were constantly placed higher. And no instructive, warning, or exciting voice was ever heard in vain, when it had once gained his esteem, whether by intellect, knowledge and experience, or by the charms of female accomplishment. In this manner he was much indebted, not only to the intimacy of Humboldt, and of Schlegel, but also to the elegant society which met at the house of the celebrated female poet, Caroline Pichler, and of Madame de Pereira. But it was to

be attributed to a softer sentiment, that of love, that the faculties of his youth were preserved, unweakened, amid the perils of a seducing capital. A lovely being, as if sent by Heaven as his guardian angel, enchained him, both by the charms of beauty and of soul. Körner's parents came to Vienna, approved and blessed the choice of their son; rejoiced in the effects of a noble and inspiring sentiment; and were looking forwards to a happy future, when a fortunate event appeared to hasten the union of the endeared pair.

In Germany only one condition of life is known for a poet, that of an official situation, which will enable him to procure an independent subsistence for the practice of his art. This, fortunately, was Körner's lot. His appointment, as poet of the Court Theatre, was the consequence of the approbation with which the public received his dramatic productions, especially his *Zriny*. The emoluments attending this preferment assured him a sufficient income.

Körner was considered by his friends as a favourite of fortune; and in his theatrical connexions, he never had to complain of envy or cabal. By his affable demeanour, and his courteous politeness, he was perfectly well received among all his

brother poets. The zeal with which the principal members of the theatre exerted all their talents in bringing out his pieces, was very evident.

The interest which his productions now excited in the first classes of the nation, gave cause, at the commencement of 1813, to a distinction of the most flattering kind. With his deep and patriotic feelings for the state of Germany at that period, the battle of Aspern was his great consolation, and the Archduke Charles his favourite hero. To him he dedicated two poems full of martial inspiration. He was honoured with an invitation from this esteemed prince, who received him with the most gratifying expressions of good-will.

Körner had already determined to offer himself as one of the combatants for the deliverance of Germany, as soon as opportunity offered. The Prussian outcry resounded, and nothing could then restrain him. "Germany rises!" he wrote to his father: "the Prussian eagle, by the beating of her mighty wings, awakes, in all true hearts, the great hope of German freedom. My poetic art sighs for my country—let me not prove myself her unworthy son. Now that I know what happiness can ripen for me in this life—now that the star of fortune sheds on me its most cheering influence—now is

this, by Heaven! a sacred feeling which animates me—this mighty conviction that no sacrifice can be too great for that greatest mortal blessing, our country's freedom! A great age requires great souls, and I feel, within myself, the faculty of being as a rock amid this concussion of the nations. I must forth—I must oppose my daring breast to the waves of the storm. Could I, think you, stand aloof, contented to celebrate with weak inspiration the success of my conquering brethren? I am aware that you will suffer much anxiety.—My mother too will weep—may God be her comfort!—I cannot spare you this trial. That I simply offer my life is of little import; but that I offer it, crowned as it is with all the flowery wreaths of love, of friendship, and of joy,—that I cast away the sweet sensations which lived in the conviction that I have caused you no inquietude, no anguish,—this indeed is a sacrifice which can only be opposed to such a prize*!"

* I would not presume to point out to the attention of my readers sentiments, the tenderness and heroism of which all must have admired; and I only append this note for the purpose of observing, that Körner had previously put into the mouth of a principal character in one of his tragedies, expressions similar to those which he here adopts as his own. See Zriny, act iv. scene 9.—TRANSLATOR.

Theodor Körner left Vienna on the 15th March, 1813, with good recommendations to the most influential men in the Prussian army. On his arrival at Breslau, he found that (the then) major von Lützow had announced the formation of the free-corps known by his name. At his call, men and youths poured in, on all sides, to fight for the deliverance of Germany. Zeal for this best blessing of life united all classes; and officers who had already served with distinction, official men, literati and artists, landholders, and youths full of hope were assembled in his corps. Theodor Körner felt himself irresistibly attracted towards such a combination, and his joining the corps followed on the 19th March, at his own request*.

A few days after, the Lützow free-corps were solemnly consecrated in a village church not far

* The Lützow free-corps distinguished themselves by their gallantry during the remainder of the war, and proved a source of constant annoyance and hostility to the French. They differed from the mass of the army, inasmuch as they were a voluntary association, and were also remarkable for superior activity, energy and enterprise. Many of them made a vow neither to cut their hair nor their beards, till they had driven the French out of Germany; and this vow they punctually fulfilled.—TRANSLATOR.

from Zobten. In Körner's letters is the following passage: "At the conclusion of the hymn [a choral hymn written by Körner], the pastor of the place, who was named Peter, made a powerful and all-impressive oration. No eye remained dry. At last he administered to us the oath, to spare neither our wealth nor our lives for the cause of mankind, of our country, and of religion, but to go cheerfully either to victory or to death. We swore! on which he fell on his knees, and implored God to grant a blessing on His combatants. By Heaven, it was a moment in which this consecration to death impelled every breast, and when every heart beat heroically! The aforesaid oath was repeated by all, and the officers swore it on their swords. Martin Luther's hymn, 'A strong tower is our God,' (Ein feste burg ist unser Gott), concluded this imposing solemnity."

Körner, by his mineralogical excursions, had inured himself for the infantry service; and by this circumstance, as well as by constant practice in firing, he was, in fact, fully prepared for its duties. This decided his choice on entering the corps. He devoted himself to his duty with great zeal and punctuality. As a valiant comrade, he soon gained the

esteem of his brethren in arms, and won their love as a welcome and true companion in joy and sorrow. If assistance were necessary, he neither heeded self-sacrifice or danger; and in cheerful circles, he increased the joyousness of the moment by his happy disposition and social talents. Many traces certainly are to be found in his poems and letters of that date of a foreboding of death; yet this anticipation depressed not his mind, but he seized with a free and courageous soul both what the moment afforded and what it required.

He chiefly devoted the moments of leisure to the composition of martial songs. He anticipated much of their effect from the music by which they were accompanied; and many of his songs received their poetic form from certain simple and nervous compositions which interested him. He also collected the poems of others which were worthy to be sung by German warriors, and employed himself in procuring suitable melodies for them. It was with heartfelt joy that he found himself surrounded by a public, who were alive to every genial excitement.

Both his superiors and his comrades were persuaded that the occupations of poetry and music did not prejudice his military duties. The choice of

his companions in arms fell on him, shortly after his entrance into the corps, for the post of oberjäger*. He had to accompany major von Petersdorf, who commanded the infantry of the corps, on a mission, and received the charge to propose to the Saxons to unite and engage in the common cause †.

This journey brought him to Dresden a week sooner than the Lützow free-corps arrived there. There he saw his friends, for the last time, and received his father's blessing on his enterprise!

A friend of his father, the Prussian major Wilhelm von Röder, who afterwards fell at the battle of Culm, at the head of his battalion, had, at that time, an appointment at the head-quarters of General von Winzingerode. He was desirous to have Theodor Körner with him, and he was in a situation which would have enabled him to render Körner's official duties both interesting and pleasant: but Körner remained faithful to his early alliance,

* It appears that this post is that of a subaltern officer, whose duties nearly correspond with those of a sergeant-major in the English service.—TRANSLATOR.

† It was, doubtless, on this occasion, that he produced the admirable and eloquent "Address to the People of Saxony," which ranks among his finest compositions.

and followed the Lützow corps to Leipzig, where, on the 24th April, he was elected lieutenant by the universal suffrages of his comrades.

The corps had now increased, and was destined to be employed, in unison with other flying troops, in the rear of the enemy's army, for the purpose of harassing them by petty warfare. However, the two corps already mentioned, which were to operate on both flanks of the free-corps, but not to advance till after them, were, in consequence of intervening circumstances, unable to fulfil their purpose.

In the mean time, an attempt was made by Major von Lützow to pass the Saale near Scopau, and to press through the Hartz mountains; but after crossing the river, intelligence arrived, that a considerable corps d'armée of French, under the Viceroy, were in motion in the district through which the free-corps would have to pass, ere they could reach the mountains. The light troops, also, who were despatched forward, were driven back by the superior force of the enemy. There appeared, however, from this state of things, some practicable means of fulfilling the instructions they had received; which were, to approach the troops placed lower down on the right bank of the Elbe, in order either to act in unison with them, or to make them a *point d'appui*; with

the view of affording assistance to the inhabitants of the north of Germany, who were weary of the foreign yoke, and were ready to offer all their resources for the good cause, but which, under the present circumstances, were enjoyed by the French.

Major von Lützow conducted his troop through Dessau, Zerbst, and Havelberg, as far as the neighbourhood of Lentz, where the free-corps crossed the Elbe, under the command of General Count von Walmoden, in order to attack the enemy posted to the north-west of Danneberg. This took place under the orders of the above named general near the Goehrde, where, on the 12th May, a dreadful engagement took place.

[The following is a translation of Körner's celebrated "War-Song, written on the morning of the battle of Danneberg;" it is followed by his "Prayer during the battle." The War-Song, with another martial poem, and the piece entitled "The Sword-Song," have also been translated with great ability by Lord F. L. Gower.]

WAR SONG ;

*Written on the Morning of the Battle of Danneberg,
May 12, 1813.*

Darkly dawning, death enshrouded,
Breaks the great, the dreadful day !
And the sun, all cold and clouded,
Lights us on our gory way.
In yon hosts that now assemble,
Fates of mighty empires lie ;
And the lots already tremble,
As they cast the brazen die !
Brethren ! this hour, as it dawns on us now,
Impels us to join heart and hand in the vow,
To be true while we live ; to be true if we die !

Behind us—in the gloom of night,
 Lie defeat, disgrace and shame ;
 All, wherewith, the tyrant might
 Disgrace our nation and our name.
 Our native tongue was all profaned ;
 Our country's temples overthrown ;
 Our faith destroy'd ; our honour stain'd ;
 And could we weep these glories gone ?
 No ! vengeance inspired us to join heart and hand,
 To avert Heaven's curse from our loved native land,
 And to save her Palladium, ere yet it was flown !

Before us—what bright scenes are given !
 The glorious future's golden dreams ;
 And see ! through opening gates of heaven,
 The lovely light of Freedom gleams !
 German arts again shall meet us,
 German songs dispel our gloom ;
 All that 's great again shall greet us,
 All that 's fair again shall bloom.
 But a horrid uncertainty rests on yon strife,
 And though glory 's the prize, yet the stake is life ;
 And our victories but hasten us on to the tomb.

Yet with God we 'll seek the field,
There devote our latest breath ;
Our lives an offering we will yield,
And brave through Him the power of death !
Yes, to save thine ancient glory,
Fatherland, we 'll die for thee !
Those we love shall tell our story,
Those our deaths shall render free ;
And the tree of thy freedom immortal shall bloom,
Even though its fresh branches shall wave o'er our tomb,
Hear, O our country, our offering for thee !

Turn your looks yet homewards, where
Love was wont, erewhile, to bloom,
Ere the tempest of despair
Swept its blossoms to the tomb !
And if tears unbidden come,
Tears disgrace not valour's eye ;
Waft one kiss to love and home,
Then commend their cause on high !
All the fond lips for our safety that pray ;
All the loved hearts that bleed for us to-day ;
Comfort and succour them, God of the sky !

Now, then—fresh to yonder fight,
 Turn with eager heart and brow;
 All of earth has ta'en its flight,
 Even heaven forsakes us now!
 Then let every valiant brother
 Prove himself a hero here,
 True hearts see again each other:
 Now, farewell to all most dear!
 Hark! hear ye the shouts and the thunders before ye?
 On, brothers, on! to death and to glory!
 And we'll meet in another, a happier sphere!

[The following is the Prayer during the Battle:]

Father, I call on thee!
 While the smoke of the firing envelops my sight,
 And the lightnings of slaughter are wing'd on their flight,
 Leader of battles, I call on thee!
 Father, oh lead me!

Father, oh lead me!
 Lead me to vict'ry, or lead me to death!
 Lord, I yield to thee my breath!
 Lord, as thou wilt, so lead me!
 God, I acknowledge thee

God, I acknowledge thee !

In the grove where the leaves of the autumn are fading,

As here 'mid the storms of the loud cannonading,

Fountain of love, I acknowledge thee !

Father, oh bless me !

Father, oh bless me !

I commit my life to the will of Heaven,

For thou canst take it as thou hast given.

In life and death, oh bless me !

Father, I praise thee !

Father, I praise thee !

This is no strife for the goods of this world ;

For Freedom alone is our banner unfurl'd.

Thus, falling or conqu'ring, I praise thee !

God, I yield myself to thee !

God, I yield myself to thee !

When the thunders of battle are loud in their strife,

And my opening veins pour forth my life,

God, I yield myself to thee !

Father, I call on thee !

The French were driven back with decided disadvantage, and the Prussian light artillery particularly distinguished themselves; the Lützow cavalry, which were at first employed to cover them, pursued the enemy as far as their orders allowed. The general was induced not to follow up his advantages farther, but recrossed the Elbe, near Doemitz, on the 13th May, with all his troops. Major von Lützow could not, therefore, complete his intention of harassing the enemy in the rear. In the mean time, the French, after the battle of Gross-Goerschen, advanced by Dresden to Lausitz, and prudence required that care should be taken for defending the frontiers on all sides. The Lützow corps was then variously employed by every general who commanded in its vicinity; and, contrary to its original purpose, was occupied in guarding passes, covering bridges, &c. and was thus slightly retarded in its progress, though not materially delayed. A good opportunity for the employment of their force offered itself about the middle of May, when the land-sturm was organized, and the military government, on the right bank of the Elbe, was not insensible to the advantages to be derived from the presence of the free-corps and their leaders, in case of the enemy falling upon

them, as these troops were eminently skilled in the practice of petty warfare.

During these transactions, they were regularly occupied in organizing and strengthening the free-corps, through the resources afforded by that part of the left bank of the Elbe which had been recovered from the enemy. The arming of great part of the brave inhabitants of Altmark took place, with the design of pressing farther onward. For this purpose, the cavalry of the corps advanced to the neighbourhood of Stendal, and remained there for several days.

This space of inactivity for the infantry was very trying to Körner's impatience, and he expressed his feelings in a poem which is to be found in the collection, "The Lyre and Sword." But even to him a chance seemed to offer of speedy exertion. On the 24th May he followed the cavalry to Stendal, as a member of the commission which was appointed by the commander-in-chief, to solicit the civil authorities of Westphalia to co-operate in the purpose of an immediate military organization; and he found, on this occasion, on the 28th of May, that Major von Lützow had determined on setting out on an expedition towards Thuringia, with four squadrons of his cavalry and fifty Cossacks. Körner

earnestly entreated permission to accompany him, and his desire was fulfilled by his being appointed adjutant by Major von Lützow, who highly esteemed him, and wished to have him near his person.

The expedition passed in ten days through Halberstadt, Eisleben, Buttstädt, and Schlaitz, to Plauen, though not without encountering great danger from the enemy, who were dispersed throughout these districts, but, also, not without effecting some important results. Intelligence and information were procured, ammunition was captured and seized, and couriers on missions of importance were taken prisoners. The gallant troop acquired considerable renown, and harassed the enemy much, especially by cutting off his communications. A plan was in consequence laid by the French Emperor for the extirpation of the corps, that, as a deterring example, no man should be left alive*. The armistice, concluded at this moment, afforded an opportunity for putting it in practice. (The Duke of Padua, it is observable, particularly profited by

* This circumstance, the correctness of which we have no reason to doubt, cannot but be considered as a stain on the character of Napoleon, and will tend, with other circumstances of similar kind, to prove that this *great* man had little or no magnanimity.—TRANSLATOR.

this armistice; for being shut up in Leipzig by generals Woronzow and Czernichef, with the co-operation of two battalions of the Lützow infantry, he was only saved by this cessation of hostilities.)

Major von Lützow had received official information of the armistice at Plauen. Without expecting to meet with any opposition, he chose the shortest route to rejoin the infantry of his corps, having received the most confidential assurances of safety from the enemy's commanding officers, and proceeded along the high road, without interruption, to Kitzen, a village in the neighbourhood of Leipzig; but here he found himself surrounded and menaced by a very superior force. Theodor Körner was despatched to demand an explanation, but, instead of replying, the commander of the enemy struck at him with his sword; and it being now twilight, a general attack was made on the three squadrons of the Lützow cavalry before they had drawn a sabre. Several were wounded and taken, and others dispersed in the surrounding country; but Major von Lützow himself was saved by the assistance of a squadron of Uhlans, who being in advance with the Cossacks, formed the van-guard, and consequently were not assailed at the same moment. He reached, with a considerable body of his troops, the right bank of the Elbe, where the infantry of his corps

and a squadron of its cavalry were already collected.

Körner received the first blow, which he was not prepared to parry, as he approached close to the enemy's commanding officer to deliver his message without drawing his sabre, and was thus severely wounded in the head: the second blow only inflicted a slight injury. He fell back, but speedily recovered himself, and his spirited steed bore him in safety to a neighbouring wood. He was here occupied, at the first moment, with the assistance of a comrade, in binding up his wounds, when he perceived a troop of the enemy, who were in pursuit, riding towards him. His presence of mind did not forsake him, but turning towards the wood he called with a loud voice, "Fourth squadron,—Advance!"—His stratagem succeeded—the enemy were appalled, drew back, and thus afforded him time to conceal himself deeper in the wood. It had now become dark, and he found a place in the thicket where he could remain undiscovered.

The pain of the deeper wound became very severe, his strength was exhausted, and his last hope was gone. It was in this extremity that he composed the beautiful sonnet, of which the following is a translation:

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

Written in the night of the 17th and 18th of June, as I lay, severely wounded and helpless in a wood, expecting to die.

My deep wound burns;—my pale lips quake in death,—
I feel my fainting heart resign its strife,
And reaching now the limit of my life,
Lord, to thy will I yield my parting breath!

Yet many a dream hath charm'd my youthful eye:
And must life's fairy visions all depart?
Oh surely no! for all that fired my heart
To rapture here, shall live with me on high.

And that fair form that won my earliest vow,
That my young spirit prized all else above,
And now adored as freedom, now as love,
Stands in seraphic guise, before me now;

And as my fading senses fade away,
It beckons me, on high, to realms of endless day!

During the first hours of the night he heard, from time to time, the enemy who were in pursuit, searching the wood near him ; but he afterwards fell asleep, and on waking in the morning, he saw two peasants standing over him, who offered him assistance. For this help he was indebted to some of his comrades, who had fled through the wood during the night, and had observed two countrymen near a watch-fire, which was lighted for the purpose of securing the materials, designed for the construction of a neighbouring fortification, from being purloined. These two men were interrogated by the Lützow cavalry as to their disposition ; and being found worthy of confidence, were charged to seek and to save a wounded officer, who was concealed in the wood, and who would certainly reward their services. On their succeeding in finding Körner, he was much weakened by the great loss of blood. His preservers procured him some cheering sustenance, and conducted him, by by-ways, to the village of Gross Zschocher, notwithstanding a detachment of the enemy occupied the place. A country surgeon, who, it seems, was not devoid of skill, bound up his wounds ; and many patriotic inhabitants of the village were ready to afford every assistance ; nor was there a single traitor, though

the enemy's cavalry, who were on his track, and who knew that he had a considerable sum about his person belonging to the Lützow free-corps, did not spare both promises and threats in order to discover him. From Gross Zschocher he wrote to a friend at Leipzig, who, with the greatest zeal, provided him with all that was necessary.

Leipzig languished under the French yoke, and the concealment of any of the Lützow free-corps was forbidden under severe punishment. But no danger could intimidate Körner's friends. One of them possessed a garden, from the back gate of which there was a communication with Gross Zschocher, partly by water, and partly, by a path little frequented, by land. This circumstance was rendered available, and Körner was brought into the suburbs of Leipzig, secretly, and in disguise. Opportunity was also afforded him, by this means, of saving the money intrusted to his care; which, after the battle of Leipzig, was safely delivered up to the corps. He here received the best medical advice, without being discovered; and after five days' confinement, he was in a condition to leave Leipzig, and to relieve himself from the painful anxiety he felt on account of his friends, who had ventured so much for his sake.

The state of his wound would only admit of short journeys, and this circumstance increased the danger of discovery in a country, which was entirely occupied by the enemy's troops. Carlsbad appeared, under existing circumstances, the best place of refuge. He might there expect a friendly reception, and the road which led to it afforded places of rest, and security from pursuit. In Carlsbad he experienced the attentions of a mother from the lady of the chamberlain von Recke, and found an excellent physician for his wound, which had become worse during the journey, in Counsellor Salzer, of Ronneburg. After a fortnight's stay in Carlsbad, he was sufficiently recovered to pass through Silesia to Berlin, in order to make the necessary arrangements for resuming his former post, previous to the conclusion of the armistice. During this last residence in Silesia and Berlin, he enjoyed many happy hours, renewed his former connexions, and here, as at Carlsbad, was delighted with the esteem of persons, whose good opinion must have been particularly valuable to him.

Perfectly cured and recovered, he hastened back to his companions in arms, to recommence, by their side, his interrupted career. The Lützow free-corps was posted, at that time, with the Russo-Ger-

man corps, the Hanseatic legion, and some English auxiliaries under the command of General von Walmoden, above Hamburg, on the right bank of the Elbe. Davoust, who occupied Hamburg with a force superior in itself, and considerably increased by the Danish troops, threatened, from that place, the north of Germany. On the 17th of August hostilities recommenced, and the Lützow free-corps, which was employed in the outposts, was almost daily in action. Körner remarked to his friends, "The genius of the great king*, on the day of whose death, the renewal of the contest for the freedom of Germany took place, will exert itself for his people." On this day he commenced, in the bivouac near Büchen on the Steknitz, his celebrated war-song, termed "Men and Boys."

Major von Lützow had determined on conducting, in person, a part of the cavalry of his corps in an attack on the enemy's rear, which was to take place on the 28th of August. Towards evening they arrived at a place of refreshment provided for the French; the troops made use of it, and after two hours' rest continued their march to a wood near Rosenberg. Here they concealed themselves

* Frederick of Prussia.—TRANSLATOR.

while awaiting the return of a scout, who was to bring them intelligence of the readiest way to a camp of the enemy which was badly guarded, at the distance of a couple of German miles (stunden). In the mean time some Cossacks, who were placed on the look-out on a neighbouring eminence, perceived a transport of ammunition and provisions, escorted by two companies of infantry. It was immediately determined to attack them, and the enterprise proved perfectly successful. Major von Lützow ordered the Cossacks (about one hundred horse) to head the attack, and took half a squadron to fall on the flank of the enemy, leaving the remaining half where they were, in order to cover the rear. He himself led the assault made on the flank, and Körner acted as adjutant by his side. An hour previous to this, and during the rest in the wood, Körner produced his last poem, "The Sword Song." He had written it in his pocket-book in the dawn of the 26th of August, and was, actually, engaged in reading it to a friend when the signal for the attack was made.

On the high road from Gadebusch to Schwerin, close to the wood which is situated about half a mile (halbe-stund) from Rosenberg, the action took place. The enemy were more numerous than

had been supposed, but after a short resistance they fled, not having been cut off in sufficient time by the Cossacks, across a small plain to the neighbouring grove of underwood. Among those who pursued them most boldly was Körner; and here it was he met with that glorious death which he had so often anticipated, and celebrated with so much enthusiasm in his poems!

The tirailleurs, who had quickly found a rallying point in the low wood, sent, from thence, on the pursuing cavalry a shower of balls. One of these struck Körner in the abdomen, after having passed through his horse's neck; it wounded the liver and spine, and immediately deprived him of speech and consciousness. His countenance remained unchanged, and evinced no trace of any sensation of pain. Nothing was neglected that could tend to save him; his friends immediately raised him up; and of the two who hastened to assist him, through the continued fire on this point, one followed him about half a year after, who may be placed among the most noble and accomplished youths who were inspired, and who have inspired others, in the sacred cause—the noble Friesen. Körner was carefully carried to a neighbouring wood, and was delivered to the care of a skilful surgeon, but all human help was vain!

The action, which, after this loss, so universally regretted, took a very sharp direction, was speedily brought to a conclusion. The Lützow cavalry pressed forward, like enraged lions, into the under-wood, and all who could not escape were shot, sabred, or taken. The small, but dear sacrifice of this day, which consisted, beside Körner, of Count Hardenberg, a very promising and interesting young man *, and a Lützow jäger, required now a worthy burial. The remains of the three valiant fallen soldiers were placed upon a carriage, and conducted in the van with the prisoners, and with the transport that was captured. The French troops, who had hastened forward, did not venture immediately to follow the train, as they occupied much time in scouring the wood, in which they suspected that troops were lying in ambush.

Körner was interred under an oak, near a milestone on the road from Lübelow to Dreikrug, near

* This young nobleman served as a volunteer in the Russian army, and led, in this expedition, a part of the Cossacks with great courage: he received his mortal wound close to the underwood, not far from Körner, and almost at the same moment.

the village of Wöbbelin, which is about a ^{ferman} mile from Ludwigslust. He was buried with all the honours of war, and with all the marks of esteem and love of his deeply-affected brethren in arms.

This place, together with the oak and a surrounding space, Körner's father received as a present from the noble-minded prince, his Serene Highness the Prince of Mecklenburg Schwerin. The grave is now inclosed with a wall, is planted, and distinguished also by a monument of cast iron. Here now repose, also, the earthly remains of the equally patriotic sister of Körner, Emma Sophia Louisa. A silent grief for the loss of her brother, whom she tenderly loved, preyed on her life, and she survived him only long enough to paint his portrait, and to make a drawing of his burial-place*.

Among those friends who covered his tomb with turf, there was one named von Bärenhorst, a noble and accomplished youth, who found it impossible to survive such a death; and a few days after, being placed on a dangerous post in the battle of the

* See the beautiful poem of Mrs. Hemans, in allusion to this circumstance, in the Literary Souvenir for 1825.

Goehrde, he threw himself on the enemy with these words: "Körner, I follow thee; (Körner, Ich folge dir)*;" and fell, pierced with many balls!

Thus far proceeds the narrative of Körner's life; the following are the details respecting his tomb:—

THE TOMB OF THEODOR KÖRNER.

Wöbbelin, a village in the duchy of Mecklenburg, a mile distant from Ludwigslust, was the place where a great part of the Lützow free-corps were assembled, as Theodor Körner's corpse was brought there. Not far from the high road which leads through this village, from Ludwigslust to Schwerin, stands an oak of high and strong growth, yet untouched by the axe. This was peculiarly Körner's tree; in his poems he had often celebrated German oaks with affection, as consecrated to his brothers in arms. Under its hanging branches they dug his grave, and carved his name on the stem.

* It is observable that this is an expression frequently used by Körner in his dramatic pieces, and on this account may have been adopted by the subject of this anecdote.

TRANSLATOR.

Such an interment was entirely in the spirit of the departed, and his sorrowing father acknowledged it with the sincerest gratitude. There now remained only one care, to ensure the security of the place of interment ; and this it was in the power of a noble-minded prince, the Heir Apparent of Mecklenburg Schwerin, to provide, by offering an honourable place in the churchyard of Ludwigslust. But his father begged for the oak which had been consecrated by the valiant friends of his son, and for a small surrounding space of ground. His prayer was granted in a manner that plainly indicated the good-will of the Prince.

The portion of land belonged to a ducal domain, and a part was appropriated for the use of the parish of Wöbbelin. By his Serene Highness, the reigning Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, the oak, together with a surrounding space of forty-eight square roods, was presented to the father of Theodor Körner, and stone and chalk for the erection of a wall round the monument was also provided ; the inhabitants were likewise compensated, who were deprived, by this gift, of a plot of ground which was previously enjoyed by them.

By the victories of the allied powers the tombs of the German warriors were preserved in security,

and veneration, for their monuments could be safely confided to the liberated people. Such a monument was due to Theodor Körner. Iron appeared to be the most proper material for its construction; and after a design of the master of the works, Thormeyer of Dresden, a very successful production was delivered from the royal iron-works at Berlin.

The following is a description of the monument :
 —The Lyre and Sword, encircled with the oak-wreath, are placed upon a four-sided altar. The inscription on the front is as follows :—

HERE WAS
CARL THEODOR KÖRNER,
 ACCOMPANIED BY THE ESTEEM AND AFFECTION
 OF HIS BRETHREN IN ARMS,
 COMMITTED TO THE EARTH !

On the opposite side are the following words :

CARL THEODOR KÖRNER,
 BORN AT DRESDEN, 23^D SEPTEMBER, 1791 ;
 DEVOTED HIMSELF FIRST TO MINING,
 NEXT TO POETRY,
 LASTLY, TO THE FIELD FOR THE DELIVERANCE OF GERMANY.
 TO THIS OBJECT
 HE CONSECRATED HIS SWORD AND LYRE ;
 AND OFFERED TO IT
 THE FAIREST JOYS AND HOPES
 OF A PROSPEROUS YOUTH.
 AS LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT
 IN THE LÜTZOW FREE-CORPS,
 HE WAS, IN AN ENGAGEMENT
 BETWEEN SCHWERIN AND GADEBUSCH,
 ON THE 26TH AUGUST, 1813,
 SUDDENLY KILLED BY A BALL FROM THE ENEMY.

The inscriptions on the two remaining sides of the altar consist of passages from the poems of the deceased. The following are the extracts selected :—

Hail to the minstrel! so young and so brave,
Whose valour hath won him a freeman's grave.

And, on the opposite side,

Fatherland, we'll die for thee!
Those we love shall tell our story,
Those our deaths shall render free;
And the tree of thy Freedom immortal shall bloom,
Even though its young branches shall wave o'er our tomb.

The monument stands before the grave, in the midst of an oblong square, surrounded by a wall, and is shaded partly by the oak, partly by bushes and flowers. It may be seen, and the inscription may be read, through an iron lattice-door. To this door, an alley of poplars conducts from the high road.

That all this was accomplished to his father's satisfaction, notwithstanding the distance from his place of abode, he was indebted to the noble zeal and the eminent activity of two patriotic individuals.

The Ducal Judge and Chief-Advocate, Wendt, and the Ducal Inspector of gardens, Schmied, attended to this matter as their own peculiar care. They were assisted on all sides, especially by M. Drost von Bulow. In particular, Theodor Körner's relatives can never sufficiently testify how much their sorrow was mitigated by the sympathy which met them, on all sides, in the Mecklenburg dominions; not only from the personages of the reigning house, but also from all classes of the inhabitants, down to the well-disposed peasants of Wöbbelin. Especially remarkable was the fervour of the first ecclesiastics in Ludwigslust, and of the individuals of the ducal chapel (who, in the musical world, have acquired great reputation by the fame of Neumann), on the occasion of erecting the monument over the grave.

In the presence of a numerous assemblage of all classes, the whole company began a strain of mournful music; on this followed a heart-exciting oration from the Court Chaplain, Studemund, and a pious poem of Körner's composition closed the ceremony.

Among the various poetic effusions, which have been consecrated by the bards of Germany, to the memory of the youthful soldier and poet, I have selected for translation the following singular but spirited effusion of the poet Kind. I have chosen this from the other tributes to Körner, not only because it serves to exemplify, in a peculiar manner, the veneration of his countrymen for his memory; but because it also embodies and illustrates passages of some of his own most admired compositions.—The extracts from Körner are printed in Italics.

KÖRNER'S OAK,

A FANTASY,

BY FREDERIC KIND.

Time, Twilight, the sky all obscured with thick clouds.—
Under an old oak is a fresh-dug grave.—A grey-headed old man, wrapt in a dark robe, is leaning on the stem of the oak.—From the distance approaches a host of warriors singing strains of mournful tone, and bearing, in the midst, a coffin on a bier.

CHORUS OF WARRIORS CONCLUDES.

*“ God, I yield myself to thee !
When the thunders of battle are loud in their strife,
And my opening veins pour forth my life,
God, I yield my life to thee !
Father, I call on thee !”*

THE OLD MAN.

Stand, warriors ! and report : whose corse is this
 Which, with that lovely, but terrific song,
 Ye bear, among you, to its mother earth ?
 For know, this oak o'er shadows holy ground :
 A valiant band hath chosen me to guard
 This grave, and keep it for as brave a heart
 As ever beat within the breast of youth.

LEADER.

Say, who appointed thee to guard this grave ?

SEVERAL VOICES.

Not we—not we—Ghost of the tomb—avaunt !

LEADER.

Nay, rev'rence age, halt, and set down the bier.
 Whoe'er thou art, whose voice thus chilly sounds
 Through night's deep gloom, know, 'twas a noble
 heart
 That beat within our parted brother's breast.
 See'st thou yon oak-wreath on his coffin placed ?
 He who won that—won, too, a freeman's grave !

OLD MAN.

Yet must I bar your access to this grave :
For I was not unhonour'd in my day,
And all those deeds that I in youth beheld,
That live in deathless songs of fight and fame,
The present age hath wond'rously restored.
Our fathers live, the old world wakes again ;
Many have well deserved the oaken crown,
But he, whom here our mother earth awaits,
Was worthier.

LEADER.

Yes, he was ; yet, good old man,
I pray thee rouse not thus my comrades' ire.
Knowest thou the youth here mantled in his pall ?—
The winged steed of song could not suffice him,
Nor e'en earth's narrow circle ; he aspired
To nobler flights, and soar'd beyond the stars !
Speak, friends ! that from your several witnessing
This Rhadamanthus may extract the truth.

FIRST WARRIOR.

He who sleeps in his coffin here
Obey'd the call to glory's strife,
And his minstrel art he counted dear,
As the noblest gift of mortal life.

And he sung, in youthful fancy's dreams,
Of the gifts of nature's glorious dower ;
And still his sweetest, fondest themes
Were of love and of beauty's magic power !

SECOND WARRIOR.

But when the youth, with patriot ire,
Beheld his country desolate,
He bade sublimer strains aspire,
And praised and envied Zriny's fate !

He woke again Alcæus' lyre,
He pointed to blest views on high ;
And wide as rung his notes of fire,
Did weapons gleam and banners fly !

OLD MAN.

The power of song is not unknown to me.
The bards of old—believe the tale, young man!—
Were never idle when the time required ;
And often have their echoes met my ear,
When 'mid the ripen'd harvest songs of fight,
Through field and wood, from hill and valley, rang.
Our fathers too were worthy of their bards,
Yet he whom here our mother earth awaits
Was nobler still ! The minstrel's song of fire
Awakes the warrior's steel, itself no weapon,—
And well ye know the strife requires the sword.

LEADER.

All this felt he, who sleeps within this bier.

THIRD AND YOUNGER WARRIOR.

He flew through smoke and fire,
To where the danger prest ;
And cross'd the sword and lyre
Upon his warrior breast !

He shone like one of those
Bright forms, to whom 'tis given
Against his hellish foes
To guard the King of Heaven.

Though arm'd with glittering spear,
And flaming sword of might ;
The monsters disappear,
And sink in endless night.

With a face like a face of light,
And a form like those above,
So shone he to our sight,
So lives he to our love !

OLD MAN.

Who sings of noble deeds, in noble strains,
Deserves great honour ; but far greater he
Who dares, himself, achieve the deeds of song.
Yet must I bar your access to this grave :
For have not youth and age unsheathed the sword
Prepared for freedom and her holy band ?
And have not German sire and son gone forth,
And burn'd with ardour for the patriot strife ?
Yet all have not deserved the noblest meed !

LEADER.

The phoenix flies, from instinct, to the flames,
 Seeks death, and finds it. Venerable sage!
 Look on our dead one! see his crimson gore!
 He sung, he fought, he fell but for his country.

[He draws back the covering of the coffin.—Several warriors draw near with torches.—The bloody corse is seen covered with oak-leaves.]

OLD MAN (*after a pause*).

Yes, lay the honour'd youth in honour'd dust;
 And lay a sword, too, with him in the tomb!
 That thus, when many suns have run their course,
 Should shame and slav'ry threaten our loved land,
 The peasant, when he ploughs the sabre up,
 May know what deeds his ancestors have done.
 Yet, not *his* sword,—each sword is needed now:
 And see! his steel is keen, and fit for war.
 Ye'll find another sabre;—search and see.

A GRAVE-DIGGER (*to the LEADER*).

Yes, in the twilight, as we dug this grave,

And found it deep, and cover'd stone with stone,
 Hoping to find a treasure buried there,
 We only found, at length, this iron sword,
 Weighty and strong, and half consumed with rust.

*[The old man bows his head slowly and significantly,
 yields a step backward, and then remains fixed.]*

LEADER.

How strange is this!—Obey the hoary sage.

*[The sword is placed in the coffin: while this is done,
 and as it is covered with earth,*

CHORUS sings.

*“ He wakes us now to prospects blest
 Of happier days and brighter skies;
 He inspires each warrior's breast;
 Germans all, awake! arise!*

*He leads us through the path of night,
 He the guide of all our ways,
 To youthful Freedom's dawning light:
 To Him alone be all the praise!”*

LEADER.

Now carve our dead one's name upon the stem,
That future ages may know Körner's oak.
Come, comrades! haste, and bear your torches here!

[At this moment, before the torches approach, the moon beams from behind a cloud, and lights the stem: the old man disappears.]

LEADER.

Where is the old man now?

WARRIOR.

Dissolved in air!

The very moment that the moon shone out.
I saw him as he vanish'd;—his white beard
Flow'd like a stream of silver on his breast,
And mildest looks were gleaming from his eye;
An oak-wreath twined around his hoary brow,
And a harp echoed in his waving hand!
See! the tree trembles! and its lofty boughs
Shake in the blast, while all around is calm!

VOICE *from the OAK, (at the moment the bark is
carved with his name).*

This oak o'er-shadows now two sleeping bards.

SEVERAL.

Hark ! hark ! the earth speaks !

OTHERS.

Sounds are heard on high,
Like songs of spirits or wind-harmonies.

*[Soft music is heard, which soon becomes mingled
with song.*

A VOICE *from above.*

Cease to mourn the will of Heaven ;
Know, a sacred cross of light
The Lord, himself, to me hath given,
To bear before you in the fight.

CHORUS *on high.*

And our banner beams bright in the heavenly field,
 And heaven must conquer, and hell must yield.
 Glory to God!

WARRIORS.

Welcome, brethren! come with sword,
 Come with lances in your hand;
 Descend, ye warriors of the Lord!
 Descend and save your native land!

CHORUS.

We stand by your side in this holy strife,
 And lead you to glory and endless life.
 Honour to God! Gloria! Gloria!
 [*Music and singing are heard.*]

LEADER.

Hark! heard ye what the choir of angels sang?
 [*He throws himself on the ground; and, while praying,
 lifts up his sword to heaven.—All kneel round him
 in a circle.*]

O lead us through life, and through death, we pray ;
To success, and to Freedom's dawning day !

[In the distance a long continued peal of thunder.—

Rising up with enthusiasm.

Now, comrades, draw your swords ! God is with us !

ALL (*joyfully uniting in song*).

“ The marriage-morn of strife
Dawns for the soldier's wife.”

Hurrah !

MARTIAL POEMS.



MARTIAL POEMS.

THE following pieces, as well as those introduced in the
Memoir, are selected from the brief collection, entitled
“ The Lyre and Sword.”

MY FATHERLAND.

1813.

WHERE is the minstrel's fatherland ?

Where noble spirits beam in light ;

Where love-wreaths bloom for beauty bright ;

Where noble minds enraptured dream

Of every high and hallow'd theme.

This *was* the minstrel's fatherland !

How name ye the minstrel's fatherland ?

Now o'er the corpses of children slain

She weeps a foreign tyrant's reign ;

She once was the land of the good oak-tree,

The German land—the land of the free.—

So named we once my fatherland !

Why weeps the minstrel's fatherland ?

She weeps that, for a tyrant still,

Her princes check their people's will ;

That her sacred words unheeded fly,

And that none will list to her vengeful cry ;

Therefore weeps my fatherland !

Whom calls the minstrel's fatherland ?

She calls upon the God of Heaven,

In a voice which vengeance' self hath given ;

She calls on a free devoted band,

She calls for an avenging hand ;

Thus calls the minstrel's fatherland !

What will she do, thy fatherland ?

She will drive her tyrant foes away,
She will scare the bloodhound from his prey,
She will bear her son no more a slave,
Or will yield him at least a freeman's grave ;
This will she do, my fatherland !

And what are the hopes of thy fatherland ?

She hopes at length for a glorious prize ;
She hopes her people will arise ;
She hopes in the great award of Heaven,
And she sees, at length, an avenger given ;
And these are the hopes of my fatherland !

THE OAKS.

'Tis evening ; all is hush'd and still ;
The sun sets bright in ruddy sheen ;
As here I sit, to muse at will
 Beneath these oaks' umbrageous screen ;
While wand'ring thoughts my fancy fill
 With dreams of life when fresh and green,
And visions of the olden time
Revive in all their pomp sublime.

While time hath call'd the brave away,
 And swept the lovely to the tomb ;
As yonder bright but fading ray
 Is quench'd amid the twilight gloom :
Yet ye are kept from all decay,
 For still unhurt and fresh ye bloom,
And seem to tell in whispering breath,
That greatness still survives in death !

And ye survive!—'mid change severe,
Each aged stem but stronger grows,
And not a pilgrim passes here,
But seeks beneath your shade repose.
And if your leaves, when dry and sere,
Fall fast at autumn's wintry close,
Yet every falling leaf shall bring
Its vernal tribute to the spring.

Thou native oak, thou German tree,
Fit emblem too of German worth!
Type of a nation brave and free,
And worthy of their native earth!
Ah! what avails to think on thee,
Or on the times when thou hadst birth?
Thou German race, the noblest aye of all,
Thine oaks still stand, while thou, alas! must
fall.

HYMN

FOR THE SOLEMN CONSECRATION OF THE PRUSSIAN
FREE CORPS, IN THE CHURCH OF ROGAU, IN
SILESIA.

WE come within thy sacred walls,
And seek, O Lord, thine altar now ;
Amid our suffering country's calls,
To breathe to thee the patriot vow.
'Tis God alone each heart that fires,
'Tis God alone directs our ways ;
His spirit each and all inspires ;
To Him alone be all the praise !

The Lord is our defence in fight,
Howe'er severe the conflict be ;
We strive for duty and our right,
We fight to make our country free !
We save our own loved fatherland,
Thro' Him, the guide of all our ways ;
'Tis He effects it by our hand,
To Him alone be all the praise !

The foreign tyrant's dreaded might
All shall vanish and depart,
And youthful Freedom's dawning light
Shall glow in every mind and heart.
Come, then, on to yonder strife ;
God himself directs our ways ;
He our all in death and life,
To Him alone be all the praise !

He wakes us now to prospects blest,
Of happier days and brighter skies ;
He inspires each warrior's breast ;
Germans all, awake ! arise !
He leads us through the path of night,
He, the guide of all our ways,
To youthful Freedom's dawning light ;
To Him alone be all the praise !

YÄGER SONG.

TO A POPULAR GERMAN AIR.

COME on, ye yägers, bold and free,
Your rifles in your hand ;
Come on, the brave the world o'erthrow,
Then seek the field, and meet the foe ;
Come, for your fatherland !

From east, from west, from north and south,
Revenge shall swell our ranks ;
From Oder's flood, from Weser, Main,
From Elbe, and from old father Rhine,
And from the Danube banks.

Yet we are one, although we dwell
By many a distant flood ;
One tongue unites us in its band ;
One God, one hallow'd fatherland,
And one true German blood !

Then, brethren, say, with such a band,
Shall we e'er dread disgrace?
No! we shall triumph, as the brave
Have triumphed, ever, o'er the slave,
And freemen o'er the base!

Come then, and in the bloody fight
The Lord shall be our shield;
And we'll requite Him with our blood,
For freedom is the highest good,
Though bought in many a field!

Come on, nor heed though softest tears
From weeping beauty flow!
Our God shall help us from on high;
Come seek the field, and win or die;
Come, yägers, meet the foe!

WAR SONG.

THE nations arise, and the storm is near ;
Where is the coward who trembles with fear ?
Lives there the wretch who would shrink from his

vow,

Who would linger affrighted, and hide himself now ?

O thou art a base and a pitiful wight !—

No German maid shall thy love requite,

Nor shall offer the cup, nor the kiss of delight :

O no ! she will spurn such a wretch from her
sight !

When we, at the dark and the midnight hour,
Are awake, and abroad in the storm and shower,—
Canst thou be contented, in times like these,
To stretch thy base limbs upon couches of ease ?

O thou art, &c.

When the call of the trumpet our ears hath riven,
And pierced through our souls like the thunders of
heaven,—

Canst thou at the ball and the theatre throng,
And delight thy base spirit with dance and with
song?

O thou art, &c.

When the heat of the day hath our strength bereft,
And we scarce have a drop of cold water left,—
Canst thou at the feast and the banquet recline,
And quaff of thy foe's the Frenchman's wine?

O thou art, &c.

When we, in the press of the deadly fight,
Have breathed our last prayer for our soul's de-
light,—

Canst thou be contented to purchase with gold
The caress of a wanton, so hollow, so cold?

O thou art, &c.

When balls are hissing and lances are ringing,
And death in a thousand shapes is springing,—
Canst thou at the card-table practise thy skill,
Delighted to capture—the king with spadille?

O thou art, &c.

And when in the conflict we yield our breath,
And welcome our fate—a soldier's death,
Thou may'st hide thee away in thy silken vest,
With all the despair of a coward opprest !

For a coward's life and death are thine,—
No German maid for thee shall pine,—
No German song thy praise assign,
Nor cup be filled for thee with wine,
Who hast fled from thy post in the patriot line.

SWORD SONG.

WRITTEN A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE DEATH OF THE
AUTHOR IN BATTLE.

My sword, why art thou gleaming,
In rays of splendour beaming ?
Thy master longs to know
Why thou shouldst glitter so ?

“ A freeman 'tis that wields me,
And 'tis this such transport yields me ;
I 'm proud to be a brand
Clasped in a freeman's hand !”

'Tis true, my trusty sabre,
In Freedom's cause I labour ;
And clasp thee to my side,
Ay, love thee as my bride !

“ And I alike am given,
Master, to thee and heaven !
When shall our nuptials come ?
When wilt thou bring me home ?”

Of our glad bridal morning
The trumpet shall give warning ;
Amid the cannons' strife,
I'll seek my warrior wife.

“ O happiness completing,
I long for such a greeting !
My bridegroom, brave and free,
My bridewreath blooms for thee.”

What is't my sword entrances,
That in the sheath it dances,
As if to meet the foe :
My sword, why dancest so ?

“ O well may I be dancing
When spear and shield are glancing ;—
When I expect the fight,
Well may I gleam so bright.”

O stay, my bride, my lover,
Within thy good sheath's cover ;—
O but a moment stay,
I'll fetch thee soon away !

“ Then be not long in staying,
I cannot brook delaying ;
 But, rather, red and gory,
 I’d win my way to glory.”

O come then, leave thy leisure,
My bride, my only treasure ;—
 Now come, my darling, forth,
 And show the world thy worth !

The smile of Heaven is shedding
Its blessing on our wedding ;—
 See how my gallant bride
 Glows in her nuptial pride !

Come on, ye sons of glory,
To deeds of deathless story :
 Your hearts will glow so warm,
 With your loved ones on your arm !

Once on our left-hand, slighted,
They hung ; but since we’ve plighted
 The sacred nuptial vow,
 They grace our right-hands now.

Then, comrades, snatch your blisses,
And print the steel with kisses;
And when that spell is tried,
Say who 'd forsake his bride?

Now leave the loved one singing,—
While sword and spear are ringing,
The marriage-morn of strife
Dawns for the soldier's wife!

Hurrah!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE following pieces are from his Miscellaneous Poems.

THE MINER'S LIFE.

THE youth descends the gloomy mine,
Master of the world divine,
That lies within the deep earth's womb,
Where no sunlight cheers the gloom ;
And the youth must draw his breath
Amid that gloomy realm of death.
And when, to run his daily rounds,
The sun starts forth the day to bless,
Hark ! the mountain all resounds
With the miner's word, " Success !"

'Tis silence all—and see, a band
Of shadowy spectres round us stand !
Yet we hold them not in fear ;
Miners all are masters here ;
We their various tasks assign,
And bid them labour in the mine,
For they must obey our will
 By an everlasting ban ;
And we rule these spirits still
 By a potent talisman.

And the Naiads all, who lave
Their beauteous forms in crystal wave,
Along the mine delight to steal,
And turn, with magic hand, the wheel ;
They love to mark its mighty sound,
As it fiercely rushes round !
Vulcan, too, assists our arts,
 Vulcan of immortal birth !
'Tis with aid that he imparts
 We o'ercome the stubborn earth !

Oft with Proserpine's dread spouse,
We are pledged in friendship's vows ;
His realm we seek, and wander there,
Along the frail and fragile stair.

Yet, from that abyss of gloom,
Lies an egress from the tomb,
For a pathway from the grave
 Is open to the realms above ;
And thus we, fearless, seek the cave
 That 's shut from Heaven's own looks of love.

Through descents so deep and long,
Through the gall'ries how we throng !
And trust to find a pathway sure
O'er the yawning gulf secure.
Thus, without delay or fear,
We pursue our journey here,
And we build our metal walls
 In that dreary realm below,
As we shout throughout its halls,
 Responsive to the sturdy blow !

See ! beneath our hammers' force,
Richest blessings take their course ;
All that we from earth have won
Glow ascending to the sun :
And we spread the glittering spoil,
Fruits of many a weary toil.

And our task is nobly paid
When stores of gold and diamonds bright,
And all that dwells in yonder shade,
We unfold to Heaven's own light !

Thus, in earth's remotest womb,
Brightest blessings for us bloom ;
And a fair and lovely ray
Gleams along our gloomy way.
And that lovely light divine
Would seem to tempt us from the mine ;
But we're constant to the plight
Which our parent earth may crave ;
And the everlasting night
Shall wrap us in our mother's grave !

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night !
Be thy cares forgotten quite ;
Day approaches to its close ;
Weary nature seeks repose.
Till the morning dawn in light,
Good night !

Go to rest !
Close thine eyes in slumbers blest.
Now 'tis still and tranquil all ;
Hear we but the watchman's call,
And the night is still and blest :
Go to rest !

Slumber sweet !
Heavenly forms thy fancy greet ;
Be thy visions from above,
Dreams of rapture—dreams of love !
As the fair one's form you meet,
Slumber sweet !

Good night !
Slumber till the morning light !
 Slumber till the dawn of day
 Brings its sorrows with its ray ;
Sleep without or fear or fright,
 Our Father wakes ! Good night, good night !

WORDS OF LOVE.

WORDS of love, ye whisper as soft
As the zephyrs that breezes of Paradise waft.
Words of love, whose blest control
Hath mightiest influence on my soul,
Though affliction and grief o'er my spirit prevail,
Yet my faith in your virtue shall never fail !

Is there on earth such a transport as this,
When the look of the loved one avows her bliss ?
Can life an equal joy impart
To the bliss that lives in a lover's heart ?
O ! he, be assured, hath never proved
Life's holiest joys who hath never loved!

Yet the joys of love, so heavenly fair,
Can exist but when honour and virtue are there ;
For the soul of woman is tender and pure,
And her faith is approved, 'twill for ever endure.
Then trust ye to love, and its virtue believe,
For beauty and truth can never deceive.

But the spring of life is fast fading away,
Then prove your faith while yet you may ;
It lives when all things fall and die,
Like a ray of bliss from its native sky ;
And were all creation to ruin hurled,
It would live in a brighter and better world !

Then whisper ye words of love as soft
As the zephyrs that breezes of Paradise waft :
Words of love, whose blest control
Hath divinest influence o'er my soul.
Though all things else should faithless prove,
I still will trust the words of love.

THE THREE STARS.

THERE are three cheering stars of light
O'er life's dark path that shine ;
And these fair orbs, so pure and bright,
Are song, and love, and wine !

For oh ! the soul of song hath power
To charm the feeling heart,
To soothe the mourner's sternest hour,
And bid his griefs depart !

And wine can lend to song its mirth,
Can joys unwonted bring,
And paint this fair and lovely earth
In charms of deathless spring.

But thou, oh love ! of all the throng
Art fairest seen to shine,
For thou canst soothe the soul like song,
And cheer the heart like wine !

Then deign, fair orbs! to shed your ray
Along my path of gloom,
To guide me through life's lonely way,
And shine upon my tomb!

For oh! the song, the cup, the kiss
Can make the night divine;
Then blest be he who found the bliss
Of song, and love, and wine!

HARRAS, THE BOLD LEAPER.

NOTE. An old popular tradition relates the bold exploit of this Knight ; and at this day is shown at Lichtewalde, in the mining mountains of Saxony, the place called Harras' Leap. On the bank yet stands, between two old venerable oaks, opposite to the steep precipice, a monument with the inscription, " Knight Harras, the bold Leaper."

THE world yet waited in shadowy light
The dawn of the rising day ;
And scarcely yet had waked the night
From the slumber in which it lay.
But, hark ! along the forest way
Unwonted echoes rung,
And all accoutred for the fray
A band of warriors sprung !

And forth they rush'd along the plain,
In thunder, to the fight ;
And foremost of that martial train
Was Harras, the gallant knight.
They ride upon their secret way,
O'er forest, and vale, and down,
To reach their foe while yet 'tis day,
And storm his castled town.

So sally they forth from the forest gloom ;
But as they leave its shade,
They rush, alas ! to meet their doom,
And their progress is betray'd :
For suddenly bursts upon their rear
The foe, with twice their force ;
Then out at once rush shield and spear,
And the charger flies on his course.

And the wood in unwonted echoes rang
With the sounds of that deadly fray,
And the sabre's clash and the helmet's clang
Is mix'd with the courser's neigh.
A thousand wounds have dyed the field
Unheeded in the strife ;
But not a man will ask to yield,
For freedom is dearer than life !

But their stronger foes must win the day,
And the knights begin to fail ;
For the sword hath swept their best away,
And superior powers prevail.
Unconquer'd alone, to a rocky height
Bold Harras fought his way ;
And his brave steed carried him through the fight,
And bore him safe away.

And he left the rein to that trusty steed,
And rode from the fatal fray ;
But he gave to his erring path no heed,
And he miss'd the well-known way.
And when he heard the foemen near,
He sprang from the forest gloom ;
But as soon as he reach'd the day-light clear,
He saw at once his doom !

He had reach'd a frightful precipice,
Where he heard the deep waves roll ;
For he stood on the Zschopauthal's dread abyss,
And horror chill'd his soul !
For on yonder bank he could espy
The remnant of his band ;
And his heart impatient panted high,
As they waved the friendly hand.

And he long'd, as he look'd o'er that dreadful
steep,

For wings to aid his flight ;

For that cliff is full fifty fathoms deep,

And his horse drew back with fright.

And he saw, as he look'd behind and below,

On either side his grave :

Behind him, from the coming foe ;

Before him, in the wave !

And he chooses 'twixt death from the foemen's
hand,

Or death where the deep waves roll ;

Then he boldly rides up to that rocky strand,

And commends to the Lord his soul !

And as nearer he hears the foemen ride,

He seeks the utmost steep ;

And he plunges his spurs in his courser's side,

And dares the dreadful leap !

And swiftly he sank through the yielding air,

And in the flood he fell ;—

His steed is dash'd to atoms there,

But the knight lives safe and well !

And mid the plaudits of his band,
He stemm'd the parting wave ;
And soon in safety reach'd the land,
For Heaven will never forsake the brave !

ST. DOROTHEA.

A LEGEND.

WHEN our blessed Saviour Lord, to whom
Be glory for evermore !
Had suffered all his bitter doom,
In heathen days of yore ;

In Greece there lived a gentle maid,
Who tended her garden bowers ;
To whom our Lord his love display'd
Among the trees and flowers.

She nurtured her flowers, so fond, so kind,
With a gay and childlike joy ;
And the faith was pure of her innocent mind,
As gold is without alloy !

And once, when in her garden shade,
In sleep the maid reclined,
The Lord a dream of bliss display'd
To her pure and holy mind !

That hallow'd dream of love was given
From the bright and the blissful land ;
An angel came down from the gates of heaven,
With three roses in his hand !

He gave her the roses, with looks of love,
And he gave her a holy kiss ;
Then he flew at once through the realms above,
Back to his home of bliss.

And as she awoke from this joyful rest,
She thought of that vision of heaven ;
And she found three roses on her breast,
Which her angel love had given !

And her young heart glow'd beyond control,
To reach those bowers above ;
And she praised the Lord in her inmost soul,
For the gifts of heavenly love !

And two days more the daylight woke,
And chased the midnight gloom ;
And as soon as ever the third day broke,
The roses began to bloom !

On the fourth day the angel flew to her side,
As a bridegroom flies to his love ;
And he bore the roses, and bore the bride,
To the bowers of bliss above !

ADELAIDE.

A BALLAD.

WHERE ruddy and bright, in the sun's setting light,
Yon distant ruin glows,
On the lofty site of that wood-crown'd height
A castle once arose ;
But the storm hath power
O'er turret and tower,
And spectres now roam through hall and bower !

A warlike Count on this castled mount
Lived once secluded here ;
He was ne'er known to yield in the battle field,
And at home he was stern and severe ;
But his daughter, 'tis said,
Was so gentle a maid,
That none could compare with the sweet Adelaide.

And tranquil at home, unaccustom'd to roam,
She lived all secluded and lone ;
But a noble youth had pledg'd her his truth,
And long'd to make her his own.
And this Knight so true
On his good steed flew,
And came fair Adelaide to woo.

When the sun was set, the lovers were met,
For he waits at the wonted place ;
Till with bliss elate through the opening gate,
He hears her gentle pace.
Then with rapture blest,
To his throbbing breast
His Adelaide's gentle form he prest.

And their dreams that even were visions of heaven,
For a moment and no more ;
For she must away at the close of day,
And its last faint gleams are o'er.
And oh ! what bliss
Could equal this,
When they printed in tears their mutual kiss ?

And as, at last, the summer flew past,
 Their love broke through all control ;
Then Rudolph so bold sought the Count, and told
 The secret of his soul.
 “ I love,” he said,
 “ Thy gentle maid ;
O give me, my lord, thine Adelaide.”

But the Count look'd down on the youth with a frown,
 And this was his answer unkind :
“ My daughter shall be for another than thee,
 Then dismiss her at once from thy mind.
 A rich baron shall wed
 My Adelaide,
And to-morrow she goes to his bridal bed.”

So the youth sought relief from his ardent grief,
 And flew to the wars away ;
And he wildly rode through forest and wood,
 Nor reck'd where his course might lay ;
 For a deadly smart
 Pierced his youthful heart
When so sternly compell'd from his lover to part.

But he check'd his steed at its utmost speed,
 For a hope his bosom cross'd,
 That he still might prove the bliss of love,
 And that all was not yet lost.
 " O thou shalt flee,
 Sweet love, with me,
 And we'll soon from the power of thy father be free."

When the sun had set, the lovers met;
 He repair'd to the wonted place ;
 And with bliss elate through the opening gate
 He hears her gentle pace :
 Then with rapture blest,
 To his throbbing breast
 His Adelaide's lovely form he prest.

" And hear !" he cried : " at midnight's tide,
 When no treacherous eye is near,
 When the castle in sleep is buried deep,
 Do thou await me here.
 I will come, as agreed,
 On my swiftest steed,
 And I'll bear thee away at my utmost speed."

Then she sunk to rest on her lover's breast,
With the bliss of love elate ;
But starting aside, she suddenly cried,
" O how shall I pass the gate ?
For all night long
The guard is strong,
And how shall I 'scape thro' that armed throng ?

" Yet I have a scheme, though 'tis wild as a dream,
And a maiden's courage above ;
I will find my way through that arm'd array,
And my guide shall be only love :
For love can illumine
The deepest gloom,
And cheer the dungeon's living tomb !

" Once a baron, 'tis told, Lord Wundebold,
Dwelt in these castle towers ;
And his only child, so gentle and mild,
Was the pride of her father's bowers :
And she too, 'tis said,
Was named Adelaide,
And a young knight wooed the gentle maid.

“ And she wish'd alone to be his own,
Till life and love were over ;
But her sire with pride his suit denied,
And rather than part from her lover,
She sought by flight,
In the deep midnight,
To escape from her tyrant father's sight.

“ But a wretch betray'd the trusting maid,
And told her intent to her sire ;
And on his way, the youth, they say,
Was slain by her father's ire.
While she call'd on his name,
The Baron came,
And he pierc'd his own child with a murderous aim.

“ So her spirit unblest hath now no rest,
But she comes abroad to roam ;
And she wanders late to the castle gate,
In hope that her lover will come.
And she waits, they say,
Till the break of day,
For her lover to come and to bear her away.

“ So she wanders in white the livelong night,
 In blood-stain'd garments dress'd ;
And she does no harm, nor causes alarm,
 But to all is a welcome guest.
 As she 's seen to stray
 On her nightly way,
The guards all know her, and shrink away.

“ And since love was so dear to her spirit when here,
 She will still its votary be ;
And she'll lend me to-night her garment so white,
 And thus disguised I'll flee.
 For none will stay
 The spectre's way,
And I'll walk through the midst without dismay.

“ Therefore wait by this tower at the midnight hour,
 Thou shalt see thine Adelaide ;
A shadowy veil all bloody and pale
 Shall enfold thy spectre maid.
 And on thine arm
 I'll lie so warm,
And we'll flee from the castle secure from harm.”

" 'Tis well," he cried, " thy plan shall be tried ;
 Away then with trouble and sorrow !
 For let us but be from the castle free,
 And I 'll make thee my own to-morrow :
 And at morn by thy side,
 I will hail thee my bride,
 And no power shall a union so happy divide."

And long was the bliss of their parting kiss,
 As they stood in rapture mute ;
 And she waved her hand, and with accents bland,
 She breathed this last salute :
 " Dear Rudolph, thou 'rt mine ;
 Dear Rudolph, I 'm thine ;
 No power shall sever our union divine !"

Then Rudolph took heed with his trusty steed
 To repair at the fall of even,
 When the shadows of night had extinguish'd the light,
 And the stars shone dim in heaven.
 And he came elate
 To the castle gate,
 Where Adelaide had bade him wait.

And by the watch-tower, at the midnight hour,
He met his Adelaide ;
A shadowy veil all bloody and pale
Enfolded the spectre maid.
Then he sprung from his horse,
And with gentle force,
He bore her away on his distant course.

And as they hied on their midnight ride,
He took the bride on his knee :
“ Why art thou to-night so feather light,
That thy weight is scarce felt by me ?”
But she answer'd, “ The shroud
Is my garment allow'd,
And therefore, sweet love, I seem light as a cloud.”

Then she clasp'd the Knight with a lover's delight,
But a chill struck through his frame :
“ Why art thou,” he cried, “ so chilling, my bride ?
Will not love thy soul inflame ?”
“ Upon thine arm
I'll lie so warm,
And I'll slumber till morning secure from harm.”

And they ride away, till, at break of day,
He cried as he clasp'd her form,
" Sweet love, no doubt, though so cold without,
Thy heart must yet be warm."
" Dear Rudolph, thou 'rt mine;
Dear Rudolph, I 'm thine ;
No power shall sever our union divine !"

And they rode at full speed ; but she took no heed
Till the night was pass'd, and then
She cried, " I am blest, I will go to my rest,
For I 've found my lover again.
And thou art mine,
As I am thine,
And no power shall sever our union divine !"

And the day dawns bright, and all is light,
As yet their course they hold ;
And the bride is now still, but so deadly chill,
That she seems to grow ever more cold.
And when the cock crew,
She paused and drew
To her clay cold bosom that lover so true.

And she shriek'd, "Oh how cold does the morn-
breeze hold

Its strife with the nightly storm !

But the day hath show'd, and the cock hath crow'd,
Then clasp my bridal form.

And be thou mine,

As I am thine,

And no power shall sever our union divine !"

Then with icy cold lips, a kiss she sips

From his pale and trembling cheek ;

For the vapours of death choke up his breath,

And his glazing sight grows weak.

And he sunk by the side

Of the maiden, and died,

For her lover is claim'd by that spectre bride !

THE KYNAST.

The following tale of the Kynast, an old ruined mountain fortress on the most northern side of the Riesengebirg, has been preserved by oral tradition among the people. Dreadful, indeed, is the abyss from the castle wall down into the rocky chasm, which bears the name of Hell, and plays a considerable part in this ballad.

The Kynast was built by Duke Volko of Silesia, in the year 1592, and was presented to Count Schaffgotsch.

In the year 1675 it was burnt, and since that time has adorned, as one of the most splendid of its ruins, the country near Hirschberg.

SAY why, array'd in nuptial parade,
Yon crowd o'erspreads the plain,
While raised in state, the castle gate
Receives the joyous train ?

'Tis the vassals who wait on their mistress elate,
For she chooses her lover to-day ;
Since the prize they decide is so lovely a bride,
She will not want suitors so gay.

Her father is dead, and they wish her to wed,
For the country is vex'd with alarm ;
And her vassals desire, as the times require,
The help of a warrior's arm.

And the best of the land, at their monarch's command,
To win her have essay'd ;
But still coyish and cold, she seems to withhold,
And will live and die a maid.

In a sable vest of mourning dress'd,
She spoke her vassals all :
" Since ye wish me to marry, no longer I 'll tarry,
But I 'll choose the wedded thrall.

" Yet I ask, ere I wed, a condition so dread,
That my suitors will shrink with fear ;
For not one can dare to brave its snare :"
But the knights cried, " Let us hear."

“ My father look'd round from the castle mound,
O'er the precipice steep and bare ;
But he trembled and fell o'er the rocky cell,
And was dash'd to atoms there.

“ And since I would fain escape the pain
Of a second bereavement like this,
The knight must prove, who would win my love,
That he dreads not the dire abyss.

“ And my hand, I declare, shall be his who shall dare
To mount his horse and ride
The fatal round of the castle mound ;
I will be no other's bride.

“ For if he fulfil my purposed will,
He may lead me to his bed ;
I have plighted my troth by a sacred oath,
And I will no other wed.”

Then the Countess was still, having spoken her will,
And her triumph she enjoy'd ;
For many a knight who stood then in her sight
Saw all his hopes destroy'd.

And the Countess beheld her intent fulfill'd,
For the danger affrighted the brave ;
There was silence deep, and she now may weep
For years o'er her father's grave !

One youth alone dared to claim her his own,
And seem'd all fear above ;
Ah ! that courage of yore, it exists now no more,
Nor hearts so devoted to love !

Count Albert was dear, both far and near,
And he begg'd, with earnest breath,
That she would not deny, but allow him to try,
And to venture on life and death.

But the Countess was grieved when she thus perceived
That he would not brook denial ;
And she sent her page to try and engage
The knight to relinquish the trial.

But the youth so bold the messenger told
That his mistress must keep her oath ;
And he would not away until that very day
He had proved his knightly truth.

Then deeply distress'd, she the knight address'd,
And besought him with tears in her eyes :
" Your death would but be a deep sorrow to me,
Then do not my prayer despise.

" I tell you, Sir Knight, your addresses I slight,
So to you I can never be given ;
But I feel, in truth, for your tender youth,
And the task is but tempting of heaven !

" O think'st thou 'twould be a diversion to me
To sport with precious life ?
To be single and free was sufficient for me,
And I hoped not to be a wife.

" If to thee I am dear, then be not severe,
For thy death it will surely be ;
It will yield no gain, Sir Knight, to us twain ;
Then pity thyself and me !"

Then the lady knelt, in hopes to melt,
And besought him by earth and by heaven ;
But Albert stood fast to the very last,
And insisted the right should be given.

“Thou wert guiltless (he said) tho’ I should fall dead,
For with joy to the trial I go;
I cannot withstand love’s magic command,
So happen me weal or woe.”

He mounted his steed ; the vassals with speed
Came around him with mournful caressing ;
The whole castle, in sooth, bewail’d the youth,
And the priest bestow’d on him his blessing.

And they richly array’d the weeping maid
For whom Count Albert strove ;
And the trumpets blew loud, to announce to the crowd
That he ventured for life and love.

And he springs so light on the rocky height,
And he places his steed on the wall ;
And he wafts her a kiss o’er the precipice,
And fears not the dreadful fall.

And his gallant horse goes slow on his course,
For he bears a noble one ;
When a stone but falls from out the walls,
And the rider and horse are gone !

So the Countess was left of sense bereft,
A fever seized her then ;
And for many a week she lay suffering and meek,
And called on death in vain.

And as she at length regain'd her strength,
Three brothers claim'd her hand ;
They will brave the ride, and gain the bride,
Or die to fulfil her command.

“ Desist, ye brave, it will be your grave,”
The Countess besought them all :
“ Before my sight there hath perish'd a knight,
And would ye my sorrow recall ?

“ O shall I thus doom a whole race to the tomb ?
No, take my wealth and store ;
But cease to ask for this dreadful task,
For your sire will behold you no more.

“ Then in pity cease, and return in peace ;”
And she falls on her bended knee :
But her beauty appears more bright thro' her tears,
And the knights were smitten all three.

“ We dare not disgrace our noble race,
And we must our honour prove ;
We claim with delight this dreaded right,
And we ’ll venture for death or love.”

The first of them all then sprang on the wall,
And press’d his brother’s hand ;
And he look’d quite glad on the Countess so sad,
And gallantly took his stand.

But ere he is found to be half-way round,
While his brothers look on him in woe,
His horse takes fright at the dreadful sight,
And both are plunged below.

And while his young heart felt its keenest smart,
The second springs on the wall ;
And with uplift eye he looks on the sky,
For ’twere death to look down on the fall !

And when half-way round, he but look’d down
Upon that rocky dell ;
When his horse first rears, then disappears,
And thus two brothers fell !

Then with faltering breath, and pale as death,
The guests entreated all ;
And the Countess in fright besought the third knight,
“ O think on your brothers' fall,”

“ And spare your sire his soul's desire,”
She cried with faltering breath ;
“ For your brothers so bold he no more will behold,
And 'tis not love—but death.”

But he answer'd, “ Not so, for my duty I know,
And I will not be parted from love :
Tell our father the tale, I charge ye, nor fail
To say how true we prove.”

Then his spurs he applied to his courser's side,
And saluted her calm and serene ;
Then plunged himself o'er the horrid gulf,
And never more was seen !

So the Countess was left once more bereft,
And a fever seized her frame ;
And whisp'ring near her tortured ear,
The words of those brothers came !

And she less might be said to be living than dead,
And she ever pray'd to die ;
For dread were the themes of her midnight dreams,
As she heard the spectres cry.

“ Adieu, sweet bride ! ”—’twas thus they cried,
“ The death-kiss hath printed thy brow ;
We have look’d on thee, love, from the realms above,
And we wait thee to join us now.”

And these are her dreams, till at length she seems
To rally in that death-strife ;
On the brink of the tomb her strength to resume,
And to wake once more to life.

But when she threw on her life a review,
She saw but grief and smart ;
For man, ’twas plain, had proved her bane,
And hate grew within her heart.

“ O the youthful bliss that now I miss,
Ye have swept it, false men, to the tomb ;
Then come now as ye may, I will never say nay,
But devote ye all to your doom.”

And as numbers would ask the fatal task,
 She allow'd them all to strive ;
But none of them still could the task fulfil,
 And not one return'd alive.

And the Countess look'd on, unmoved alone,
 Nor heeded though numbers died ;
She weeps, it may be, for those brothers three,
 But she cares for not one beside.

But the number was vast who came at last
 To try for death or love ;
Till a bold knight came to woo the dame,
 And the dreadful risk to prove.

And he look'd quite serene on the gulf between,
 That threaten'd his life to o'erwhelm ;
And his dark eye glow'd, and his gold hair flow'd
 In ringlets beneath his helm.

And when richly dight they led the knight
 At the lady's feet to fall ;
'Twas hers to prove the pangs of love,
 Though she ne'er yet had known its thrall.

And she sought relief for her secret grief,
But nought could her sorrows allay ;
For love glows warm in her suffering form,
And it will not be trifled away.

And as he fell at her feet to tell
How he wish'd for this dreaded right,
She could not conceal what her eyes must reveal,
For her tears fell fast and bright.

“ Away, away, Sir Knight, I pray,
And tempt not so dreadful a fate ;
Though I may not deny permission to try,
At least let my prayers have weight.”

But the Knight replied, “ I must not be denied,
For I must the trial prove ;
I have sworn by the truth of my knightly oath,
And I dare not be false to love !”

“ Then if I must fail, and may not prevail,”
The Countess exclaim'd in her sorrow ;
“ Yet, at least, delay till the coming day,
And spare thy own life till to-morrow !”

Then she leads the knight with a lover's delight
To a feast in her castle hall ;
But the pangs of her soul were past control,
When her guest for the lyre would call.

For love's blest dream was his only theme,
In many a sweetest song ;
And the tones that he sung so softly rung
In her ear the whole night long.

She had no sleep, but waked to weep,
And her thoughts were such as this ;
" And should he still the task fulfil,
Oh heart, thou 'lt break with bliss !

" And love is mild, and his fav'rite child
He will shield from so stern a doom ;
Or should he fall o'er the fatal wall,
At least I will share his tomb !"

And in the morn they the bride adorn,
To receive the vent'rous knight ;
And as she perceived the knight, she grieved,
And her cheek glow'd red and bright.

She flew to his arms with wild alarms—

“ ’Tis in vain that I urge this strife ;
For I freely will own I am thine alone,
And no other shall be thy wife.”

And close to her breast she clasp’d her guest,

But he sternly drew back and cried,
“ I will not clasp thee yet in my grasp,
For I dare not yet claim thee my bride.

“ Hear, lady, oh hear you call severe,

’Tis the trumpet’s warning breath ;
And it bids me away to my daring way,
And it calls me to love or death.”

By the priest then blest, by the lady carest,

He ascends that fatal mound ;
Then breathed farewell,—but the Countess fell
All senseless on the ground.

But he stepp’d as bold on that narrow hold

As though it were thrice as wide ;
And he guided his horse on so skilful a course,
That he finish’d in safety the ride !

Then a hearty shout of joy broke out,
And the Countess awaking cried,
" O my trust has been given to love and heaven,
And they have not my hope denied.

" Thou hast won me thine own, I am thine alone,
Whate'er may in life betide ;
This castle and plains are thine own domains,
And nought shall our union divide."

But the Knight look'd down with a sullen frown,
And cried, "'Twill not be so ;
Away with the pride that adorns the bride,
For my errand is one of woe.

" I come not," he cried, " to seek a bride,
Nor are songs of love for me ;
But where is each friend who hath here met his end,
Count Albert, and brothers three ?

" A word of thy breath hath doom'd their death,
'Tis for this, false Countess, I come ;
And not to demand thy blood-stain'd hand,
For I have a wife at home.

“ And the direst smart of a broken heart
I have sworn to inflict on thee ;
And ’twas truly spoke, for thy heart is broke,
And my friends are avenged in me !”

Then he spurs his steed, and rides off with speed,
And leaves her alone to die ;
And her vassal train stood mute with pain,
And tears were in every eye.

Then the Countess seems to awake from her dreams,
She stood horribly gazing around ;
And tho’ scarce she can crawl, yet she hastes to the wall,
And ascends the fatal mound.

And she spoke thus aloud to the listening crowd,
“ ’Tis indeed revenged on me ;
For ’twas mine to prove a faithless love,
And dire my fate must be !

“ The spirits above must now claim my love,
For to them alone I am dear :
Receive,” she cried, “ sweet loves, your bride,
For no nuptials shall I have here !”

Then she plunged and fell in that rocky cell,
And a voice was heard from the tomb—
“ O weave the wreath for the bride of death !
But why, sweet love, such gloom ?

“ Thy sorrow and grief are now made brief,
And thy mortal cares are over ;
Thou hast thrown thy charms in our waiting arms,
And the bride may now choose her a lover !”

LÜTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

WHAT is it that beams in the bright sunshine,
And echoes yet nearer and nearer ?
And see ! how it spreads in a long dark line,
And hark ! how its horns in the distance combine
To impress with affright the hearer !
And ask ye what means the daring race ?
This is—Lützow's wild and desperate chase !

See, they leave the dark wood in silence all,
And from hill to hill are seen flying ;
In ambush they 'll lie till the deep nightfall,
Then ye 'll hear the hurrah ! and the rifle ball !
And the French will be falling and dying !
And ask ye what means their daring race ?
This is—Lützow's wild and desperate chase !

Where the vine-boughs twine, the Rhine waves roar,
And the foe thinks its waters shall hide him ;
But see, they fearless approach the shore,
And they leap in the stream, and swim proudly o'er,
And stand on the bank beside him !
And ask ye what means the daring race ?
This is—Lützow's wild and desperate chase !

Why roars in the valley the raging fight,
Where swords clash red and gory?
O fierce is the strife of that deadly fight,
For the spark of young Freedom is newly alight,
And it breaks into flames of glory!
And ask ye what means the daring race?
This is—Lützow's wild and desperate chase!

See yon warrior who lies on a gory spot,
From life compell'd to sever;
Yet he never is heard to lament his lot,
And his soul at its parting shall tremble not,
Since his country is saved for ever!
And if ye will ask at the end of his race,
Still 'tis—Lützow's wild and desperate chase!

The wild chase, and the German chase
Against tyranny and oppression!
Therefore weep not, loved friends, at this last embrace,
For freedom has dawn'd on our lov'd birth-place,
And our deaths shall insure its possession!
And 'twill ever be said from race to race,
This was—Lützow's wild and desperate chase!

CONFIDENCE.

WRITTEN AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE ARMISTICE.

HEART ! do not burst and break
 Beneath th' oppressor's rod ;
The Lord will right thy cause,
 For He is Freedom's God !

And let the tyrant rage,
 For vain shall be his ire ;
Let once thy freedom dawn
 In flames of hallowed fire !

Seen through protracted woes,
 Death clad in glory beams ;
Fed with the warm life-blood,
 Pour'd from unnumber'd streams !

Yes, death shall burst thy chains,
 Shall cheer thy deepest gloom ;
And plant undying palms
 On every hero's tomb !

**Then, heart ! oh do not break
Beneath th' oppressor's rod ;
The Lord will right thy cause,
For He is Freedom's God !**

STANZAS.

FOR thee, sweet girl, my heart will beat
In truth and love's congenial strife ;
In thee my fondest wishes meet,
Thou dearest object of my life !
In tones of ever new delight,
Thy name alone hath fill'd my breast ;
And deck'd in all that 's fair and bright,
Thy radiant form of love is drest !

The tender buds of early love
Bloom forth, and never, never fade ;
As like a vision from above,
I see thy form, thou loveliest maid !

Blest thoughts upon my fancy throng,—
I wake, at will, the minstrel tone ;
And every sweetest, holiest song
Resounds, fair girl, for thee alone !

My heaven is imaged in thine eyes,—
My paradise within thy breast ;
And oh ! in soft and seraph guise
Thine every charm of youth is drest !
One sole desire, with blest control,
Exerts its magic spell o'er me :
One only thought inspires my soul,—
It is, sweet girl, the thought of thee !

FAREWELL TO VIENNA.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

FAREWELL, farewell!—with silent grief of heart
I breathe adieu, to follow duty now ;
And if a silent tear unbidden start,
It will not, love, disgrace a soldier's brow.
Where'er I roam, should joy my path illumine,
Or death entwine the garland of the tomb,
Thy lovely form shall float my path above,
And guide my soul to rapture and to love !

O hail and bless, sweet spirit of my life,
The ardent zeal that sets my soul on fire ;
That bids me take a part in yonder strife,
And for the sword, awhile, forsake the lyre.
For, see, thy minstrel's dreams were not all vain,
Which he so oft hath hallow'd in his strain ;
O see the patriot-strife at length awake !
There let me fly, and all its toils partake.

The victor's joyous wreath shall bloom more bright
That 's pluck'd amid the joys of love and song ;
And my young spirit hails with pure delight
The hope fulfill'd which it hath cherish'd long.
Let me but struggle for my country's good,
E'en though I shed for her my warm life-blood.
And now one kiss—e'en though the last it prove ;
For there can be no death for our true love !

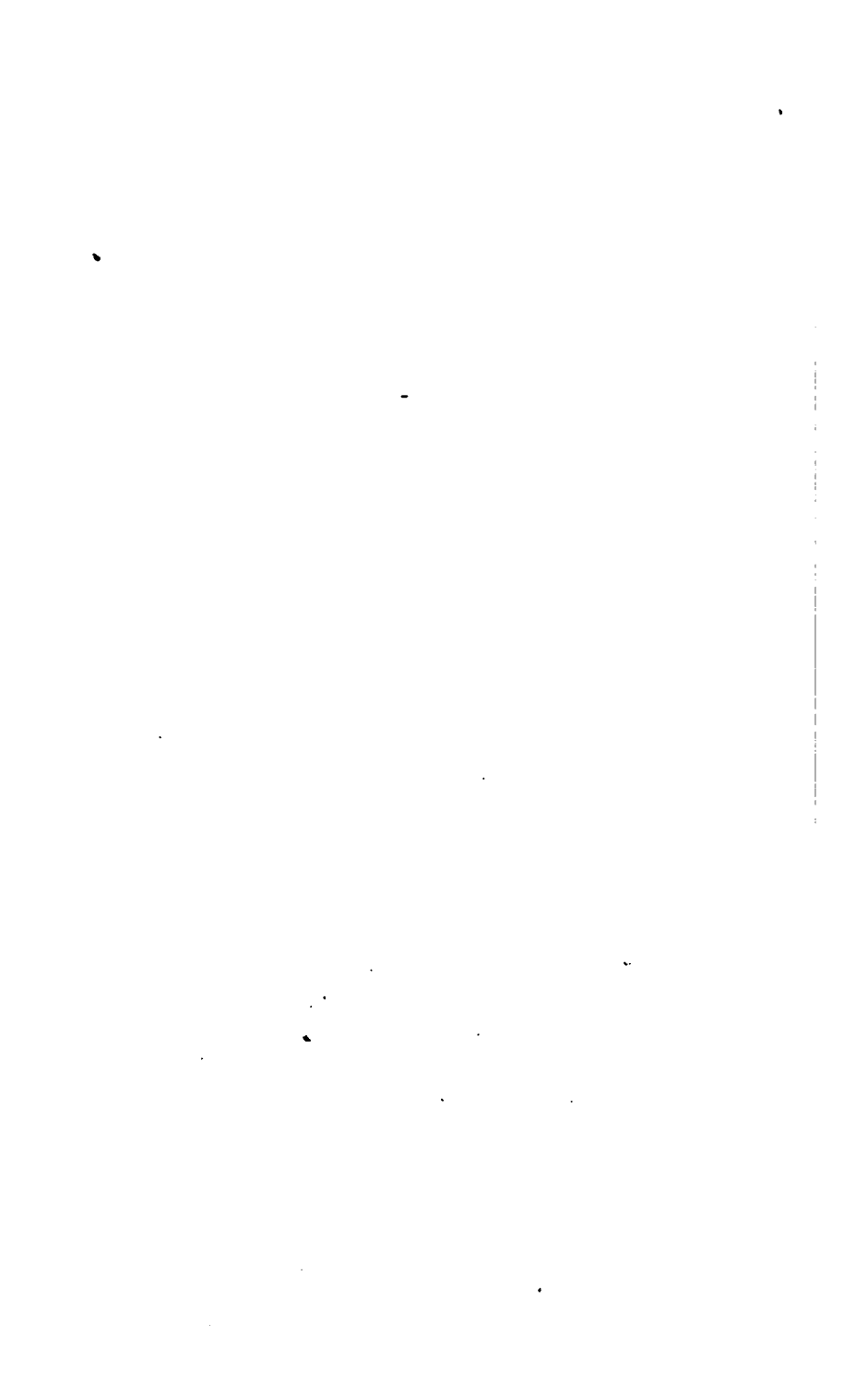
ON RAUCH'S BUST OF LOUISA, QUEEN
OF PRUSSIA.

THOU sleep'st so soft !—thy features in their sleep
Have all the beauty aye that life could bring,
Except that slumber waves o'er thee its wing,
And peace hath closed thine eyes no more to weep !

So slumber on, until thy people rise,
Waked by the flames on every beacon-height,
And, wielding all their sabres for the fight,
Yield up their life a willing sacrifice.

For Heaven now leads us on thro' death and night,
And we must earn e'en with our warm life-blood
The meed of freedom, life's divinest good.
O let it soon but dawn upon our sight !

Then rouse thy nation, then, sweet saint, awake,
A guardian angel, for thy people's sake !



PROSE TALES.



PROSE TALES.

HANS HEILING'S ROCKS,

A BOHEMIAN POPULAR TALE.

A LONG, long time ago there lived a rich peasant on the Eger.

Tradition does not mention the name of the place, but it is supposed that it was situated on the left bank of the Eger, opposite to the village of Aich, so well known to the visitors of Carlsbad. Veit, so was the peasant named, had a lovely and charming daughter, who was the joy and ornament of the whole country.

Elizabeth was truly handsome, and withal so good, and so well educated, that her equal was not easily to be found.

Near Veit's house stood a little hut, which belonged to young Arnold, whose father was lately deceased. Arnold had learned the trade of a builder, and had not long returned home for the first time, when his father died. He shed, like a good son, heartfelt tears over his parent's grave, who left him nothing but a poor hut; yet Arnold still bore a

precious portion in his own bosom, rectitude and truth, and a lively sense of all that was fair and good.

Immediately on his arrival in the village his father fell sick, and the old man was unable to support the sudden joy of seeing him again. Arnold nursed him carefully, and never quitted his side; and thus it happened that, till the old man's death, he had seen none of his early acquaintances and friends, save those who sought him by his father's sick-bed.

Above all others, Arnold had delighted in Veit's daughter, Elizabeth; they had grown up together, and he ever remembered with pleasure the kind little maiden, who loved him so well, and who wept so bitterly when he was compelled to go to his master at Prague.

Arnold had now become a well-shaped handsome youth, and he had often thought to himself that Elizabeth must be grown up and handsome.

On the third morning after the death of his father, the son was sitting wrapt in melancholy dreams on the fresh grave of his father, when he heard some one tread softly behind him in the churchyard. He looked round; a lovely maiden, with a basket of flowers on her arm, hovered around the turf hillocks.

A bush of elder concealed him from Elizabeth's

eyes; for she it was who came to deck with flowers her good neighbour's grave.

She bent with tears in her sad eyes, and spoke low as she folded her hands.

“ Sleep soft, good man ! may the earth be lighter to thee than was thy life, and thy grave shall not be without flowers, though thy days were ! ”

Arnold sprang forward from behind the bushes, and caught the startled maiden in his arms.

“ Elizabeth, knowest thou me ? ”

“ Ah ! Arnold, is it thou ? ” she murmured blushing ; “ it is long, indeed, since we saw each other. ”

“ And thou, ” exclaimed the youth, “ art become so fair, so mild, so lovely ; and hast loved my father, and hast remembered him so affectionately ! Sweet and lovely girl ! ”

“ Well, good Arnold, I loved him from my heart, ” she replied, and leaned softly on his arm : “ we often talked of you ; the joy of his son was the only happiness he had. ”

“ Did he, indeed, feel and speak of me thus ? ” said Arnold quickly. “ Thanks to Heaven, that it hath kept me honest and good ! But, Elizabeth, think again how all is changed ! A while ago we two were little ; my father used to sit by the door, and we played around his knees ; thou wast so

affectionate to me, and we could never be without each other, and now—the good old man lies sleeping beneath us, and we are grown up; but when I could not be with thee, I have often thought of thee.”

“ And I of thee,” whispered Elizabeth, and she turned on him her fond large eyes that beamed with affection.

“ See, then, Elizabeth,” cried the enraptured Arnold; “ we have already been early attached; I must away—but here, where I find thee on my father’s grave, it seems as if there was no separation for us. The feeling of my youth is become a passion in manhood.

“ Elizabeth, I love thee! here, on this holy ground, I tell thee for the first time, I love thee!—And thou?” But Elizabeth hid her glowing face in her bosom, and wept in silence.—“ And thou?” asked Arnold, a second time, in a mournful and imploring tone.

She softly raised her head, and looking in his eyes with tears, yet with joy in her countenance, “ Arnold,” she said, “ my heart is thine! I have ever, ever loved thee!”

He clasped her to his breast, and mutual kisses sealed the confession of their hearts!

After the first emotions of their happy love, they sat a long time in sweetest bliss on the old man's grave.

Arnold related all that had happened to him, and how he had constantly longed for his home; and Elizabeth spoke again of his father; and of their early childhood, those happy days! The sun was already long gone down—they had not perceived it!

At length the bustle on the neighbouring high road awoke them from their dreams, and Elizabeth flew, after a hasty parting kiss, from Arnold's arms to her home.

The night came and went, and Arnold remained, sunk in sweet meditation, on his father's grave, and the morning dawned as with full o'erflowing heart he sought his father's hut.

The next morning as Elizabeth brought her father his breakfast, old Veit began to speak of Arnold.

"I pity the poor young man, from my heart," he said; "thou must remember him well, Elizabeth; you always used to play together."

"How should I but remember him?" said the blushing girl.

"Now I should not have liked it," replied her father, "had you appeared too proud to think of

the poor lad. "Tis true, I am grown rich, and the Arnolds continue poor; but they were always good people, the father at least; and of the son I hear many praiseworthy things."

"Certainly," interrupted Elizabeth, hastily, "certainly, young Arnold is most deserving!"

"Hey day, Elizabeth!" said her father, "how know you this so certainly?"

"They say so in the village, father," stammered Elizabeth.

"I shall be happy whenever I can help him," added her father; "shall not you?"

Elizabeth, in order to end the conversation, for she did not cease blushing, pretended to have something to do in the kitchen, and so avoided the searching eyes of the wary old man.

In the morning, Arnold saw his maiden, as she had appointed, in the garden of Veit's house. She related to him the whole conversation, and he derived from it the best hopes of his happiness.

"Yes!" at length he exclaimed, "I have thought of it the whole night; it is best that I go this day to thy father, and tell him, frankly, that we love each other, and would wish to be married; I will acquaint him, also, with my skill in my trade, and will show him the testimonials of my masters, and

will beg for his blessing. My openness and candour will please him ; he will give his consent ; I shall go forth with fresh courage ; earn a little money ; come back true and joyous ; and we shall be happy. Is it not so, good, sweet Elizabeth ?”

“Yes,” cried the transported maiden, as she hung upon his neck, “my father will certainly consent, he loves me so dearly.”

Full of joyful hope, they parted !

In the evening Arnold drest himself in his best, went once more to his father’s grave, and prayed internally for his blessing, then repaired, on his return, in silent agitation, to Veit’s house.

Elizabeth received him trembling with joy, and brought him immediately to her father. “Well, neighbour Arnold,” said the old man, “what business have you with me ?”

“My own affairs,” answered the other.

“How so ?” asked Veit.

“Neighbour,” said Arnold—and he began at first in a trembling voice, which, however, gradually acquired firmness and confidence as he proceeded—“Neighbour, let me launch out a little ; you may then better understand me. I am poor, but I have learned something in a common way, as these testimonials will prove to you. The whole world stands

open to me; therefore I will not remain a journeyman; I will learn the art of building itself; I will become an able architect: I have vowed this to my dead father. But, sir, all things in this world must have their centre, and an object can only be attained by labour. As the houses which I build are erected, not for the sake of building them, but for their usefulness, so is it with my art. I would wish to attain by it a certain object; and now, having explained to you my views, I have to beg that you will forgive them. Say to me only that you will grant my wishes, when I have exerted myself, and I will urge my endeavours to the highest.”

“And what is there of mine,” interrupted old Veit, “that is of such importance to you?”

“Your daughter, sir. We love each other. I am come direct to you, as her father, like an honest man; I have not kept loitering about the maiden, as many would do. No! in the good old fashion, I come to you, and beg of you your promise, that if, after my three wandering years*, I return home, and

* The German mechanics, as is well known, after their apprenticeship are compelled by law to pass three years in travelling from place to place, with a view to improve themselves in their trade.—TRANSLATOR.

have performed all that is my duty, you will not withhold your blessing, and that you will allow the maiden to remain, as my own true bride, during the three years."

"Young fellow," replied the old man, "I have let you talk on. Let me now do the same, and I will give you, straight and right, my answer. That you love my daughter pleases me, for you are a smart fellow; and that you come at once, open-hearted to me, as her father, pleases me yet more, and reflects great praise on you. Your masters know you for a young man, who is well acquainted with his business, and they even give you hopes of becoming something still better. I wish you success; yet hope is but an insecure good, and shall I build on that for my Elizabeth's future life? During the three years, another may come, whom my daughter may like better, or, if not, whom I may prefer. Shall I send such a one away because you are coming? No, young fellow, that will never do! But when you return again, if Elizabeth is free, and you have made your fortune, I will not hinder you; so now not a word more!"

"But, neighbour Veit," said Arnold, trembling, and seizing the old man's hand, "think yet"—

"There is no need of thinking," interrupted old

Veit; "and so God's will be done! If you will remain here, do so; you are a welcome guest; but not a word more of Elsy!"

"And that is your last decision?" stammered Arnold.

"My last," answered the old man, coolly.

"Now then help me, heaven!" exclaimed the youth, and he flew towards the door. Veit hastily seized him by the hand, and held him.

"Young man," he said, "do no foolish action. If you are a man, and have strength and courage, behave yourself becomingly, and forget this trouble. The world is large; go out in life; there you will do better. Now fare you well! Success to your wandering!" So then he let him go, and Arnold repaired to his hut.

Weeping, he buckled up his bundle, and took leave of his patrimony, and then wandered to the church-yard, to take farewell of his father's grave. Elizabeth, who had heard the conversation by halves through the door, burst into tears. Her dreams had been all so fair, and now her every hope seemed lost!

Yet once again would she see her Arnold. She placed herself at the chamber window, and watched till he left the hut, and then bent her way

to the church-yard. Quickly she flew to him, and found him praying by his father's grave.

"Arnold, Arnold, wilt thou leave me?" she cried as she embraced him. "Ah, I cannot let thee go!"

Arnold raised himself up as if awakened from a dream.

"I must; Elizabeth, I must.—Break not my heart with thy tears; I must!"

"Wilt thou return, and when wilt thou come back?"

"Elizabeth, I will work as much as man can work. I will be greedy of every minute of time, and in three years I will be here. Wilt thou be true to me?"

"Till death, dearest Arnold!" cried the sobbing girl.

"But if thy father would compel thee?"

"Then must they drag me to the church, and even at the altar will I cry—No! Yes, Arnold, we will be faithful to each other, both here and hereafter. We shall meet again!"

"Now let us part," cried Arnold, as a ray of hope beamed on his eyes through their tears; "now let us part. I fear no obstacles now; nothing shall be too great or too bold for me. With this

kiss I am betrothed to thee ; and now adieu ! In three years we shall be happy !” And he tore himself from her arms.

“ Arnold,” exclaimed she, “ leave not thine Elizabeth ;”—but he was already far off. From a great distance he waved to her his white handkerchief, as a last salute, till he disappeared in the forest.

Elizabeth threw herself on the grave, and prayed silently to heaven. Convinced of Arnold’s truth, she gradually became more tranquil, and she could even go about collected under the eyes of her father, who looked on so sharp, and noticed even the slightest circumstance.

Every morning early she made a pilgrimage to the place where she had embraced Arnold for the last time. Old Veit remarked this, but he allowed her to do it, and was indeed gratified that Elizabeth was so composed.

So passed a year, and to Elizabeth’s great joy no suitor appeared who pleased her father. At the end of the second year, after a long absence, a man came back to the village, who had left it early on account of his dissipated conduct, and had tried all modes of life.

Hans Heiling went forth a poor devil, and came back again in good circumstances. He appeared

to have come to the village, on purpose to show himself to his former friends as a rich man. At first, he seemed as if he intended to remain only a short time, and he spoke of having some important business elsewhere; but it was soon seen that he made arrangements for a longer stay.

Strange things were related of him in the village; many an honest man shrugged up his shoulders at the mention of his name, and many observed mysteriously, they knew where it all came from!

Be that as it might, Hans Heiling sought old Veit daily, and related to him his travels; how he had been in Egypt, and yet farther beyond the sea; so that the old man was pleased with his visits, and felt it much when Heiling came not in the evening to his dwelling.

It is true he heard many things from his neighbours, but he shook his head in unbelief; only it did seem strange to him that Hans Heiling should shut himself up as he did every Friday, and remain in his house all alone: he even asked him about it, and inquired what he was doing at that time.

“I am bound by a vow,” was the answer, “to pass every Friday in secret prayer.”

Veit was silenced. Hans went as before to and

fro, and plainly showed what were his designs on Elizabeth.

But Elizabeth had an indescribable abhorrence of the man, and her very blood curdled in her veins at the sight of him !

At length he made proposals in due form to the old man, and received for answer, that he had better first try his fortune with the maiden. For this purpose, Hans took advantage of an evening when he knew old Veit was from home.

Elizabeth was sitting at her spinning as he opened the door ; she started with affright, and informed him her father was not at home.

“ Well, let me chat a little with you, my pretty maid,” was his answer, and he sat down by her side.

Elizabeth quickly withdrew out of his way. Hans, who attributed her shyness merely to maiden modesty, and who held as his maxim that men must be bold with women if they wish to win them, seized her suddenly, and said, smiling,

“ Will not the fair Elizabeth sit beside me ?” but she tore herself with a feeling of aversion from his arms, and said,

“ It is painful to me to be alone with you :” and

she attempted to leave the chamber, but he pursued her, and embraced her more boldly.

“Your father has given me his assent, fair Elizabeth; will you be my wife?—I will not let you go till you have promised it.”

She strove in vain to prevent his kisses, which burnt terribly on her cheek, and then suddenly she shrieked for help. He was now in the highest glow of emotion, and was becoming still more impertinent, when he perceived a cross, which Elizabeth from her youth had worn upon her neck, and which was a bequest of her long-deceased mother. He seemed strangely affected—let her go—appeared to tremble—and hastened out at the door. Elizabeth thanked Heaven for her deliverance, and related to her father, on his return, Heiling’s unworthy behaviour. Old Veit shook his head, and appeared very much irritated.

At their next interview he reproached Hans with his conduct, who excused himself on the score of the vehemence of his love; but the occurrence had for Elizabeth this happy result, that she was for a long time freed from his importunities. She wore the cross, since that evening, free and open on her breast; for she felt that it was, she knew not how, her preserver, and she observed that Heiling had

not a syllable to say as soon as he found her thus adorned.

The third year drew nigh to its close. Elizabeth, who knew how to divert her father in the most skilful manner when he spoke of her union with Heiling, was very contented. She went daily to old Arnold's grave, and then by the Eger, on the road to Prague, as far as the top of the mountain, in the silent hope that she might once more see her true one wandering there.

About this time she one morning early missed the little cross which was so loved and so dear to her: it must have been unfastened in her sleep, and she strongly suspected one of the maids, whom she had heard whispering with Heiling the evening before behind the house. She related all this to her father with tears; but he laughed at her suspicions, and maintained that the cross could be nothing to Heiling, that he was above such childish tricks, and that she must certainly have lost it in some other way.

She nevertheless remained firm in her opinion, and she perceived clearly that Hans now pressed his solicitations with greater earnestness and assurance. Her father, too, was still more strenuous, and at last declared it as his firm, unalterable will,

that she should give her hand to Heiling; that Arnold had certainly forgotten her; and besides, he would observe, the three years are already past. Heiling swore, in the presence of her father, eternal love in return; and declared, that as he loved her not perhaps as others did, for money, but purely for herself, she should have enough of wealth, and he would make her richer and happier than she had ever dreamed of!

Elizabeth despised both him and his wealth; but being pressed on both sides, and tormented with the thought that Arnold was faithless or dead, she saw no resource which remained open to her despair but to beg for the delay of three days, in which she still hoped her lover would return.

The three days were granted to her. Full of hope, to see their wishes thus half fulfilled, the two men rose together, and Veit attended his guest to the door.

There passed in the street at that moment the pastor of the place; before him was the sacristan; they were going to a dying man, to bear to him the last consolation. All bowed before the image of the crucified One, and Veit threw himself down, but his companion sprang, with an impulse of fright,

into the next house. Astonished, and not without a feeling of horror, did Veit look after him, and then went, shaking his head, into his own house.

Soon after came a messenger from Heiling, who brought intelligence that a sudden vertigo had attacked his master. He begged that Veit would come to him, and think no harm of what had happened; but Veit declined, and said, crossing himself,

“Go, and tell him that I shall be glad if it’s only a vertigo!”

Elizabeth all this time was sitting, weeping and praying, on a hill in the village, whence she could see all the way to Prague.

A cloud of dust stood afar off,—her heart beat high; but now that she could distinguish them, and perceived a troop of richly clad men on horseback, her hopes all vanished.

In front of this cavalcade a venerable old man rode on the left of a handsome youth; and it was evident that the pace of the horses was too tardy for the youth, and that the old man had the greatest difficulty to restrain him. Elizabeth withdrew her gaze from this crowd of men, and cast down her eyes without farther looking at the cavalcade. All

at once the youth sprang from his horse and knelt at her feet.

“Elizabeth!—is it possible!—my beloved, my dear Elizabeth!”

The alarmed maiden started up in excess of bliss, and crying, “Arnold! my dear Arnold!” fell into the arms of the youth. Long lay they in mute delight, lip to lip, and heart to heart!

Arnold’s companions stood full of joyous emotion round the happy pair; the old man folded his hands, and thanked Heaven; and never had the setting sun beheld happier mortals on his course. As the lovers recovered from the intoxication of joy, they knew not which should commence the narration first. Elizabeth began at last, and in few words related her unhappy circumstances, and her situation with regard to Heiling. Arnold was chilled at the thought that he might have lost his Elizabeth; but the old man knew Heiling exactly, and at length cried,

“Yes, friends! this is the identical wretch who played his knavish tricks in my native town, and who only by a sudden flight escaped the arm of justice.—Let us thank Heaven that we can here frustrate his base arts.”

After a good deal of conversation about Heiling

and Elizabeth, they came rather late into the village.

Elizabeth triumphantly led her Arnold to her father, who would not believe his eyes when he saw the crowd of richly drest men come in.

“Father of my Elizabeth!” said Arnold, “I am here, and seek your daughter’s hand.—I am become a prosperous man, am in favour with the great, and can perform even more than I have promised.”

“How!” said the astonished Veit, “are you poor Arnold, the son of my good neighbour?”

The old man now commenced: “Yes, he is the same, who three years since wandered, poor and despairing, from this village. He came to me: I soon perceived that he would be a master of his trade, and gave him work: he completed it to the great satisfaction of all, and in a short time I was able to employ him as overseer over some very considerable works. He has acquired a lasting reputation in several great towns, and in Prague will shortly have completed a masterpiece of his art. He is become rich, is well received by dukes and counts, and they make him rich presents. Give him your daughter, and fulfil your old promise. The scoundrel to whom you wished to give your Elizabeth has deserved the gallows a thousand times.—I know the rascal.”

“Is all this true which you are telling me?” asked the astonished Veit.

“True!—true!” responded all.

“Then will I no longer hinder your happiness, my gallant masters!” said Veit; and turning to Arnold, “Take the girl, and Heaven’s blessing be on you!” Unable to thank him, the happy maiden fell at his feet;—he clasped her to his bosom, and the faithful girl was blest.

“*Herr Veit*,” said the old man, after a long silence broken only by the sobs of the lovers,—“*Herr Veit*, I have yet a favour to ask of you:—let the marriage take place to-morrow, that I may have the joy of seeing my good Arnold, whom I love as a son, since Heaven has given me none, completely happy.—The day after to-morrow I must away to Prague.”

“Hey-day!” replied Veit, who had become quite joyous, “if it is so great a pleasure to you, we may easily manage it so.

“Children,” he said to the happy ones, “to-morrow shall be your wedding-day; I will arrange it at the farm-house on the Eger mountain. I will go now and announce it to the priest; and do thou, Elizabeth, go to the kitchen, and refresh our worthy guests as should be.”

Elizabeth obeyed; and that her Arnold should follow after, and that both should be soon after freely conversing in the garden, must be thought very natural.

His father's grave came to the recollection of the good son for the first time since he had recovered from the intoxication of joy, and they went, arm in arm, to the place, which they had left the last time in despair.

At the grave they renewed their vows, and both felt piously inspired.

"Say," whispered Arnold, as he embraced his loving bride, "does not this moment of bliss outweigh at once the bitterness of three long years?—We are arrived at the limit,—no higher joy can life afford,—it is only above that we can obtain more!"

"Ah!" cried Elizabeth, "that we may die thus arm in arm, and heart to heart!"

"Yes," repeated Arnold, "die on thy breast!—Good Heaven, reproach us not if in this superabundance of joy we still have a desire for higher things!—We acknowledge, with thankful hearts, what great things thou hast done for us! Yes, Elizabeth, let us pray here on our father's grave, and thank Heaven for its mercy."

Silent was that prayer, but inward and holy ; and with infinite emotion the lovers returned back to the house.

The following morning was fair and lovely ; it was Friday, the festival of St. Lawrence. The whole village was alive ; at every door stood youths and lasses, smartly drest ; for Veit was rich, and all were invited to the ceremony.

Only Heiling's door was closed, for it was Friday, and on that day, as it was well known, he never allowed himself to be seen.

Soon the procession to the church was arranged which led the too happy couple to the festival. Veit and Arnold's master went together, and wept heartfelt tears of joy at the happiness of their children. For the dinner, Veit had prepared the space under the great linden tree, in the middle of the village. There the procession went after the conclusion of the ceremony. The festive meal lasted several hours ; and oft resounded from the mingled tables, " Long live Arnold and his lovely bride !"

From the linden tree the happy ones went with the two fathers, Arnold's friends, and some play-fellows of Elizabeth, to the farm-house on the Eger mountain.

The house was beautifully situated among the bushes of the descending valley ; and in this little, but confiding circle, the hours flew like moments over Arnold and Elizabeth, who were intoxicated with joy.

In the farm-house was the ornamental bride-chamber prepared ; while, amid the rich foliage of the garden, a friendly supper was placed on tables, and costly wine foamed, in full flagons, for the guests.

Twilight already lowered on the valley, but the joyous circle heeded it not. At length, the last gleam of day was lost, and a fine starlight night hailed the delighted pair.

Old Veit now began to talk of his youth, and was the more prolix as the wine had rendered him talkative ; so that midnight came, and at length Arnold and Elizabeth saw, with eager anxiety, the end of his narration approach.

At last Veit concluded. “ Now, good night, my children !” he said, and would accompany the bridal pair to their chamber. It struck twelve in the village below.—All at once a terrible hurricane arose from the valley, and Hans Heiling stood, with a horribly distorted countenance, before the affrighted circle !

“ Fiend ! I release thee from thy service if thou wilt destroy for me these ! ”

“ Then art thou mine ! ” cried a voice from the hurricane.

“ I belong to thee, and expect all the torments of hell on me, so thou wilt destroy me these. ”

A flame of fire seemed to pass over the mountain, and Arnold and Elizabeth, Veit and their friends, stood changed to rocks ! the young couple lovingly entwined, the rest folding their hands in prayer !

“ Hans Heiling, ” cried the voice, laughing scornfully from the hurricane, “ they are blessed in death, their souls ascend to heaven ; but thy crimes incur their due penalty, and thou remainest mine ! ”

Hans Heiling flung himself, from the rocky height, down into the foaming Eger, which, hissing, received him, and swallowed him up.—No eye saw him more !

The next morning, early, came Elizabeth’s friends, with flowers and wreaths, to adorn the new pair ; the whole village had flocked together. They found the hand of destruction over all ! They recognised the procession of friends in the rocky group, and, as they wept aloud, the maidens twined their flowers around the statues of the lovers. They all

sunk on their knees, praying for their beloved souls!

“Hail to them!” thus a venerable old man interrupted the deep silence, “hail to them, who are departed in joy and love, and have died arm in arm and heart to heart! Adorn with fresh flowers their grave. These rocks remain to us a monument, that no evil spirit has power over pure hearts, and that true love is true, even in death!”

From this day every loving pair used to make a pilgrimage to Hans Heiling's rocks, and pray for their blessing and protection. The innocent custom has ceased, but the tale remains living in the hearts of the people; and even to this day, the guide who shows the stranger the terrific valley of the Eger mentions to him the names of Arnold and Elizabeth, and points out the images into which they are changed, as well as the bride's father and the other guests.

For many years did the Eger roar fearfully and wondrously at the place where Hans Heiling was precipitated; and no one passed by without crossing himself, and commending his soul to the Lord!

WOLDEMAR :

A TALE OF THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1805.

WOLDEMAR TO HIS FRIEND GUSTAVUS.

M——a, July 17, 1805.

As yet, my dear Gustavus, we remain quietly opposite to the foe. I cannot comprehend the reason of this everlasting delay. The whole army longs to be in the field, and all execrate with me this indolent repose which so much relaxes our souls. According to appearances we are to remain a long time thus ; and our hope of soon coming to blows with the French, it seems, will remain long unfulfilled. To-morrow I am to advance two leagues farther on with my detachment to lie at Villarosa. I am envied this change, for it will be a much more pleasant abode. It belongs to Count P——, who also possesses considerable estates in the Tyrol, where thou hast doubtless heard of him. He lives

here in the enjoyment of lovely nature, and of his family, by whom, as by all, he is highly extolled. It cannot be denied that it is among the rude circumstances of war, we first perceive the happiness of coming into the society of cultivated men ; but such appearances are only transitory, and I could wish that we were going into the field to-morrow, rather than to continue longer in this hateful repose. That I must thus approach the land which was the object of my dreams, that I must, with rough and bloody hand, help to drive away fair peace from this hallowed ground, pains me deeply. I had hoped, under other circumstances, to tread these frontiers. I am now a soldier, and a soldier from my own choice, and from pure zeal and love of war ; yet such feelings do not accord with this sky, nor this lovely climate, where all, even in spite of the very storms of the time, is in such luxurious abundance. O thou shouldst see my splendid Italy, how it shines and blooms ! Who would wish to approach it at the head of a conquering army ?

Villarosa, July 21, 1806.

I write to thee from Villarosa, from this paradise of nature! My friend, envy me every hour that I pass here! What a circle of noble beings! Thou shouldst see Magdalena, her tall and noble form, her large black eyes, her luxuriant golden locks; thou shouldst hear the harmony of her voice; thou shouldst witness these attributes of a noble being; and ah! thou wouldst forget, as I do, war and its rumours. The silent melancholy, the tender traces of a deep grief which wave as a holy light around the soft features of the lovely girl, and the expression of exalted love which speaks in her eyes, give her an undefined, an indescribable charm. Alas! the angelic girl cannot be portrayed, nor can I name to thee all the feelings, which, in sweet intoxication, assail my soul. I have even remarked, that I have as yet described to thee nothing properly, or as usual. Know then, that Magdalena is the daughter of Count P——, to whom Villarosa belongs. I have been received with so much heartiness and good will, that I do not comprehend my own happiness. I am now under the same roof with her, am ever near her, and accompany her on the guitar,

when she sings the canzonets of her native land, those sweet songs of love and melancholy; she leads me also about the splendid environs of the villa, and takes a lively interest in my raptures with this world of paradise! Ah! she is an angel! a being full of high and infinite tenderness! I feel every impulse of my soul entirely changed; I feel myself better, her presence ennobles me; I feel myself happy, I dare to look on her! Ah! how happy is my lot!

Villarosa, July 23, 1805.

Heaven be praised! as yet nothing is heard of our departure. It is to be hoped the armies may remain some weeks, and stand peacefully opposite to each other; and then I need not leave my paradise. Never could I have believed that love could have so entirely changed me! Before I knew her, a restless desire drove me onwards, all my pleasure lay in distance and in futurity, and life flew o'er me formless and dark! But now—all my exertions have an object; in her sacred presence the wild tempest of my soul disperses in tender melancholy.

Her presence surrounds me with delight; and awakened by the breath of love, the strings of my life vibrate to all that is hallowed and exalted!

As they receive me with so much kindness, no one allows me to feel how unwelcome and how burdensome I must, necessarily, be to them in my present situation. What noble beings they are! the father looking in peace on the storm of the times; his tall, serious, venerable form; and the mother who lives only in a circle of her own, and embraces all within it with fervent love. And, Magdalena! Magdalena! he has never felt what is holy and god-like in life, who has never seen in thine angel eyes the glow of high perfection, who has never bowed the knee in deep and heartfelt bliss to thy purity!

Villarosa, July 25.

She has a brother whom she ardently loves; he disappeared on account of a duel, and they scarcely have an exact account where is his present abode. This is the cause of her melancholy, for she is attached to her brother with a love and tenderness

peculiar to her amiable heart. As she related the circumstance to me with all the expression of a deep inward grief, the tears standing in her eyes; I cannot describe how much I was affected by the narration. There is not any situation in the whole of human existence, in which tenderness and loftiness of soul express themselves more clearly than in grief; and it is impossible that life can exhibit any thing more affecting or inspiring than the lovely tears in the lovely eyes of such a girl! This was the remark I made to her, and she felt that I was not a mere flatterer. She softly pressed her hand which I had seized in ecstasy, raised it suddenly, and said in hastening away: "I think, Woldemar, you are a man of honour!"—Ah! thou canst not know the heavenly tone in which these words were uttered! I stood long, and regarded her fixedly. Then, on recovering myself, I felt impelled to kiss the grass which, in light hovering, she had touched! You will call me a child, Gustavus; I am so—but a happy one! In the evening I lay so long in the window, that I perceived by her light that I am lodged in the right, and she in the left side-wing of the villa, and I can see direct into her chamber. I thus stand for hours, and watch the flickering of the light till it is ex-

tinguished. Then I seize my guitar, and my rapturous strains resound in the clear moonlight, which, under an Italian sky, lies still upon the earth, as the spirit of the Eternal. Canst thou comprehend the bliss which floats around me? Hast thou an idea of these joys in thy breast? Gustavus, they never were before perceived by me.

Villarosa, July 29, 1805.

Alas! that I cannot fly to thine arms! that I cannot weep in thy fraternal bosom over that excess of bliss, which now I must bear alone! Alas! my heart cannot contain this high feeling; I fear it must break. Gustavus, she is mine! From her trembling lips flowed the confession of her love; she lay on my breast, and I dared to press glowing, burning kisses on her lips. We both sat silent and wrapt in sweet dreams on the terrace. The sun was just setting behind the mountains, and in the distance was seen passing by a body of our troops; the streaming rays tipped with gold the weapons of the horsemen. Then, methought, a voice spoke within me, like the voice of a spirit,

and said, "Thou goest not home!" and deep melancholy seized me! Magdalena soon remarked my feelings, and, participating in them, asked what ailed me. I named to her my foreboding. "Wilt thou devote a tear to me?" asked I, and seized her hand. She trembled much, and looked at me sorrowfully with tears in her eyes. I could refrain no longer—I threw myself at her feet. "Magdalena," cried I, "I cannot be silent; I love thee!" She sunk deeply agitated on my arm, and our lips sealed the holy bond. And, as at length we recovered from the glowing tumult of our souls, how felt I then? Already the twilight lay around, and hushed the earth in sweet slumber; but an eternal day glowed in my breast, the morning of my bliss had dawned. Ah! how different was now my Magdalena! She stood before me exalted, the spirit of a higher existence floated around her, and the expression of happy love played about her countenance, like the *nimbus* of an angel. At first she seemed to me merely as an accomplished girl; now she stood before me as the seraph of a better world; shyness and maiden modesty had changed, in the consciousness of immortal love, into a hallowed confidence in her own strength of character.

I have not spoken to her parents, but I trust

they will not destroy our happiness. They are attached to Magdalena with such tenderness, that they certainly cannot trouble our enjoyment. Gustavus, until thou hast known the happy moment when love impels two hearts in a glowing ecstasy, and steeps them in the highest earthly bliss—until to thee the heavenly sound, “I love thee!” has rung from the loved one’s lips—never canst thou comprehend the infinite, the holy feeling of successful love!

Villarosa, August 1.

Partake with me my happiness, my dear Gustavus! She is mine!—mine by the voice of her own heart, mine by the promise of her parents! They have nothing to object to me; they received me, a stranger as I was, into the circle of their love. Noble, excellent beings! Does not all unite to fulfil my most ardent desires, even before I have ventured them? Does not all coincide in the most favourable manner, amid this mighty storm of the time, to fix for ever peace in my breast?

I have disclosed to them all my situation, that I only make this campaign from my pure love for a

military life; at the close of which, I intend to take my departure, in order to sell my estates in Bohemia and return to my happy Italy, to live only for Magdalena and the fair duties of love. All this I tell them; and they feel that, at least, I shall not make Magdalena unhappy. But I was compelled to press for a speedy decision.—I expected every moment the order for my departure. At length, they gave us their blessing; and the highest earthly bliss glowed in four happy mortals! Gustavus, as her father led Magdalena to me, and said, “Take her, the joy of my life, and make her happy!”—as she sunk on my arm, and as the kiss of our union glowed on our lips, in the sacred presence of our parents, I almost fainted with rapture; angelic beings seemed descending around me, and formed an enchanted Eden below! I now rejoice in the fulness of those joys which I had before only conceived in idea, and which now bloom in beautiful reality within my reach. Gustavus, I am not worthy of this felicity.

Villarosa.

My friend! what days of paradise do I live in the circle of my love! The father and mother seek every means to prove their love for their new son, and Magdalena lives only for me. We are all day together; and I perceive how my sweet girl more and more charms, and how her fair and noble soul developes itself. I have already mentioned to you her skill in music: she is delighted that when her brother Camillo returns we may undertake our practice with the due complement of voices. Camillo sings a fine and powerful tenor, and we already find that we shall then be able to execute several trios. I really long for my brother-in-law. They are all so dotingly fond of him, that it must affect every one when the family are reminded of his absence; and this is scarcely to be avoided, for every where one comes in contact with him, every where he is wanting to them: they relate every thing so gladly of Camillo, he must be an admirable youth. I picture him as a young man full of spirit, intelligence, and strength; powerful in body as in soul: a young and vigorous athlete!

Beside that Magdalena sings and plays, she draws beautifully. She takes great pleasure in designing sketches of historical pictures; and she has acquired, in the mechanical part, very considerable skill. She has lately sketched the scene where Horatia beholds her brother as the conqueror and murderer of her lover. In the expressions of the maiden's face, where the struggle of her inmost feelings is clearly exhibited, she has eminently succeeded. The drawing has affected me much, and its simple figures have made a deep impression on me. Thou shouldst have heard how sweetly she spoke of the sketch, and how clearly she represented herself in Horatia's situation. She complained not of the murderer of her beloved, she complained only of her hard fate; for it became her brother to conquer as a Roman, and it was not Horatius,—no, it was Rome, that plunged the sword in her lover's breast. Magdalena is now employed about a portrait of her brother, as a memorial for me. The parents say it is extremely like him, so lively is the recollection of him in their souls; but I am not to come and see it till it is finished. Gustavus, what an eternal round of fair and heavenly joys, and festivals of love, will be my future life! How will my sweet and lovely girl, with all her charming talents, em-

bellish our friendly circle! I shall live days which I would not exchange for the treasures of the whole world. How happy is it, when, from the storms of the sea, the ship steers, with all sails set, into harbour!—Equally delightful is it, when we fly, with the anticipation of the highest earthly delight, to the fair dawn of love. Gustavus, my day has dawned!

Villarosa, 4 August.

What I have long dreaded is come to pass.—I must leave—must quit my sweet Magdalena. This morning, early, I received an order to fall back to-morrow, at day-break, two leagues. It is understood the enemy will advance, and we shall probably await him in an advantageous position, on the heights of C——. Ah! this whole war, to which I was lately attached with so much fervour, is to me now almost insupportable. The thought that I may lose Magdalena makes me shudder from the bottom of my soul, and a sad foreboding floats in my dreams. Whether we advance or retire, I know that Villarosa and all that is dearest to me on earth will be in the enemy's power, and the

thought distracts me. I am none of those hardy souls who can bear every thing : I can venture all ; but to attain my object through their suffering is more than I can bear. How hateful will every moment be, when I shall be unable to see my sweet and lovely girl, and press her to my throbbing heart. Alas ! I am no more the former Woldemar. Scarcely do I feel courage to sustain the pangs of parting. The proud consciousness of manhood bows before this feeling of grief.

Riccardino, August 7, 1805.

Let me be silent, Gustavus, on the hour of parting, on Magdalena's tears, on my own anguish, and on her last kiss. I obeyed my orders, and have now been three days at Riccardino. It is for me a sweet consolation that, from the window of my new quarters, I can see Villarosa, and the place where my beloved ones dwell. I am constantly at this window gazing towards it, and my heart almost breaks with its infinite longing. All is to me so insipid, so empty ; even the loud tumult of war itself (for it is bustling here, and other regiments

lie in this place with us) remains without importance to me. Now I have only one feeling; but it is a glorious and a powerful one, that with mighty force breaks through all limits. Magdalena! how infinite is my love! I know not how I can live without thee!

Two hours later.

Gustavus, I am dreadfully agitated! My dark forebodings are about to be fulfilled. The general has assembled us together, and called volunteers for the storming of Villarosa. The enemy have occupied it, and seem to intend to fortify themselves on the heights. You may suppose that I was the first to step forward; I shall free my Magdalena from the power of the enemy. What a heavenly delight for me! But I shall allow slaughter on those peaceful plains, and shall help to destroy the fair world, to which she is attached with such inmost love. Can I do it? Dare I do it? O field of duty! Yet at all events must I undertake the risk; I can the more easily afford assistance to those I love. The conflict will be severe. The enemy is in considerable strength, and my numbers are small; there is especially a want of veteran soldiers, and the general can only

spare a few, as a great event is hourly expected. Protect me, Heaven! Duty and love call me. I shall purchase my happiness with blood!

So far we have Woldemar's letters. In dreadful agitation, he, shortly after, repaired with his gallant troop to Villarosa. Already, from afar, they saw the enemy's posts, and soon Woldemar, as his plan was, came unobserved by the way which he well knew, through the cypress wood to the neighbourhood of the castle. The enemy's corps rushed fiercely on him, as they had either observed his advance, or his progress had been betrayed to them. The strife began, and they soon came hand to hand. Woldemar's troops, as they knew that their captain fought for his bride, pressed dreadfully on the foe. The French commanding officer, a youth of tall and noble form, fought in the most furious manner; several times he opposed himself to Woldemar, and they fought, but he was again separated from him. At length the enemy could no longer withstand the powerful attacks of the gallant troop; they threw themselves into the castle, and every officer defended

the access to it with furious desperation, as the greatest good in life. At length Woldemar rushed on it with all his force; the enemy were compelled to give way; the troops press into the villa, and Woldemar follows his obstinate opponent from chamber to chamber, in each of which a new contest began. Woldemar called to him to surrender, but in vain; instead of answering he only fought more furiously. Already they bled from several wounds, when Woldemar, as he heard Magdalena's voice approaching, collected his whole force, and his enemy fell pierced by his sword on the ground. At this moment Magdalena shrieking, burst with her father into the room, and with the cry, "Brother! unhappy brother!" fell lifeless over the fallen one. Woldemar shook all over in dreadful despair. He stood as if annihilated,—crushed with the dread thought of her brother's murder! At length Magdalena recovered by the aid of assistants, who hastened to her help; her first look fell on Woldemar—fell on the bloody sword, and she sank anew, lifeless on her brother's corse! They bore her away, and her father, who had stood by in dread torpidity of soul, followed in silence. Woldemar remained alone, with the fatal consciousness that he had destroyed the happiness of this noble-minded

man. He heard them not as they brought him the intelligence, that the remainder of the foe were partly killed, and partly taken. One oppressive feeling alone overpowered him, and he yielded to the anguish of his despair. At length the count appeared ; he had collected himself, and offered the slayer of his son his hand. Woldemar sank overpowered with his feelings at his feet, and bathed his hand with tears. But the noble-minded old man drew him to his breast, and both wept aloud, for their manly hearts broke out into great and infinite grief. At length, when the count had recovered himself, he related to Woldemar that his son Camillo, when compelled to abscond on account of the duel, had entered the French army, and had taken them by surprise some days before. He then mentioned also, how Magdalena descanted on Woldemar to her brother ; and how he had rejoiced that he could thus know, and love the friend of his sister. How was Woldemar's heart lacerated ! He raved dreadfully, and the count was obliged to snatch the sword from his hand, with which he wished to end his grief. But they both observed persons hastily running to and fro, and feared, with too much reason, a new misfortune. Alas ! Magdalena, whose tender nerves this dreadful scene

had so powerfully affected, lay dying! Then Woldemar's despair arose to the highest; he swore to the count that he must once more see Magdalena, if he was not to curse himself and his fate from the bottom of his soul; he threw himself at his feet, and deeply shuddering, the afflicted father went away, in order not to refuse the last request of the unhappy man. Magdalena, whose heart struggled between love and aversion, was with difficulty persuaded to see again the murderer of her brother; but her fair spirit, so near its exaltation, overcame its infinite sorrow, and infinite love prevailed! On the subject of this interview, there was found on Woldemar the fragment of a letter to Gustavus, as follows:—

“Gustavus! I am destroyed! I have murdered the happiness of three angels! The guilt of blood lies heavy on me, and despair rages in my veins. Gustavus, execrate me! The images of the past assail my soul; they will make me distracted! Already, I am raving! I have seen her once again, the heavenly one, whose felicity I have destroyed! Again she looked on me with all the expression of her former love; and softly cried, “Woldemar, I forgive thee!” I fell at her feet; she raised herself up, with her last remaining strength, to press

me to her faithful bosom, and sank dead in my arms. Gustavus! Gustavus! my despair urges me to follow her. She has forgiven me, the kind, the angelic being! but I cannot forgive myself; I must offer my life as a sacrifice, and only by blood, by my own blood, can I expiate the guilt of my heart. Farewell! I dare not reproach my fate. I have murdered my own joys. Farewell, then, my friend, my brother!—God is merciful, and will let me die!”

His last wish was granted him. That trifling skirmish became the prelude to a decisive engagement, and the next day beheld the two armies engaged in dreadful strife. Woldemar fought with desperation; he plunged deep amid the enemy's ranks, sought death, and found it. He fell, pierced with many bayonet stabs, in the press of the action, and his last word was—Magdalena! All who knew him bewailed in him a true friend, a gallant comrade, and a noble-minded man. He was interred in the family burying-place at Villarosa, near Magdalena. Peace be with his ashes!

THE HARP.

A GHOST STORY.

THE Secretary and his young wife were, yet, in the gay and glittering spring of life. Neither interest, nor a mere passing inclination, had united them. No; love, ardent, long-tried love, had been the seal of their union. They had early become acquainted with each other's sentiments; but the delay of Sellner's preferment had constrained him to put off the completion of his wishes. At length he received his appointment, and the next Sunday he led his true love, as his wife, to his new dwelling. After the long and constrained days of congratulation, and of family festivals, they could, at length, enjoy the fair evening, in cordial solitude, undisturbed by any third person. Plans for their future life, Sellner's flute, and Josepha's harp, filled up those hours, which only appeared too short for the lovers; and the sweet harmony of their tones as

to them a fair prelude of their future days. One evening, they had enjoyed themselves so long with their music, that Josepha began to complain of the head-ache. She had concealed an indisposition which she had experienced in the morning from her anxious consort, and an, at first, unimportant attack of fever was, by the excitement of the music, and the exertion of the mind, the more increased, as she had, from her youth, suffered much from weak nerves. She now concealed it no longer from her husband, but anxiously sent Sellner after a physician. He came, treated the matter as a trifle, and promised that she would be much better in the morning. But, after an extremely restless night, during which she was constantly delirious, the physician found poor Josepha in a state which had all the symptoms of strong nervous fever. He employed all the proper means, but Josepha's illness got daily worse.

On the ninth day, Josepha herself felt that her weak nerves would no longer sustain this malady ; indeed, the physician had already mentioned this to Sellner before. She knew, herself, that her last hour was come, and with tranquil resignation she awaited her fate.

“ Dear Edward,” she said to her husband, as she

drew him for the last time to her breast, "with deep regret do I leave this fair earth, in which I have found thee, and found true happiness in thy love; but now I may no longer remain happy in thine arms, yet shall Josepha's love still hover o'er thee, as thy good angel, until we meet again on high!"

Having said this, she sank back, and fell asleep for ever! It was nine o'clock in the evening. What Sellner suffered was inexpressible; he struggled long for life; the shock had destroyed his health; and when, after many weeks' illness, he recovered, there was no more the strength of youth in his limbs; he sank into a hollow melancholy, and evidently faded away. A deep sadness took place of his despair, and a silent sorrow hallowed the memory of his beloved! He had Josepha's chamber left in the same state in which it was before her death. On a work-table lay her needle-work, and in the corner was her harp, silent and untouched. Every evening did Sellner go on a pilgrimage to this sanctuary of his love, took his flute, leaned, as in the times past of his happiness, on the window, and breathed, in mournful tones, his regret for the beloved shade!

Once he stood thus, lost in fancy, in Josepha's

chamber. A clear moonlight night wafted to him its gentle breezes through the open window, and, from a neighbouring castle tower, the watchman called the hour of nine—the harp woke its tones again, as if swept by the breath of a spirit. Strangely surprised, he let his flute be still, and with it ceased the echo of the harp. He sang now with deep emotion Josepha's favourite air; and louder and stronger did the strings resound the melody, while their tones accorded in perfect unison! He sank in joyous emotion on the earth, and spread his arms to embrace the beloved shade. Suddenly he felt himself breathed on, as if by the warm breath of spring, and a pale and glimmering light flew over him! Strongly inspired, he called out,

“I know thee, beloved shade of my sainted Josepha! Thou didst promise to hover o'er me with thy love, and that promise thou hast fulfilled. I feel thy breath—thy kisses on my lip; I feel myself embraced by thy glory!”

With deeper bliss he seized, anew, the flute; and the harp sounded again, but yet lower and lower, until its whispers dissolved in distant and indistinct sounds!

Sellner's whole faculties were powerfully excited by the apparition of this evening; he threw himself,

restless, on his bed, and in his feverish dreams the whispers of the harp yet called on him again. He awoke late, and harassed with the phantasies of the night, he felt his whole being wondrously affected ; and a voice was alive in him, which was the anticipation of a speedy dissolution, and which indicated the victory of the soul over the body. With infinite desire he awaited the evening, and passed it in Josepha's chamber.

He had already lulled himself into a sweet dream by means of his flute, when it struck nine—and scarcely had the last stroke of the clock echoed, when the harp began to sound softly, until at length it vibrated in full accord. As his flute ceased, the spirit-tones ceased with it ; the pale and glimmering light flew over him again, and in his bliss he could only utter the words,

“ Josepha ! Josepha ! take me to thy faithful breast ! ”

For the present, the harp took leave with light and trembling tones, till its whispers again were lost in low and trembling sounds !

Strangely affected by the occurrences of the evening, Sellner, as before, tottered back to his chamber. His faithful servant was alarmed with the appearance of his master, and hastened, not-

withstanding his orders to the contrary, to the physician, who was, at the same time, an old friend of Sellner's. He found him with an attack of fever of the same symptoms as Josepha had, but of far stronger kind. The fever increased considerably, throughout the night, during which he continually raved of Josepha, and of the harp. In the morning he was more composed; for the great struggle was over, and he felt, clearly, that his dissolution was at hand, though the physician did not perceive it.

The patient disclosed to his friend what had taken place on both evenings; and no opposition of the cool-minded man could bring him from his opinion. As the evening came on, he grew yet weaker, and begged, with trembling voice, to be carried to Josepha's chamber. This was done. With infinite serenity he gazed around, hailed its fair recollections with silent tears, and spoke calmly, but firmly, of the hour of nine, as the time of his death. The decisive moment approached, and he desired all to quit his chamber, after he had bid them farewell, except the physician, who persisted in remaining. The ninth hour at length sounded hollow from the castle tower, Sellner's face was transformed, and a strong impulse glowed on his pallid countenance!

“Josepha,” he cried, as if impelled by Heaven, “Josepha, hail me yet once more on my departure, that I may feel thee near, and may overcome death by thy love !”

Then rang the strings of the harp in tones loud and brilliant as the songs of victory, and over the departing one waved a glimmering light !

“I come ! I come !” he said, and sank back, struggling for life.

Yet lower and lower rang the tones of the harp, his last strength was now exhausted by convulsion, and as he departed, the harp-strings broke at once, as if torn by a spirit’s hand !

The physician, trembling, closed the eyes of the deceased (who, notwithstanding his contest with death, lay as in a gentle slumber), and left the house in deep emotion. For a long time, he was unable to dismiss from his mind the impression of this scene ; and he observed a strict silence as to the last moments of his friend ; until at length, in an hour of social confidence, he imparted to some friends the occurrence of this evening, and at the same time showed them the harp, which he had received as a last legacy from the deceased !

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF SAXONY.

FROM THEIR FRIEND.

BRETHREN.

ALLIED by the triple bond of blood, of language, and of our common oppression, we come to you! Open to us your hearts, as you have opened to us your doors: the long night of humiliation has rendered us intimate; the dawn of a better time shall find us united!

We are countrymen—we are brethren—in the firm confidence of your persevering in the holy cause of God, and of our country, many among us glory in belonging to you, in having been born in your circle, in having been educated in your manners.

As becomes brethren we will now wander through your vallies. To whom can this native land, this one great father's house to all true German hearts,

be more sacred? To whom can the security of a country be more dear; to whom its prosperity more important than to us, who have joyfully sworn to offer for it our blood and our lives?

.Yes; for the freedom of this land we will fight, and, as God wills it, will conquer or die! Shall foreign tyranny yet longer insult your holy laws, those venerable bequests of your fathers? Shall a foreign tribunal thrust itself into your courts of justice? And shall that native language prevail no more, which you have preserved for ages? Shall your granaries, your cellars, still feed a savage soldiery? Shall your wives, your brides, your daughters, still be yielded a prize to their unbridled licentiousness? Shall your sons still be slaughtered to gratify the madness of a shameless ambition? Think on the deeds of your fathers—think on the wars of the Saxons against Charlemagne—think on the golden time of your ancestors under the happy sceptres of the Othos—think on the heroes of your people! your Henry! your Moritz! your Luther! The age is accustomed to recognize great names among you. Your fathers requited the sacred obligation. Let not a great age find little souls!

Look only at yourselves! What are ye now? A sacrificed people, sold to the ruthless will of a

single tyrant ! Your prosperity is destroyed, your commerce annihilated, your manufactories levelled with the ground ! You leave your children to be slain by thousands ;—you leave them to burn and freeze, to hunger and thirst, to lament and despair in all the torments of hell itself ! Of all your sons, whom tyranny has torn from their fathers' hearts, a few hundreds only have ever returned ; and these bring death into the heart of your country : they strew the fatal germ of disease in your healthful cottages, and implant torment and despair, the sole rewards of a bloody tyranny, in your native fields !

And can you expect forbearance, can you expect truth, from those who are natives of a foreign soil, who have brought hither, not friendship or justice, but rapine and brutal desire ? Has any thing been sacred to them ? Have they not profaned churches and altars ? Have they not committed perjuries and assassinations ? Have they not lately, from rash arrogance, destroyed the pride of your capital ?

And will ye remain tranquil, and leave the abomination unvisited—the licentiousness unatoned—the shame unavenged ? No, no ! thou good and valiant people !—no ! thou canst not, thou wilt not !

Hast thou not seen the Muscovite, how he threw the firebrand amid his palaces? Seest thou not now the Prussian, thy brother and nearest ally, how he prepares himself—Landwehr and Landsturm,—every man capable of bearing arms, in one sworn resolution to die or to be free? And wouldst thou delay?—No, thou wilt not delay; thou wilt stand forth, and wilt shake off thy chains; and the withered rue shall splendidly bloom again amid the wreath of freedom! See our mighty host!—We have sworn, in the house of God, to fight,—to die, for our own and for your freedom: the blessing of the church is with us, and the wishes and prayers of all true German hearts!

Unite yourselves with us, warlike youth of the enthralled Saxon land! Unite yourselves with us, ye valiant men of a valiant people! He who cannot march with us can assist the common cause, by his contributions, his personal interference. Your brethren in Westphalia await us,—the Prussian and the Russian eagles fight with us,—and God assists us to conquer!

There is, in our host, no distinction of birth, of place, or of country. We are all freemen;—we defy hell and its alliance, and would drown them, even were it with our blood!

No mercenaries of peace are we : fortune brings us together as revenge and war direct us. When the enemy lies low,—when our fire-beacons smoke on the mountains of the Rhine, and the German banner floats in the breeze of France,—then may we hang up the sword in the oak woods of our liberated fatherland, and return in peace to our homes!

Now, so please Heaven, this shall shortly be accomplished. God is with us, and the right cause; and “ a strong tower is our God ! ” Amen.

April, 1813.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON :

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THE
L I F E
OF
CARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

LONDON:
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THE
LIFE
OF
CARL THEODOR KÖRNER,
(WRITTEN BY HIS FATHER,)
WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS
POEMS, TALES, AND DRAMAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
BY G. F. RICHARDSON,
AUTHOR OF "POETIC HOURS."

Φιλτάδ' οὐ τί που τιθνηκας
Νησοις δ' εν μακαραν σε φασιν ειναι.

Alcæus.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
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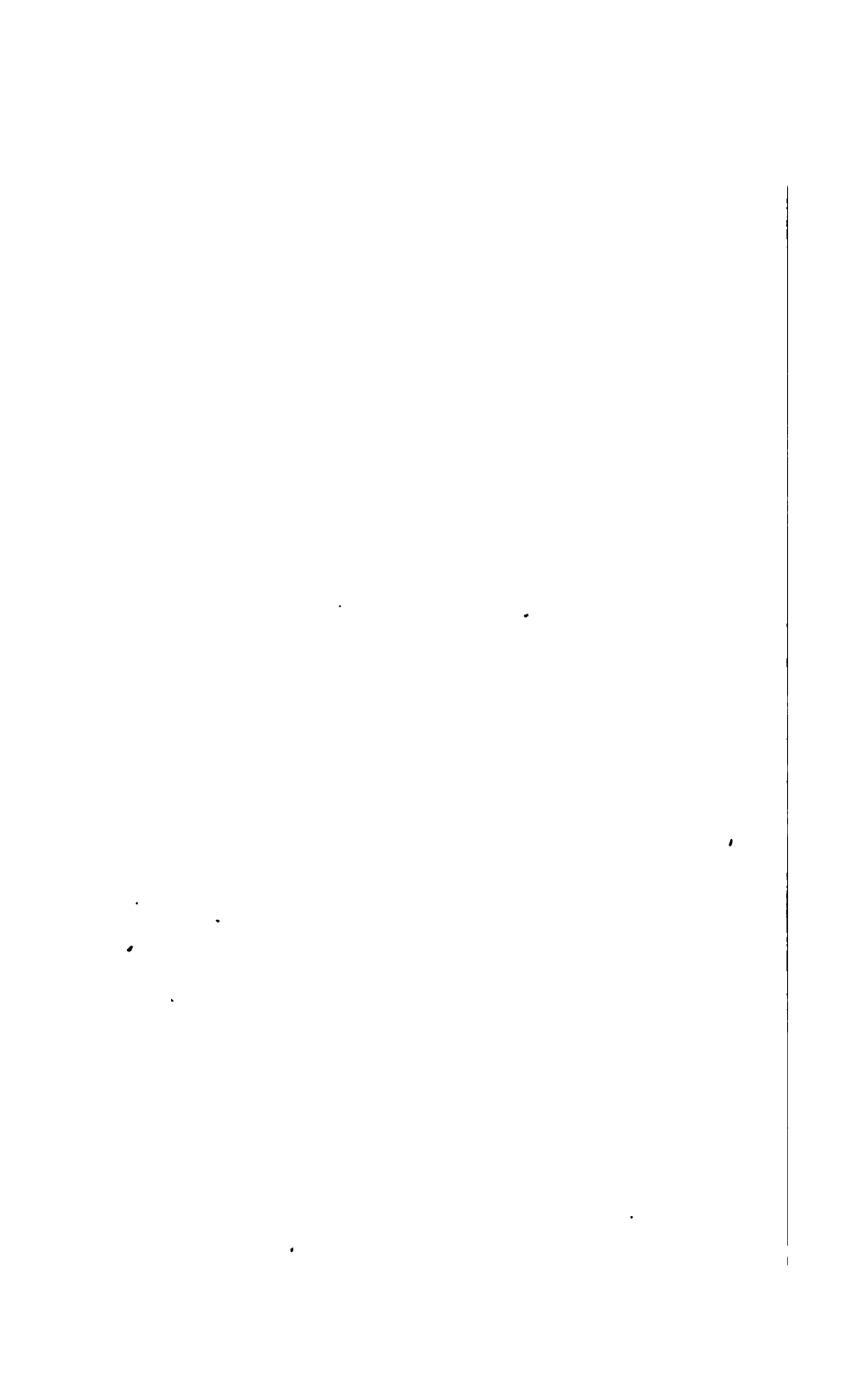
1827.



DRAMATIC PIECES.

VOL. II.

B



REMARKS
ON THE
TRAGEDY OF ZRINY.

THE dramatic works of Körner are considered his highest efforts, and are certainly those which have contributed most to his fortune and his fame. They are, as has before been observed, of various kinds, and comprehend productions in the several departments of tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce. Of these, however, many are little adapted for the purposes of translation. His comic pieces, in particular, from the niceties of the German idiom; from the peculiarities of the continental drama; and, in particular, from the circumstance of their being written in rhyme, are absolutely incapable of being rendered into English, without losing, in a material degree, the spirit, the fidelity, and indeed the chief merits of the original. These reasons, combined with the excellence of the piece itself, have induced me to select the tragedy of Zriny, to which I have appended a little patriotic incident, which has been dramatized by Körner with considerable skill and effect.

It was this tragedy which, as has been already stated, procured its author distinctions of the most

gratifying and honourable kind ; and aware as I am of the inadequacy of this, or it might be said of any translation, to convey completely all the merits of the original ; yet, I trust, it will not be found devoid of attractions for the English reader. Much of its first popularity was, of course, to be attributed to the sentiments of patriotism with which it abounds, and which bore so striking a relation to the great events of the period. These events have now past by, and the interest arising from them is proportionably abated ; yet the sentiments themselves continue undiminished in influence ; and patriotism, courage, and public spirit, will ever excite the strongest sympathies of mankind. As a literary performance, the tragedy is not free from defects, the chief of which will be found to consist in those instances of incorrectness and inexperience in composition, which are natural to a youthful and unpractised writer. Its merits, on the other hand, are of the first rate kind, and display some of the highest excellences of tragic writing. The plot, though faithful, and even singularly minute in its historic details*, possesses much of the interest and fascination of fable ; the characters, though limited

* See for example the curious description in Act I. Scene X, of Soliman's entry into Belgrade, which is, doubtless, derived from authentic historical sources.

in the sphere and the nature of their actions by the strict bounds of truth, are yet drawn with so much spirit, and illustrated with so much ability, as to evince no less acquaintance with dramatic effect than with the feelings of the human heart; the situations, incidents, and action are replete with instances of skill and of good taste; while the language is throughout poetical, and not unfrequently sublime. The whole performance, indeed, when considered as the effort of a youth of twenty-one, displays such a proficiency in literature and such a knowledge of human nature, as will enable this composition to vie with the productions of his own or any other country; and to prove how brilliant would have been his future career, had it not pleased the Supreme Disposer of events to recall, so speedily, to himself, the life and the talents which he had bestowed; and to rank this distinguished young man among those great sacrifices which were to be made by his country, to redeem herself from the yoke of foreign thralldom and oppression!

As the reader may be anxious to know the opinion entertained by his countrymen of this production of our author, I beg to subjoin the following remarks, which are from the pen of the celebrated Tiedge, himself a poet of no mean eminence.

“Zriny is the first great tragedy with which young Körner stepped forward and excited attention. The subject, which is taken from the Hungarian history of the 16th century, contains much tragic matter, in the highest sense of the term. The Emperor Maximilian confides the defence of the Hungarian fortress Sigeth, which is besieged by the Turks, to the Hungarian General Zriny. This valiant warrior maintains its defence with an heroic courage which imparts itself to all around him, especially to Juranitsch, the lover of his daughter Helena. The fortress, abandoned by all external succour, approaches to its surrender, which, however, is prevented by the universal self-sacrifice of the besieged, who undermine and fire it, and perish in its ruins. The exertion of the greatest strength with the exhibition of the tenderest feeling operate in powerful unison throughout this tragedy.

Juranitsch, in the eighth scene of the second act, thus addresses his beloved Helena, whose mind he endeavours to turn from what is transitory to that which is eternal.

“ Not without thee, beloved, would I die !

* * * * *

I would depart but as a hero should,

In the full splendour of my boldest love.

* * * * *

What is there for us higher in this world

That 's left untasted in our hallow'd wishes ?
 Can life afford a moment of more bliss ?
 Here happiness is transient as the day,
 On high eternal as the love of God !”

What inspired language is this ! how tender, yet
 how powerful *!

The eighth scene of the third act contains a beautiful soliloquy, where the firm heroic spirit combines in powerful unison with the tenderness and mildness of humanity. Zriny is standing at the window, and looks down on the city which he would rather have consumed by flames than fall into the hands of the barbarian enemy. He thus expresses his feelings :

“ There lies the city ! and a dream of peace
 Yet floats in melancholy o'er her roofs !”
 * * * * *

* This idea will, however, by the English reader be traced to Shakspeare, at whose exhaustless source, Körner, in common with many of the most distinguished German writers, had deeply drunk. Othello says on an occasion precisely similar—

“ If it were now to die,
 'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
 My soul hath her content so absolute,
 That not another comfort like to this
 Succeeds in unknown fate !”

Othello, Act II. Scene 1.

TRANS.

This splendid soliloquy ends with the following words.

“What mean'st thou by these falling tears, old hero?
Thy country now requires thine arm alone,
And thou may'st put no question to thy feelings.”

Worthily and nobly here are exhibited the feelings of the true hero through those of the rough warrior, whose wild sallies the world too often confounds with heroic deeds. In order to exalt his character sufficiently, our author opposes to him Soliman, whom, however, he draws with considerably less expressive features; the noble ardour of the writer clearly resting on the heroism of Zriny*. The two tragedies of Zriny and Rosamuna are both distinguished by a beautiful, rich, and powerful diction, abounding in new, strong, and striking images; by correctness of thought and of expres-

* The German critic here scarcely does justice to the splendid and imposing portraiture which Körner has given of the Oriental despot. The fierce, arbitrary, and truly Asiatic character of Soliman, whose heroic qualities are unmingled with any of gentler sort, and who is surrounded only by the slaves and flatterers who compose his court, presents a picture scarcely less interesting of its kind than that of the Christian hero Zriny, whose sterner attributes are relieved and softened by feelings of milder nature, and whose character harmonizes finely with that of the female partners of his trials, his devoted wife and affectionate daughter.

sion, and by the lively outline of their representations. We are impressed with admiration, if we regard the works of the youthful author as so many rapid steps towards perfection. In Zriny, a hero of antiquity, a Regulus, a Leonidas, appears to our view. We behold a great character in the highest elevation of his most powerful exertions, who amid the impulse occasioned by outward circumstances, and the innate demands of a sublime duty, calls forth the expression of our whole sympathy. And with what variety of interest do the other characters around this heroic image affect us! his spouse, his daughter, and he who loves this lass so tenderly, the courageous youth Juranitsch, are included as worthy members of this noble head, Zriny. To these, is opposed the dreadful storm which is prepared and is ready to fall. All preserve their highest good, their virtue, under the wrecks of those things which were not to be rescued. All these characters are so supported and so connected with each other, that the highest tragic effect must naturally be the result. And even here, our author shows great capability of arranging attractive situations and circumstances. Powerfully but painfully affecting is the scene, in which the tender Helena will choose for herself no milder fate than death

by the hand of her Juranitsch, which, after a dreadful struggle with himself, he inflicts on his beloved. To so terrible a deed, his trembling hand could only be strengthened by the hopelessness of their situation, and by the dreadful certainty that his beloved one could by no other means be delivered from the hands of the Barbarians. In general, the situations in this piece are tragic in the highest degree; while the author has, by his masterly mode of treating them, done ample justice to the subject."

Z R I N Y,

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

1812.

PERSONS.

- SOLIMAN THE GREAT**, *Sultan of Turkey.*
MEHMED SOKOLOWITSCH, *Grand Vizier.*
IBRAHIM¹, *Begler-Beg of Natolia.*
ALI PORTUK, *Commander in Chief of the Artillery.*
MUSTAFA, *Pasha of Bosnia.*
LEVI, *Soliman's private Physician.*
A Messenger.
An Aga.
NICHOLAS COUNT VON ZRINY, *'Ban of Croatia, Dalmatia, Sclavonia, *Tavernicus of Hungary, commandant of Sigeth.*
EVA, *born Countess Rosenberg, his consort.*
HELENA, *her daughter.*
CASPAR ALAPI,
WOLF PAPRUTOWITSCH,
PETER VILACKY,
LORENZO JURANITSCH,
FRANCIS SCHERENK, *Zriny's Servant.*
A Peasant.
A Hungarian Captain.
Hungarian Leaders and Soldiers.
Turks.

} *Hungarian Leaders.*

The time of the action is in the year 1566. The scene during the first half of the first act is in Belgrade; then partly in, partly before, the Hungarian fortress Sigeth.

Z R I N Y.

ACT I.

Chamber in the Palace of the Sultan in Belgrade.

SCENE I.

SOLIMAN (*who is seated, deeply musing, his head resting on his arm, in the foreground*). **LEVI** (*who comes in through the principal entrance*).

LEVI.

HAS not my lord and sov'reign wish'd for me?—
Hast thou not sent for me, illustrious sultan?—
The slave is waiting on his master's nod.—
(*Aside.*) How! yet no answer!

(*Aloud.*) Mighty lord and sov'reign! —
 Forgive a trusty servant—Are you ill?
 Sire, you *are* ill!

SOLIMAN.

If so, thou canst not help me.

LEVI.

Yet, mighty sire, yet — trust a faithful ser-
 vant—

If help is possible, I can afford it.
 Have I not proved my faithfulness and skill?
 For forty years my ever wakeful eye
 Hath watch'd o'er all the changes of your life.
 Whate'er I early learn'd from wisest sages,
 Whatever nature's self had later taught me,
 You were the object of this various knowledge :
 I know the inmost structure of your being,
 Acquainted with its strength and with its wants.—
 The leech's art may save the public weal ;
 Well know I this, and may I but fulfil it!
 Your welfare is the health of all your realm :
 A king and hero's life concerns his people.

SOLIMAN.

I know thee and I know thy faithfulness,
 Thy skill alike hath oft approved itself,
 And therefore send I for thee.—Tell me plainly
 How far assign'st thou yet my term of life.

Declare to me (since I have ever found thee
 A trusty servant), free and unrestrained,
 How long I have to live. I will have truth !

LEVI.

Such questions, sire, are answer'd but on high,—
 My utmost skill is lost on such a problem.

SOLIMAN.

How ignorant is then poor human knowledge !
 Thou know'st the inmost structure of my life,
 Canst calculate the movement of the wheels,
 Yet canst not tell how long its works shall last,
 Nor when its various springs shall all stand still !

LEVI.

My lord, revile not thus my noble art :
 Life's narrow limit is mark'd out by Heaven ;
 And midst the silent works by nature wrought,
 Hath never mortal eye as yet intruded.
 We can explain the various modes of life,
 Its germ, its bud, and at the last its death ;
 But in the chaos of far possibility,
 The wand'ring spirit is all darkly lost,
 When it would seek the problem to unfold,
 Conceal'd six thousand years from mortal sense.
 Yet this I may assure you, these strong nerves,
 That fire that glistens in th' heroic eye,
 And all the active ardour of your soul,

Foretell full many a year of future life,
 Which bounteous Heaven hath yet in store for you.
 Yet would I not declare it for a truth,
 For science here boasts but a juggler's skill.

SOLIMAN.

Full many a future year—was it not so?

LEVI.

Would you but spare yourself, nor rashly strive
 To break, yourself, the slender thread of life,
 And waste with ruthless hand your vital strength,
 I then could promise you ten years to come.
 But you must save yourself: to you 'twas given,
 Even to the barren threshold of old age—
 Which Heaven hath only granted to a few—
 To keep both fame and fortune true to you,
 And twine a fresh and blooming crown of laurel
 In fadeless wreaths around your silver locks.
 Now rest awhile, my mighty lord and sov'reign,
 Rest from your victories. Whate'er the space
 Which Heaven hath yet allotted you, enjoy it
 In the cool shadow of your glory past;
 Give yourself more to Heaven than to the world,
 For you have lived for immortality!

SOLIMAN.

Peace, peace, old man!—I want you now no more.
 Ten years thine art allows me, if I bury

My rest of time in indolent repose.
My life is used but to heroic deeds,
And could I live one year of vict'ry more,
I 'd ask no longer !—Go and call me Mehmed.

SCENE II.

SOLIMAN (*solus*).

And shall I spare myself? Shall I behold
The strength that sleeps in these old warrior limbs
In base and idle leisure waste and die?
Where'er I bore me, the whole world hath trembled:
It still shall tremble, though I must depart.
Such is the great and godlike lot of heroes!
The worm is born and trodden under foot,
And leaves behind no traces of his being.
The multitude, in many a creeping race,
Renew their poor existence, and the vile
Creep in and out of life, alike unknown.
But if a victor hero should appear,
Heaven doth announce him by its flaming stars;
He stands a wonder to the torpid world,
And life is all prepared for his exploits;
When death, at length, subdues the conqueror,
Then nature wakes a thousand secret voices,

And loud proclaims to all the wondering age,
 That to his native flames the phoenix flies!—
 Yes, I have lived, I feel it, to all time—
 My fame is mingled with th' immortal stars—
 The world, the flaming world have I subdued.
 I was the only hero of my time,
 Though noble men have lived within my century,
 And valiant warriors were opposed to me.
 I scorn to call myself the child of Fortune,
 For I have boldly wrung, by force, from Fate
 What it withheld from many a suppliant's prayers.
 What hath left Alexander so renown'd?
 What hath subdued the world before the Romans?
 'Tis that no emperor Charles withstood his arms,
 No La Valette was e'er opposed to them.—
 Charles! Charles! hadst thou, alone, been never
 born,
 Thy Europe had lain prostrate at my feet.
 Therefore I call thee to this last great struggle,
 Proud house of Austria!—raise thy banners now,
 For Soliman will as a victor die!
 On the beleaguer'd walls of thy Vienna,
 My old reproach effacing with thy blood,
 I'll publish to the wond'ring world my law.
 Arise, Teutonia! call thy heroes now:—
 Thou fall'st—'tis for thy country and thy God!

The world shall know, that now the lion dies,
And proud Vienna lights his funeral pile!

SCENE III.

SOLIMAN, MEHMED SOKOLOWITSCH.

MEHMED.

My lord and sov'reign hath required his servant ;
Upon thy will attendant wait I here.

SOLIMAN.

Give orders for departure, grand vizier !
The time is precious, the resolve is ripe ;
Your prompt obedience shall approve your zeal.

MEHMED.

So suddenly, my lord ?

SOLIMAN.

Whoever yet
Found him too soon in war ?—Who stands prepared
Like me, may profit by the varying hour ;
For e'en upon the person of a sultan
Time may impose his hard and heavy hand,
And bleach the aged tresses of a monarch.
There are three things I wish to see completed,
And were the weightiest of them well accomplish'd,
I'd little reck if the stern voice of fate,

And the now speedy limits of my life,
 Forbade me the completion of the others.
 The holy temple must be quickly finish'd
 Which I have founded in my capital ;
 Also the building of the aqueduct,
 A work e'en now which celebrates my name ;
 While late posterity shall gladly say,
 As o'er their vales its mighty arch expands,
 Thus did the hero whose great name it bears
 Dispense the fate of victory to mankind,
 And make his way to immortality !

MEHMED.

If nothing else connects thee now with life,
 Which thou hast fill'd with splendour of thy deeds,
 The world, ere long, may weep the greatest man
 That it hath e'er admired within its circle.
 The mosque will soon support its cupola—
 An added wonder of the world when finish'd ;
 And thou shalt only hail a few more days,
 Ere tidings reach thee that the giant structure
 Of the vast aqueduct is all completed.
 Now, sire, thy third, last wish.—O ! do not limit
 In narrow bounds the longings of thy heart !
 Bethink thee of such high heroic deed,
 That human life must waste and pass away,
 Ere yet completed it steps forth to life.—

Thou hast subdued to thee the will of Fate,
 Thou hast acquired alike th' ésteem of Fortune ;
 Make the impossible alone thy limit,
 Time will but honbur thy heroic daring,
 Nor dare to pluck thee from thy victor path,
 Till thou hast won these laurels for thy glory !

SOLIMAN.

My third, last wish then is—to storm Vienna !
 By her firm walls the way is interrupted,
 Which leads the crescent on, in bloody triumph,
 Into the heart of German Christendom ;
 Therefore I willingly depart from life,
 Opening a noble pathway to our sons.
 The coming century will accomplish this,
 Now they inherit but a half won world :
 The other half their victor-swords must win them.
 Now to Vienna ! Summon all my leaders,
 That I, with you, may plan our enterprise :
 A pressing time requires a speedy action.

MEHMED.

They are assembled in the ante-room,
 And wait expectant for their sov'reign's call.

SOLIMAN.

Who are they ?

MEHMED.

Mustafa of Bosnia,
 Ali Portuk, and Ibrahim.

SOLIMAN.

Go call them :—

They are the noblest vet'rans of my host.
 In such a time opinion counts as nothing,
 And can be honour'd but for innate worth,
 For valour now is mightiest in debate.
 Call me the leaders.

[*Exit* MEHMED.

SOLIMAN (*solus*).

Brave and good old man,
 Remain but faithful to thy hero still,
 And with a victor's thunders thou 'lt depart !

SCENE IV.

SOLIMAN, MEHMED, ALI PORTUK, MUSTAFA,
the BEGLER-BEG.

SOLIMAN.

Hail to you ! best supporters of my throne,
 Welcome companions of my victories,
 I bid you hail !

ALI.

My gracious lord and sov'reign !
 Thy noble grand vizier hath just inform'd us,
 That thou would'st have us all depart to-day :
 We wait but on thy pleasure, valiant hero,

Prepared for thee, and for the prophet's honour,
To rush, with transport, to the arms of death !

SOLIMAN.

To victory shall ye hasten, not the grave.—
Ye knew the German monarch, Maximilian,
Who calls himself alike the Roman sov'reign,
Hath for two years refused to pay my tribute,
And held a city which is mine—Tokay :
But I have sworn by the eternal God,
Upon these Germans, these base Christian dogs,
To wreak the vengeance of my long reproach,
To root out all the vile and treacherous race,
Who cast their scorn upon our holy Prophet,
And pay their worship to a lying God.
The crescent shall prevail o'er all the world !
And can it do so if this Hungary
Stands as a barrier to its first advance,
While German troops obstruct its earliest progress ?
Therefore will I to war !

MUSTAFA.

My people wait
But for thy word, and clamour for the field.

ALI.

Their leader's zeal is surety for thy troops.

THE BEGLER-BEG.

Give them occasion, and they 'll prove their truth.

MEHMED.

The well provided band of Janizaries,
 That bold and well-approved heroic race,
 Who form thine escort on this enterprise,
 With songs of victory call upon their sov'reign,
 In wild impatience for the Christian warfare !

SOLIMAN.

They shall not want for opportunities—
 I know th' Hungarian and the German people,
 And glory in such heroes for my foes !

ALI.

A nobler foe excites the nobler courage !

THE BEGLER-BEG.

A hero fights more gladly with a hero !

MUSTAFA.

The vict'ry will be sterner, yet 'tis ours,
 For our fierce war-cry shall be—Soliman !

MEHMED.

Therefore will I announce, illustrious sultan,
 First of thy slaves will be the German emperor.
 The age hath named thee the great sword of Allah,
 And Christians term thee too the scourge of God !
 For this great strife thou 'rt dreadfully prepared,
 No greater host hath trod Hungaria's soil,
 For twice a hundred thousand is thine army,
 The bands of all the Pashas scarcely reckon'd.

And Hamsa Beg is posted on the Drau,
 Preparing bridges for thy crossing it ;
 While Mehmed Beg hath won his way to Sziklas :
 On slender floats the brave commander pass'd,
 Favour'd by night across the raging stream,
 And gain'd a passage to the heart of Hungary.

SOLIMAN.

Victory rewards his courage. Lead us on,
 Now is the time : either we take our way
 With hasty footsteps tow'rd the capital,
 And leave both Sigeth' unattack'd and Gyula
 (For th' other towns would scarce deserve the pains,
 And by a slender force may be blockaded) ;
 Or else we'll throw our whole united force
 Upon this rocky fortress, storm and take it,
 And hasten on to meet the German host
 Which Maximilian gathers near Vienna.
 Give thy opinion, grand vizier.

MEHMED.

My lord and sov'reign,
 It seems more safe, and worthier of a hero,
 In dreadful conflict to begin the war,
 By storming this renown'd and mighty fortress,
 Which long in many a strife hath mock'd our power ;
 For Nicholas Zriny, the redoubtable,
 Is at Vienna, ás my scouts inform me.

'Twere easy then to take the vaunted Sigeth,
 When his heroic sword is absent from it ;
 Then for Vienna and the emperor's host—
 A bloody day decides the victory there !

ALI.

Is Zriny absent ? I decide with thee ;
 I would take Sigeth at the first assault :
 But were he there—I know the hero well—
 We might prolong the contest for a month
 In useless strife before the walls of Sigeth.

SOLIMAN.

Has then this single man such worth to thee,
 That thou thinkest oft approved heroic courage
 Dost fear to wage 'gainst this adventurer ?

ALI.

Nay, charge thy slave with no unworthy fear :
 Hast thou forgotten Zriny's call to arms ?
 Who, when Vienna was besieged by us,
 Deserved his knighthood from the emperor Charles,
 While yet a tender youth. He's now a man,
 And thy fierce warriors, who ne'er knew of fear,
 Accustom'd all to look death in the face,
 Shrink when they see his banner float on high !

THE BEGLER-BEG.

And I, my liege, am too of Ali's counsel.
 Sigeth besieged while Zriny is away,

Or strict blockaded as my sov'reign said :
From Gyula we have little cause for fear.

MEHMED.

The Begler-Beg hath given a prudent counsel,
And my opinion he hath also spoken.

SOLIMAN.

Away with Zriny !—Sultan Soliman
Is all unused to see a host united :
Divert the deadly purpose of his plan.
And shall the presence of a single warrior
Disturb the mighty flowing of his waves ?
Absent or not, we go not on to Sigeth :
Straight to Vienna—'tis your sultan's will :
In the heart of Austria we'll decide the strife !

SCENE V.

The above. An Aga.

The Aga whispers to MEHMED.

MEHMED.

I thank the Sangiak for th' intelligence.

[*Exit Aga.*]

SOLIMAN.

What is 't, vizier ?

MEHMED.

The Sangiak Halla tells us
That Nicholas Zriny is at length return'd
Back from Vienna, and, with all his troops,
Hath thrown him into Sigeth ; it appears
As if he knew the plans we are devising.

ALI.

Arise, great sov'reign, 'tis the hand of Allah !
Be Sigeth left, and lead us to Vienna ;
And at Vienna we'll decide the strife !

MEHMED, MUSTAFA, *and the* BEGLER-BEG.

Lead to Vienna, there decide the strife !

SOLIMAN.

What ! are ye mad ? and are ye all my heroes,
And fear the empty echo of a name ?
I have laid half the world before my feet,
Yet Soliman himself can scarcely boast
Of having struck such terror on his foes
As this base Christian dog hath won from you.
'Tis once for all decided, we storm Sigeth !
And I will learn to know this bugbear now,
Who thus hath taught my heroes how to fear.

MUSTAFA.

Consider, sire.

SOLIMAN.

No words, on pain of death !
 We now storm Sigeth. Vizier, we depart.
 My victor wrath hath desolated Asia,
 And shall this count of Hungary mock my power ?
 This he shall dearly pay ; on th' castle mound,
 For this wild raving, I will plant his head !

SCENE VI.

The above. An Aga, and then a Messenger.

AGA.

A messenger from Hamsa Beg, dread sov'reign,
 Awaits, in hope to gain a gracious hearing.

SOLIMAN.

Admit him straight.

[*Exit Aga.*

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER.

Be Allah's blessing on thee,
 Illustrious sultan !

SOLIMAN.

Say what bring'st thou to me ?

MESSENGER.

Thy servant Hamsa Beg hath sent me to thee.
 Three times he sought, with bold, undaunted daring,

To throw a bridge across the raging Drau ;
 But the free stream still dash'd away the yoke,
 And three times was the noble work destroy'd ;
 While many of thy servants found a grave
 In the wild tempest of its furious waters.
 The flood hath risen far o'er its usual height,
 So much 'tis swollen by all its tribute streams ;
 'Therefore he humbly begs, all-gracious sov'reign,
 That thou would'st wait until the raging flood
 Is calmly settled in its former limits ;
 For 'tis impossible, so finds thy servant,
 To erect the bridge against thy passing o'er.

SOLIMAN.

How? I must wait ! how? 'tis impossible !
 What is impossible when I command ?
 Ha ! treachery !—Go throw thee on thy horse :
 Tell him I start to day ; and if I find,
 Spite of contending elements, the bridge
 In four-and-twenty hours not thrown across,
 I'll hang him for a traitor on its banks,
 And thus will teach him what is possible.
 Away ! away ! if life is dear to thee.—
 Depart we, grand vizier, and now to Sigeth !

Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Apartment in the castle of Sigeth. In the background two large windows.

Enter EVA and HELENA from the left door.

(HELENA hastens anxiously to the window and looks out.)

EVA.

What is 't alarms thee? Tell me, dearest daughter.

HELENA.

Ah, my dear mother! I have dire forebodings,
And scarcely am myself. Alas! I fear
A dreadful storm is gathering over us.
For see! the tranquil town is all transform'd;
At every corner stands a group collected;
The people are all eager, and the leaders
Are swarming o'er the castle. Oh good Heaven!
What may this mean?

EVA.

Be comforted, my child:
Some trifling enterprise, no more, be sure on 't;
We are already used to scenes like these.

HELENA.

Nay, dearest mother, this is surely more.
 I found Lorenzo breathless in the hall,
 As he came hasting up the winding stair :
 Thou know'st, dear mother, with what ecstasy
 He ever met me, and with sweetest words
 Would tell me of his love and of his hope.
 But now he rush'd, with hasty greeting, past me ;
 And to my question, "Juranitsch, what is it?"
 He brief exclaim'd, "The service—pray excuse
 me :

My heart is thine, my time is all my emperor's!"
 Then quickly vanish'd through my father's door ;
 And as I look'd this moment from the window,
 He threw himself again upon his steed,
 And hurried swift as lightning from the castle !

EVA.

And does this so alarm thee? Nay, consider
 Thou art grown up amid the strife of arms,
 And wast not formerly so timorous.
 Helena, how thou blushest !

HELENA (*falling into her arms*).

Ah, dear mother !

EVA.

Thou need'st not blush : her fears about her lover
 Do honour to the feelings of a maid.

The silent buds which the young, tender breast
 Conceals amid the dreamings of its spring,
 Shall bloom in beauty, and come forth as flowers,
 When, long perceived through dawnings of affection,
 The sun at length breaks out upon the soul,
 And love imprints his kiss upon their bloom !

HELENA.

Thou art so kind !

EVA.

And shall I not be so ?

Thou canst not tell how happy it hath made me,
 To see those joys that blest my spring of life
 Reviving in my daughter's happiness ;
 To wake once more the bliss of early love,
 And hail, beloved girl, again in thee
 The only summer's day of gloomy life !
 Alas ! this time can only thus return,
 Can but revive amid our children's bliss !

HELENA.

And does my father know it ?

EVA.

He perceives it,

But he is all above dissimulation—
 The least restraint is too severe for love.

HELENA.

And did he blame it ?

EVA.

Could I, think'st thou, then
 Converse with thee so tranquilly, my love? .
 "I seek a son-in-law," exclaim'd he once,
 "Among the princes of the Hungarian land,
 "And I would choose him from among its heroes."
 And Juranitsch stands high in his esteem.

HELENA.

Ah mother! mother! ah how happy thus,
 How blessed hast thou made thy child to-day!
 And how divine a feeling then is love!—
 I tremble, mother, for such happiness;
 For still, without my father's, mother's blessing,
 Its raging transports can no bliss afford me.
 The sun must mildly on love's blossoms shine,
 The dew must glisten, and the zephyr float;
 For if the day, hot glowing, flames upon them,
 The spring dries up, and poisonous whirlwinds roar,
 And spread destruction o'er the parching plain.

EVA.

Here comes your father; see!—

HELENA.

Oh, Heaven be praised!

He looks serene.

EVA.

When look'd he otherwise?

SCENE VIII.

The above. ZRINY, yet unarmed.

ZRINY.

'Twill soon be busy with us in the castle ;
 But do not fear, my children, not as yet.—
 The Turk, they tell us, has prepared for war,
 And the Grand Sultan, it is said, in person
 Will lead the host. Yet sure intelligence
 I have not yet ; and at the present hour
 I wait for tidings from my messengers.
 Be not then frighten'd if the cry to arms
 Should reach you even in your women's chambers ;
 For prudence suits this all-important place.
 This valiant people glory in the contest,
 And break, already, forth in glad rejoicings,
 While reckoning on approaching glorious deeds !

HELENA.

Said I not so ? Ah, mother, said I not ?
 See, my foreboding hath not then deceived me !

EVA.

Think'st thou his purpose can regard our fortress ?
 A siege ?—or storm ?—Conceal not aught from me !

ZRINY.

Nay, who like thee would dream of things like these !

EVA.

Zriny, I have deserved thy confidence ;
 I ask for truth. Do they intend for Sigeth ?
 O do not think so meanly of thy spouse,
 Thine own loved spouse, who, often by thy side,
 Hath look'd undaunted in the face of death,
 That thou despairest in thy inmost soul,
 When she would prove deserving of her hero !
 I ask for truth.—Say, do they mean for Sigeth ?

ZRINY.

If Soliman prepares him, 'tis for us !

HELENA.

Ah mother ! mother !

EVA.

Comfort thee, Helena !

Thy father lives, his friends too yet survive.—
 A hero's child, be worthy of a hero !

SCENE IX.

The above. ALAPI, *in his armour.*

ALAPI.

My lord, fresh news !—

ZRINY.

Declare it then aloud ;
 The women must be all acquainted with it,

And soon or later were of little import,
 For fear doth only paint concealment blacker.
 What is 't?

ALAPI.

There comes a courier from Fünfkirchen ;
 And 'tis assured, for these good townsmen tell us
 They've ascertain'd it from the very first,
 The Sultan's whole invasion is against us,
 And Turkey sends a mighty expedition.

ZBINY.

If Soliman decides to march on Hungary,
 We have not long to wait his fierce attack ;
 We know already the old lion. See,
 Here comes Paprutowitsch ; he brings us tidings.

SCENE X.

*The above. PAPRUTOWITSCH (also in his armour)
 and a Hungarian Peasant.*

PAPRUTOWITSCH.

My noble lord, now draw the sword ; tis time :
 The Sultan hath already pass'd through Belgrade,
 With warlike splendour and with royal pride.
 This peasant here brings sure intelligence ;
 He has seen all their mighty host.

ZRINY.

Inform us.

PEASANT.

I had in Belgrade an affair of business,
 And when the matter was concluded, wish'd
 To take my horse and seek again my home.
 'Twas rumour'd in the town, the Sultan came
 With wond'rous splendour, and imposing greatness,
 To make his entrance with his mighty host.
 I dared not stir abroad, so dreadful was
 The pressure of the thronging people there ;
 So staid within, and thus awaited him.

First I beheld five thousand janizaries,
 Pioneers, artificers, and all their train ;
 The most of them were well-arm'd, powerful men.
 Then came the slaves, who guard the bashas'
 baggage.

On foot and horse, all bearing little banners,
 And following each the standard of his leader,
 Next was the hunting train and falcon-bearers.
 Then fifty noble horses led by spahis,
 And after them a row of youthful slaves,
 Bearing upon their heads monkeys and parrots,
 And other childish play-things, followed next.
 The Boluck bashas came the next to these,

With richest heron-plumes upon their crest ;
Next slaves of the Seraglio ; then three
Distinguish'd bashas, Ferhad, Mustafa,
And Achmet ; then the Basha Mahomed,
And next the Vizier Basha—he who acts
As judge within the camp ; and then a train
Of Tschaouches³ and of Solacks⁴ of the Sultan,
Who dealt their blows with clubs around the crowd,
And shot at people's heads that look'd from windows,
That none might afterwards, exulting, say,
He had look'd down upon their mighty sovereign.
Now came the Sultan. An Arabian horse
Bore the imperial and gorgeous heathen !
A sabre richly studded o'er with diamonds
Hung on his saddle, costly to behold !
The Aga Ferhad rode upon his right,
And spoke with him ; three beglers follow'd after ;
Also three youths, high fav'rites with their lord,
Who bore his bow and arrows, vest and shawl.
Then came whole ranks of young and handsome
pages,
Who went before the golden equipage,
Which was a present from the King of France.
Next eight more carriages, each not less costly ;
The chasnadar with all his train of slaves.
Two hundred asses laden each with gold,

With their attendants, closed the long procession.
 Last came the army, all in proud array—
 'Tis reckon'd at two hundred thousand men.
 And as the people roam'd, at night, abroad,
 I ventured forth in safety, and am come
 With eager haste, by unfrequented ways,
 To bring to you, my noble count, the news.

ZRINY.

Brave countryman ! go cheer thee in my cellar ;
 My treasurer shall bring thee best my thanks.

[*Exit Peasant.*]

My love ! 'tis serious now.—I wait Lorenzo,
 Whom I 've sent forth.

ALAPI.

He leaps within the court.

(*HELENA weeps on her mother's bosom.*)

ZRINY.

He brings us news. My love, console the maid ;
 'Tis never other in the land of war !
 Thou wast already used to times like these,
 Yet have I never seen thee so afflicted.
 Be tranquil !

HELENA.

Father ! how can I be so ?
 Or if I were, should I be happier then ?

EVA.

Peace, maiden, peace !

HELENA.

Ah mother ! see he comes,
And dreadful tidings read I on his brow.
Behold what valour glistens in his eye !

SCENE XI.

The above. JURANITSCH, *in his armour.*

ZBINY.

What bring'st thou, Juranitsch ?

JURANITSCH.

The cry to arms !—
My noble lord, already Hamsa Beg
Hath pass'd the Drau, and won his way to Sziklas ;
Wasting the land, and firing all the villages,
He wakes the horrors of a Turkish war.
Give me a handful of thy bravest troops ;
My courage fires, I long but for the fight,
And will revenge my country on these spoilers !

HELENA.

Heavens ! Juranitsch !

JURANITSCH.

Lament not, my Helena !
The strife is now, and now I may deserve thee,
And prove me worthy of thy father's choice,

Owning to him my love, and all my wishes.
 Yes! noble hero, yes! I love thy daughter.
 'Tis true I nothing have, save this good sword,
 And I derive no glory from my ancestors.
 Yet I have often heard thyself declare,
 A hero's arm may dare to grasp at crowns—
 I neither want for courage nor for strength.
 Let me then forth, and prove the noble spirit
 Which, I perceive, is living in my heart.

ZRINY.

This will I answer thee on thy return—
 I value more a hero than a noble.
 Yet to thy single valour dare I not
 Confide what now concerns Hungaria's weal.
 Caspar Alapi, take a thousand foot,
 And choose five hundred horsemen; Juranitsch
 And Wolf shall go with thee; the other leaders
 Thou may'st select as thine own choice directs.
 Then after Mehmed Beg!—Your little number
 Will be more fav'ring for a bold attack.
 The Turks shall know that there are men in Sigeth
 Who do not dread the vastness of their power.
 God be with you, and send you back as conqu'rors!

ALAPI.

Confide in me and in thy valiant troops—
 Now for our enterprise. To-morrow's dawn

Shall bring us home with richest Turkish spoils.
Grant me a kind farewell, my gracious countess !

EVA.

Depart, and I, meanwhile, will pray for you.

JUBANITSCH.

Farewell, my honour'd lady ! My Helena !
Breathe too a gentle prayer for me to Heaven :
Be thy petition for love's victory ;
'Twill be a talisman, and must preserve me.

EVA.

Spare her.

HELENA.

Alas ! thou goest but to thy death.

JUBANITSCH.

No ! no ! death dares not to wage war on love.

HELENA.

He dares not ?—leave me then but that sweet hope !

JUBANITSCH.

Trust me he dares not ; and with this assurance
I rush impetuous on to yonder strife !

[He draws his sword, as do the other chiefs.]

Who feels his valour must exert it now ;
The strife is short, the victory is immortal !
And since I hope to win no common treasure,
I must attempt no common enterprise !

[Exit hastily with ALAPI and the Leaders.]

ZRINY,

HELENA (*falling.*)

My love, Lorenzo!

EVA.

Heavens! she sinks.

ZRINY (*supporting her.*)

Helena!

ACT II.

(The same apartment as in the last Act.)

SCENE I.

EVA and HELENA.

EVA.

How art thou, dearest daughter ?

HELENA.

Better.

EVA.

Child,

Thou 'st sadly frighted us : thy sire himself,
All tranquil and collected as he was,
Sank in despair when he beheld his child
Fall pale and trembling in her father's arms.
Thank Heaven ! returning colour dies thy cheek ;
'Tis but the passing anguish of the moment
That hath opprest the vigour of thy youth.

HELENA.

Ah! my dear mother, how he waded to me
His parting farewell with his sabre drawn ;
He bade me then a last—yes, last adieu !
For yonder where he goes doth treachery wait him,
And yonder is the death of love prepared.
The fatal thought like lightning pierced my breast ;
My eyesight failed, my throbbing heart stood still,
And it came o'er me like the dream of death.

EVA.

Thou yet must learn to conquer thy weak heart,
If thou, indeed, would'st be a hero's bride,
And wear the wreath that crowns a life like hers.
Full many a transport feels the poor man's wife,
Who, peaceful in the hut by labour earn'd,
Doth share with him the fetters of their life ;
And when their barns and cupboards all are fill'd,
And produce hath repaid their weary toil,
While fortune bears them prosperous on her tide,
And heaves their joyous vessel on her keel,
Then she rejoices in her well-paid labour,
And in the eyes of her delighted spouse,
And in the lively faces of her children,
As they divert them with their varied gifts,
Life blooms for her all tranquil and serene,
And sweet enjoyment reconciles her lot !

But otherwise must be that woman's breast
Who twines her ivy-blossoms of affection
Around the oak-stem of a hero's love ;
Each favourable moment she must seize, .
And must retain it as her highest good ;
Her life must ever float 'twixt joy and sorrow,
'Twixt pains of hell and highest bliss of heaven !
And if her hero, for his country's freedom,
Would rashly tear him from her arms of love,
Offering his brave breast to the murderous steel,
She must confide in Heaven and in his valour,
And prize his honour dearer than his life !
For, as with other slaves to nature's law,
The vital air is the demand of life,
So, maiden, is his honour to a man :
And if indeed thou lov'st thy hero youth,
As may become his bride and Zriny's daughter,
It is not then his fair and youthful aspect,
Nor yet the flatt'ring influence of his voice,
Which hath entwined thee in the net of love ;
But thou dost love his courage, strength, and glory,
And the unspotted honour of his name !

HELENA.

Ah ! be indulgent to a poor young girl,
Who, not as yet instructed how to dress
Her throng of feelings in unwonted form,

Hath yet embraced thy dear maternal counsel,
 But never hath attain'd sufficient courage
 To offer thee her meek and trembling thanks.
 Forgive me, mother, if I own to thee
 I often dream how truly blest I were,
 Could I, amid some still, secluded vale,
 While pillow'd on the breast of him I love,
 Behold the changing hours go cheerful by.
 Must I but love him for his strength and courage,
 Which rashly urge him on towards destruction?
 No, mother, no; I love him but for love,
 Which breathes amid the music of the lips,
 And glistens in the tear-drops of the eye;
 Him but in love, and love alone in him!
 Thus waving, trembling, like th' inconstant wind,
 In fearful agitation rocks my soul!

EVA.

'Twas thus with me. The early call of love
 Fill'd with a maiden's zeal my maiden soul,
 As it, alike, inspires the daring youth
 To long for war and for illustrious deeds.
 If souls, which, when divided in the world,
 Look'd but in drear suspense to ends unknown,
 Feel the serene effects of early love,
 (Accustom'd to the intercourse of mind,
 Till by degrees their spirits choose each other),

And have mistaken in their mutual thoughts,
Sentiment, fondness, feeling, and religion,
And what else lies perceived though slumbering
there;

Then love to them appears in wond'rous guise,
And wakens two new beings into life !
The youth who, sweetly, from his maiden's lip
Hath drunk the soul-felt joys of tender pleasure,
Sees the wild tempest of his soul subdued,
The labyrinth of rapture all disclosed,
And every faculty which threw him forth,
In various wild directions, now restrain'd,
His young life rocks upon its gentle waves,
And bears him safely to the prosperous haven !
The maiden too feels her young tender soul
Awaked to rapture by the kiss of love.
A clearer courage and more cheerful confidence,
Th' excited feelings of her venturing hope,
Prevail all-powerful in her tender breast,
And weave their bright and holy wreaths of light
With blissful influence round the happy bride.
E'en as thou feel'st have I approved it once.
Yet the fair splendour of a brighter day
Will soon reveal itself within thy breast ;
Then hold it firm, and may'st thou long preserve it !

HELENA (*falling in her arms*).

O my mother !

EVA.

Dear and much loved daughter,
There's nought diviner in this lower world,
Than when, in sweet, confiding ecstasy,
Light pearls of transport glistening in her eye,
The daughter sinks into her mother's arms!

SCENE II.

The above.

ZRINY.

At the right moment I have sought my love,
And find my daughter on her mother's breast,
While deep emotions glitter in your looks.
O clasp me, also, with you in your arms;
My heart grows weak, and, spite of effort, presses
The dew of joy in these old, manly eyes.
My wife!—Helena!

HELENA.

Father!

EVA.

Dearest spouse!
'Tis long since I beheld thee so composed—
What is it, Zriny? Thou art deep affected;
What sad forebodings lurk within thine eye?—
What is it, Zriny?

ZRINY.

Leave me, gentle spouse ;
Believe me I 'm so happy in thine arms !
A thousand forms are blooming all around me,
And cheering stand around my warrior soul,
So that I cannot rule my weak emotion.
O mortals ! mortals ! quickly seize on life,
And let no fleeting hour pass o'er your head,
Of which ye cannot say its space was mine,
And I have tasted all it had of joy,
Leaving no drop of balsam in its cup ;
For time is swift, but swifter still is fate.
Who loses but th' advantage of a day,
Can ne'er regain it, though on lightnings borne.

HELENA.

Are there no tidings yet ?

ZRINY.

None, my sweet girl ;
'Twere not yet possible. Be calm, my child !

EVA.

Is there not more intelligence arrived ?
Conceal it not from me or good or bad !
I have forebodings of a dreadful time ;
Accustom me to hear the voice of sorrow,
Lest dread misfortune find me unprepared.

ZRINY.

Be not alarmed : else, would I leave thee here,
 And trust, with desp'rate and fool-hardy rashness,
 My richest treasure to the chance of fate ?
 I have sent couriers to the Emperor's court,
 To tell him that the safety of Hungaria
 Is now at stake ; already Hamsa Beg,
 Spite of the storm, hath rear'd another bridge,
 Which thrice the stormy Drau had swept away.
 They hourly wait th' arrival of their Sultan.
 Sokolowitsch, with fifty thousand men,
 The Pasha Mustafa, and Kurem Beg,
 All well prepared, precede him on his course,
 And make before his path a bloody way ;
 And if our heroes do not haste to help us,
 They'll quickly find the Sultan before Sigeth.

SCENE III.

The above. SCHERENK.

SCHERENK.

My noble lord, e'en now the watchman call'd
 From the high tower. A mighty cloud of dust
 Floats on the road to Sziklas. Doubtless these

Must be our warriors, who, with honour crown'd,
Return from victory with the Turkish booty.

[ZRINY goes to the window.

HELENA.

Thanks, good old man, for this intelligence!
Thanks, thanks a thousand times! Say hast thou
seen him?

And lives he yet, and comes victorious home?

SCHEBENK.

Who, noble lady?

ZRINY.

Child, what think'st thou of?
The watchman only saw a cloud of dust,
And but conjectured it might be our warriors.

HELENA.

Conjectured only! ah, could I but stand
On yonder height, I then would know him well:
Among a thousand would mine eye have sought
him!—

How is my heart convulsed within my bosom!
All the dire torments which, throughout the day,
Are heap'd upon my weak and girlish spirit,
With the long anguish of the sleepless night,
Throw themselves now, in dreadful unison,
At once upon this poor and suffering heart!
Ah, mother! mother! come and fling thine arms

Around thy tortured child, and on thy breast
Let me but find my trust, my hope, again!

EVA.

Govern thy transports, my beloved child!
Thy tender youth can ne'er endure the storm:
Helena, spare thyself!—Thou still may'st weep;
Then weep at will, but cease these dire emotions,
Which rend, convulsive, thine afflicted bosom,
While chilling lightnings glisten in thine eye.

ZRINY.

'Tis they! 'tis they! here comes the whole assem-
blage!

EVA *and* HELENA.

Where? where?

ZRINY.

They gallop up the castle hill;
Jurantsch at the head of his brave troop,
A Turkish horse-tail waving in his hand.

HELENA.

Ah, mother! mother! hold me, for I sink.
Grief hath dried up the fountain of mine eyes,
And I have now no tears for happiness!

EVA.

Collect thyself, thou hast him now again.

ZRINY.

Hear ye their songs of victory, how they sound?

Their tones proclaim the glory of their deeds !
 They spring within the court and there alight.

(Through the window.)

Welcome again, ye noble, valiant heroes !
 Welcome again ! God and our father-land
 Shall well repay you this heroic feat :
 Scherenk, away ! throw open all my cellars,
 Throw open too my larders to my warriors,
 And let the gallant troop have due refreshment !

[Exit SCHERENK.]

SCENE IV.

*The above. ALAPI, PAPRUTOWITSCH, JURANITSCH
 (with a Turkish horse-tail in his hand), several
 Hungarian Leaders.*

ZRINY.

My friend !

ALAPI.

My comrade !

HELENA.

Juranitsch !

JURANITSCH.

Helena !

EVA.

You then have triumph'd ?

PAPRUTOWITSCH.

Yes, illustrious lady !

Four thousand Turks lie dead upon the field,
And we have won incalculable booty.

JURANITSCH.

(Laying the horse-tail at the feet of Zriny.)

Thus, aged hero, have I kept my promise !
From midst of an engaged and crowded throng,
I pluck'd this horse-tail with a desperate hand.—
Thus have I kept my promise—ask Alapi !

ZRINY.

Relate, my friend, how pass'd the gallant action.

ALAPI.

Sir, Mehmed Beg lay light intrench'd near Szik-
las,

Expecting no attack, and sending out
Parties to burn the villages around.
We first divided in three equal bands—
Wolf took the left, I led, myself, the centre,
And gave the right division to Juranitsch ;
Then rush'd impetuous on, by secret ways,
To meet the foe ; and thus we drew ourselves
In circle round his camp, and suddenly
He was assail'd on all sides with wild outcry.

The panic spread itself through all his squadrons ;
We slaughter'd them, almost without resistance ;
A few groups only gather'd them together,
And fought their way in desperation through.
The others fell ; one part beneath our swords,
Another threw themselves among the marshes,
Where countless numbers miserably perish'd.
Their general, Mehmed Beg, himself was drown'd ;
His son and many noble Turks are prisoners.
Eight camels, heavy laden all with gold,
Horse-tails, and banners, by the Christians once
In unsuccessful combat lost, regain'd,
With such rare booty of all various kinds,
As if we'd conquer'd them without a struggle,
Are the rich treasures which repay our efforts !
Yet before all, must I, my noble lord,
Bear this high testimony to Juranitsch,
That he hath proved the sword's nobility,
And far surpass'd hereditary glory.
To him is due the honour of this day.
Such is the sentiment of all his brethren,
Who have fulfill'd their duty all as knights,
Yet cannot boast of such a daring action.
Is 't not so, brethren ? tell the count himself.

ALL THE LEADERS.

The honour of the day is to Juranitsch !

HELENA.

My dearest hero, oh, how proud thou mak'st me!

JURANITSCH.

'Twas thou and love that have inspired me to it.

ZRINY.

Come to my heart, thou young and valiant soldier!

Such true nobility as thou hast won

No monarch in the world can e'er confer:

'Twill not decay with thy posterity,

But will survive amid the people's love,

In the wide bosom of thy father-land!

Great Maximilian will repay the victory;

The voice of all the age reward the deed!

Let me appear his representative,

And grant, myself, that treasure to my hero,

Which I denied my fav'rite youth, Juranitsch.

Thou long hast loved my daughter—take her now,

And with her take my richest blessings on you.

JURANITSCH.

My father!—Heavens!—Helena!

HELENA.

My Juranitsch!

O my dear mother, tell me do I dream?

EVA.

The light of day breaks on thee; keep it true:

Its early dawn is beaming on thy cheek.

JURANITSCH.

Thy blessing too, dear mother!

HELENA.

Yes, thy blessing!

EVA.

I give you too my blessing, happy pair!

Come, my dear son, come to thy mother's arms!

ZRINY.

Reserve your transports for more tranquil days;
The present time belongs to graver matters:
But first of all, my thanks—thanks to you all—
For each hath shown the valour of a hero,
And Turkey will remember long your names.
Now, noble friends, now comes a weightier matter;
The Sultan hastens in full march on Sigeth,
And e'en to-day I wait his warrior cry,
His deadly Allah! thund'ring on the breeze!
For a few hours can scarcely now pass by,
Ere, in the radiance of the evening sun,
We see the crescent glittering on the mountains,
And bands of janizaries closing round us.
Therefore I think, my friends—

(A trumpet is heard.)

Ha! what means that signal?

Some tidings from our foe, or from our Emp'ror.

What is it, Wolf?

(PAPRUTOWITSCH *at the window.*)

Peter Vilacky springs,
With few attendants, through the castle gates.

ZRINY.

He comes, then, from the Emperor. Haste, Wolf,
And bring him hither.

[*Exit* PAPRUTOWITSCH.

He 's a valiant hero,
And, though still young, a vet'ran in the wars,
In Schwendy's enterprises oft renown'd.
See, here he comes !

SCENE V.

The above. PAPRUTOWITSCH *with* VILACKY.

ZRINY.

All hail to thee, Vilacky !
What bring'st thou us ?

VILACKY.

The Emperor's despatches,
And, if you will—myself.

ZRINY.

A gift we wish'd for.
A gallant man is now inestimable,

And therefore art thou doubly welcome here :
Tell me, when left you then our Emp'ror's court ?

VILACKY.

On Monday early.

ZRINY.

You have bravely ridden.

VILACKY.

My Emperor's orders and my wishes urged me ;
And when the service of my country needs it,
My noble lord, I can do more than ride !

ZRINY.

The Turks have felt the prowess of your arm ;
You have fought well in Schwendy's enterprises.
Were you not too at Pest ? Methinks, Vilacky,
You were esteem'd the hero of that day.

VILACKY.

What I have done, my noble count, is lost
In the broad stream of ordinary things ;
But oppressed Christendom doth mention you,
When she bethinks her of that bloody day,
With loud approval, as thy country's saviour.

ZRINY.

I fought for God, my country, and my sov'reign,
And every other would have done as much.
Tell me, how is it in my master's capital ?—

Vienna must be full of war's alarms,
 And many foreign knights, I hear, are come there.

VILACKY.

The expectation of a Turkish war
 Hath raised up many a pious warrior for us,
 To fight for the support of Christendom.
 A noble Polish count, Albertus Lasco,
 Hath sent twelve waggons charged with warlike
 stores,

Together with three thousand chosen men,
 Arm'd all in semblance of Hungarian knights,
 Because his king is now at peace with Turkey.
 The noble Duke of Savoy, Philibert,
 Hath sent us, under the Count Camera,
 Four hundred men, all fully arm'd and mounted.
 From distant England came the brave knight Gren-
 ville,

Sir Henry Chambernon, Sir Philip Busdell,
 And many a noble Briton, to the host,
 At their own cost and charge, with num'rous troops.
 The Duke de Guise, and the brave Count de Brisac,
 Accompanied by many knights, from France;
 He of Ferrara with four hundred knights;
 Also the noble Duke of Mantua.—
 All these and many bravest heroes more—

For ye may daily hear fresh names announced—
 Stand fit for action with the Emperor's host.
 Lucca and Genoa both have sent us money ;
 Cosmo de Medicis three thousand soldiers ;
 While countless hosts, both knights and commoners,
 All join in Germany this new crusade.
 Duke Wolfgang of Deux Ponts, the Palsgrave
 Reinhard,
 The old Duke of Bavaria's eldest son,
 With many squadrons of his vet'ran soldiers,
 Are to be seen among the combatants.
 The host amounts to eighty thousand men.
 Count Günther Schwartzburg is lieutenant general ;
 The Duke of Pomerania bears the standard ;
 And as I left the city, it was said
 The army soon would leave to intrench at Raab,
 And valiantly prepare to meet the foe.

ZRINY.

And have you yet heard nothing of my son ?

VILACKY.

The young Count George is with the Emp'ror's
 life-guard.
 He wish'd for my commission, and he hoped
 He should, ere long, be station'd in the van.
 I bring you many hearty greetings from him.

ZRINY.

Thank you, Vilacky, for your happy tidings.
You stay with us.

VILACKY.

My lord, if you permit me,
I would desire to fight beneath your banner.
I would be there where skill and strength are found;
I find it idle in the Emperor's host:
And for his father-land, if call'd to die,
Th' Hungarian dies more gladly with th' Hungarian,
Led by the heroes of his native land.

ZRINY.

You make me proud. It is the best reward
For many a year of strife and manly toil,
When hearts like yours confide in us so gladly.
My captain, Lascy, now lies ill with fever;
Therefore I give his late command to you,
Which he hath bravely led in many a strife.
When we break up, go forth and meet your troops.

VILACKY.

With deeds and not with words would I repay you.

ZRINY.

Now, friends, I'll ope the Emperor's despatches.
Paprutowitsch, go ask th' artillerymen
If all the gates are barricadoed, if

The cannon all are ranged along the ramparts :
 Make too the common round of the whole watch :
 I wait for thy report.

PAPRUTOWITSCH.

My lord, I hasten.

SCENE VI.

The above, without PAPERUTOWITSCH.

(ZRINY retires back and reads.)

VILACKY to ALAPI.

You have, e'en now, achieved a valiant deed,
 And but this moment are arrived at home.

ALAPI.

We slew their general, Mehmed Beg, near Sziklas.
 Four thousand Turks have follow'd after him;
 And we may reckon near three hundred prisoners.

EVA.

'Tis long since you achieved so bold a victory.

HELENA.

Art thou now blest, Lorenzo ?

JURANITSCH.

Am I not ?

All Heaven itself seems open now before me ;

I feel myself so happy, not alone
That I have gain'd, but that I have deserv'd thee.

HELENA.

Ambitious man! nay, tell me then, has love,
Love undeserved, been never sweet to thee?
Was not my love a free spontaneous gift
Bestow'd upon the youth and not the hero?

EVA.

My lord is much affected: draw we back.

ALAPI.

I fear the letter brings some evil tidings.

VILACKY.

My friend, in confidence, 'tis bloody doings:
Would Heaven the women had but left the castle!

ZRINY (*advancing and speaking to himself*).

I must maintain myself, and hope no succour,
Must stand with honour while a man is left.
His army's yet too weak; he cannot yet
The common welfare of all Christendom
Trust to the chances of a single day.—
Intrench'd near Raab, he there awaits the sultan:
He knows me and my well-tried nation too:
It's now required to die for our loved country!
A dread command!—Thou know'st me, Maximilian!

I thank thee for thy king-like confidence;

Thou know'st thy Zriny, and art not deceived :
No more reward desire I for my truth,
Than for my country and my holy faith—
A ready victim to go forth and die!
Yet, Zriny, hold! what art thou madly thinking?
And wouldst thou thus forget thy wife—thy daughter?
ter?

Yes, they must seek Vienna ; and the emperor—
And yet not so, my people's hearts will fail,
If they behold their leader thus despair.
Twice hath the fortress been hard press'd before,
Yet left I wife and daughter in the castle.
The place is strong, the people prov'd and true.
In the last danger there 's a secret way—
They must remain! Thus how does fortune sport!
Our country may demand our every offering:
No woman is too weak for a brave death!
Courage! they shall remain! O Maximilian!
In this stern contest I approve my truth,
All my whole house for thee and for thy people,
My dearest treasures for our holy faith;
For nothing is too precious for our country!

SCENE VII.

The above.

PAPRUTOWITSCH.

My lord, all 's ready as you gave command ;
 The ramparts are prepared, and round the city
 The gates are fasten'd with all due observance.
 And truly it was time, my noble count :
 The watch-tower guard informs us, he perceives
 Large bands of Turks along the far horizon.
 Five villages are burning, and the bands
 Of desp'rate janizaries swarm around ;
 While from Fünfkirchen comes a courier now,
 Informing us that Ibrahim leads the van,
 As he intends attacking us to-day,
 If we prepare our squadrons for a sally.

ZRINY.

Then be each man attendant on my orders,
 And call me every one who now bears arms,
 Or who *can* bear them, to the castle-court,
 That I may there declare the emperor's will,
 And what bold Zriny hath himself resolved!

[*Exit* PAPRUTOWITSCH.]

VILACKY.

Will you not send your lady and her daughter,
 While yet the ways are safe, on to Vienna,

Confiding them to our all-gracious sov'reign?
 My lord, it seems to be a fitter place
 For tender women.

ALAPI.

Such is too my counsel.

EVA.

No! Zriny, no! let me remain, and thus
 Show that thou think'st not basely of thy spouse.
 I see in all the glances of thine eye
 That here 'tis serious. Drive me not away;
 Where should the wife be but beside her husband?
 Let me remain!

ALAPI.

But then your daughter, countess!

EVA.

Helena too shall show us that she loves.

HELENA.

Nay, father! Father, send us not from thee!

JURANITSCH.

Sigeth is strong, and we, thank Heaven, are men.—
 What fear is there?

VILACKY.

None, certainly, for men:

But for the women!—

EVA.

Zriny!

ZRINY,

HELENA.

Father !

ALAPI.

Friend !

We'll fight more freely, knowing them in safety.

JUBANITSCH.

More freely, then, we may, but not more bravely.

EVA.

Where am I safer than with thee ?

ZRINY.

Remain, then !

EVA.

Thank thee, my Zriny, thank thee for thy love !

ZRINY.

Now to our business—wait me in the court-yard :

I'll arm myself, and then address the people.

ALAPI *and* VILACKY.

We follow thy commands.

ZRINY.

Adieu, then, now !

[Exeunt Leaders.]

ZRINY.

Come, dearest wife, and tie me on my scarf,

Thou armest me for no inglorious strife.

[Exit with EVA.]

SCENE VIII.

JURANITSCH *and* HELENA.

JURANITSCH.

Thank Heaven we are at length alone ; and now
I may pour forth my swelling heart to thee,
And say how happy and how blest I feel.
Helena, now my own, my lovely bride !

HELENA.

Ah, Juranitsch ! what gives me now such courage ?
What is 't inspires, amid the strife of war,
Such fair and lovely clearness of our joys ?

JURANITSCH.

What can it be but love ? for we, Helena,
Are now united—we have proved each other.
The storm without may threaten as it will,
It shall not part us ; the stern will of Fate
May break, as break the waves upon a rock,
Against the firmness of a loving pair. —
Say what is lasting, then, like our true love,
Which lives amid the tempests of the time ?

HELENA.

I feel it too, and clearly as the morn,
It dawns in brightness o'er my timid breast.
Yet does it make me mournful, truly mournful,

That this dread war which rages round our walls
 Embitters thus my fairest hour of life !
 I cannot, undisturb'd, with holy rapture,
 Drink in my father's blessing from his lips.
 He threw him for a moment in my arms,
 Then the fast tears that spoke his deep emotion
 He quickly dash'd away ; his country call'd him
 From the belov'd embraces of his child,
 With chilling sternness, to the noise of war.

JURANITSCH.

Chide me not harshly, if I freely own
 'Tis thus I oft have wish'd to win his blessing,
 Thus have beheld it in my daring dreams.
 You women love a calm domestic bliss,
 With still enjoyment of the deepest joys ;
 But to us men, the fav'ring chance of fortune
 Is the grand prize, when, quick and unannounced,
 It glances swift as lightning on our souls.
 Amid the storm of fight, when hearts beat high,
 Under the swords of furious janizaries,
 To ask his blessing was my highest wish.
 But Fate was not disposed to grant me this ;
 Yet may I not be angry with its will,
 For bright and noble was the glorious moment !

HELENA.

O thou rash man !

JURANITSCH.

Rash ! nay, I am not so.
I am all desp'rate and all bold for love,
And all enthusiast for my father-land !
For that I've won thee, and won too thine heart,
And that I dare to die—is all my pride !

HELENA.

Be not so terrible ! how die, Juranitsch ?
And canst thou then forget thy poor Helena ?
Now ! lose thee now !—Oh who could e'er express
The dreadful bitterness to lose thee now ?
Who could imagine such a deadly thought ?

JURANITSCH.

Not without thee, beloved, would I die,
But with thee—in thine arms ! O say, Helena,
What can this wide world now afford us more ?
And is there yet a nobler bliss below ?
I would depart—but as a hero should,
In the full splendour of my boldest love ;
And what our wishes have but promised here,
Shall be fulfill'd amid the joys of Heaven !
What is there for us higher in this world
That 's left untasted by our hallow'd wishes ?—
Can life afford a moment of more bliss ?
Here happiness is transient as the day,
On high eternal as the love of God !

HELENA.

O take me with thee on thine ardent flight,
 Thou noble spirit ! Yet awhile, this earth
 And this poor passing life will hold me down.
 Yet I 'll not chide—'tis fair, 'tis passing fair ;
 And many a blossom of a happy time
 Which thou, in thy temerity, hast scorn'd,
 Blooms wond'rously serene within my breast !
 Yes, Juranitsch, this earth indeed is fair—
 'Tis passing fair—but only since I love thee ;
 Since, with the spring of rapture, my young heart
 Hath deck'd the world around me all with flow'rs :
 Since I have loved thee, life hath first been fair—
 Since I have loved thee, know I first existence !—

JURANITSCH.

My sweet and lovely bride !

HELENA.

My Juranitsch !

[*Embracing.*

Ah ! could I lay thus ever on thy heart !

JURANITSCH.

Hark ! I hear manly voices in the court.
 'Tis so, they wait my father. Let me go,
 I must away. Farewell, my sweetest maid—
 Yet this one kiss. Farewell !

HELENA.

Oh not so swiftly
Force me to waken from my happy dreams !

JURANITSCH.

Oh that I could delay !—but duty calls me.—
Farewell my love, my bride ; sweet maid, farewell !

SCENE IX.

HELENA (*sola*).

Farewell ! farewell !—And must he leave me thus ?
My heart is all so full when I behold him—
The air is all so gentle in his presence—
How happy were I, could I ever clasp him !
Alas ! that all these fairy colours fade,
That I shall ne'er again a tint behold !
I was so happy when my love was nigh,
And now am all so lonely and forsaken !
Where is he gone ? where is my love-star fled,
Drawn with bold impulse to a high career,
Pure as his heart, and endless as my love ?
My dreams are sad, I see the towns on fire ;
Would I could steep my spirit in his soul,
And pour my tortured feelings forth in tears !

SCENE X.

The Court of the Castle of Sigeth.

ALAPI, VILACKY, PAPRUTOWITSCH, JURANITSCH, *Hungarian Leaders and Soldiers.*

ALAPI.

I never saw the count so serious yet,
 Though I have stood by him in many a fight ;
 For wond'rously enraptured and inflamed
 Did he beam on me his heroic eye :—
 I may not say what are my inmost thoughts.

JURANITSCH.

The lion glows with ardour in his soul,
 When he beholds his foe prepared for conflict ;
 I too am thus. The clangour of the trumpets
 Inflames my soul like an intemp'rate draught
 Quaff'd from the recent and inflaming vintage.

PAPRUTOWITSCH.

That is, my friend, the ardour of thy youth,
 Which flames no more through Zriny's hero-soul.
 If so divine a spirit glows in him,
 How nobler is it than mere love of conflict !

VILACKY.

He seem'd to me as if prepared for death ;

Vow'd to his God, his country, and his sov'reign.
 This between us—it is not for all ears.
 Full many a one hath courage at the moment,
 When high example fires him to the deed ;
 But what, at distance, flames thro' bloody clouds,
 He cannot contemplate without affright.
 Come but the time, our courage is prepared,
 We are Hungarians, and our Zriny leads us.

ALAPI.

Here comes the count.

PAPRUTOWITSCH.

Now, brethren, 'twill appear,
 I think, now I behold him, with Vilacky.

JURANITSCH.

Shout to receive him, now your general comes.

ALL.

Hail to our hero, to our father Zriny !

SCENE XI.

The above. ZRINY (*in his armour*).

ZRINY.

I thank you, brethren. Are you all assembled,
 All that are capable of bearing arms,
 As I desired?

PAPRUTOWITSCH.

They are, my noble lord.

ZRINY.

Then listen all, and hear your leader's counsel.
Soliman hastens, with enormous force,
To Sigeth now, and presses our destruction ;
And at this time, our emperor Maximilian
Proceeds to Raab, there to intrench his host ;
His force too feeble yet, in open field,
To wrest the doubtful laurels of the war.
It were a dang'rous venture to relieve us,
Therefore he trusts to our own rocky firmness,
That we for God, our country, and our freedom,
Despising death, as is becoming heroes,
Will die with transport for our holy faith.
Their forces shall not daunt us—the whole sea
Breaks when 'tis dash'd against a single rock ;
Their greater numbers shall not fright us, though
They bring a hundred against one of us.
God is with us, and all his holy angels !
I feel a host within my single breast—
All Christendom looks on, with anxious eye,
On us and on our little band of warriors.
Where'er the cross is planted on the heights,
The people fall upon their knees, and pray
Th' Eternal God for us and for our cause !

And as they trust in us, and in our strength,
Let us prove strong for conflict, bold for death.
Should I, ere long, be doom'd to meet my fate,
And should I early fall in fight beside you,
Then let my ancient friend in arms, Alapi,
Fill up my place, and him obey as me.
Now hear the last memorial of my will,
The strict injunctions of your governor !
He who refuses to obey his officer
Shall be beheaded ; he who leaves his post,
Though were it only for a moment, dies
Without a trial, if no orders call him !
He who receives a letter from the Turks
Dies as a traitor ! Should the foe send letters,
They shall be thrown unread into the flames.
If any two shall treacherously combine,
Whisp'ring their secrets in each other's ear,
They shall be hang'd, and he shall perish with them
Who sees their plot without discov'ring it ;
For we are altogether dying men,
And have no secrets here from one another !
The death of him who at the castle gate
Hath drawn, to-day, his sword upon the guard,
Confirms to you the strictness of my orders.
With him dies, too, the janizary captain,
Who utters from his lips of blasphemy

The direst imprecations on our faith.
 And the three hundred Turkish prisoners—
 For we have no provision for these dogs,
 And give no quarter as we ask for none—
 They shall requite for villages on fire,
 And for the guiltless lives of brethren slain.
 Then let a large and blood-red cross be placed
 Upon our gates, in signal of our faith,
 That it may show these desp'rate Turkish hounds
 How and for what th' Hungarian fights and dies.
 And as I now, the first, your governor,
 Kneel before God and pledge a solemn oath,
 So do ye next, and swear it on my sword!

[*He advances and kneels.*

I, Nicholas, count of Zriny, swear to Heaven,
 Truth to my God, my country, and my emperor,
 Even to death; and so may Heaven forsake me
 In the last struggle of my parting life,
 If I abandon you or shrink from sharing,
 In life or death, a brother's part with you.

[*Rises.*

Swear after me, my brave and warlike people.

[*All kneel down; the Leaders place their
 sabres on Zriny's sabre.*

VILACKY and ALAPI.

So swear we, noble Zriny, in thy presence,

Truth to our God, our sov'reign, and our country,
E'en to the death, e'en while a man remains !

ALL.

E'en to the death, e'en while a man remains !

JURANITSCH *and* PAPRUTOWITSCH.

So swear we, to thee, strict obedience,
Where'er thou lead'st us by thy sov'reign will,
E'en to the death, e'en while a man remains !

ALL.

E'en to the death, e'en while a man remains !

ZRINY.

Heaven hears the oath, and will avenge the perjured!

[The curtain falls quickly.]

ACT III.

The Tent of the Grand Sultan before Sigeth.

SCENE I.

MUSTAFA and ALI PORTUK.

ALI.

Have I not thus forewarn'd thee? Now, by Allah,
We conquer these Hungarians not so quickly,
If Zriny's ardour fires their little host.—
I know him well.

MUSTAFA.

Tell not the sultan thus,
For the old lion looks all wild and furious :
The Begler Beg hath fill'd up all his anger.
And cannot these adventurers await
Till we at length invite them to the field?
Their little handful, and two thousand Turks,
We buried but last ev'ning. This is madness!

ALI.

Have I not said so? We should now have been
Far on our journey to the capital ;
But here we spend our strength against this rock.

Meanwhile the emp'ror will collect together
 His bands of warriors from the whole of Europe ;
 And if we thus are tired and weaken'd here,
 How shall we stand against our fresh opponents ?
 'Tis contrary to reason,—'tis mere child's play !

MUSTAFA.

Friend ! friend ! thy head—

ALL.

Is thine then more secure,
 Because thou dar'st not blame such idle rashness ?
 For should to-morrow's storming prove no better,
 We all shall suffer for his senseless doings ;
 And he will drown amid the blood of slaves
 His inward anger at his own offending.

SCENE II.

The above. MEHMED.

MEHMED (*calling back*).

Cease the attack, and let the troops fall back
 As quickly as you can. Th' attempt is useless :
 In vain have floods of Turkish blood been spilt.
 Sound a retreat as quick as possible.

(To ALI.)

O Ali ! you have prophesied misfortune,
And truly is your prophecy fulfilled.

ALI.

Sokolowitsch, I have foreseen it coming ;
But Soliman looks coldly on such knowledge,
And would but ill requite the prophet for it.
How many costs th' assault to-day ?

MEHMED.

Three thousand

Of our best warriors ! Did ye not perceive
How Zriny, like a fierce and furious boar,
Dash'd those who madly-clamber'd on the walls,
In headlong fury from the lofty height,
Whence they fell all in lines, along the ramparts ?

MUSTAFA.

The janizaries fought with bravery.

ALI.

What 'vails their brav'ry 'gainst such foes as these,
Who, in their foolish frenzy, yield themselves
To die for God, and for their country's faith,
And go to death as to a victor banquet ?
Trust me, I know them, 'tis the self-same spirit
That cost us many thousands once at Rhodes,
And before Malta cost us too our honour.

MEHMED.

Have you yet seen the sultan ?

MUSTAFA.

We attend

Upon his bidding, here within his tent,
And yet we are not call'd.

MEHMED.

Peace! for methinks

I hear him coming. Now may Heaven but grant
him

A fav'ring ear for my intelligence,
For 'tis a dangerous office to announce
Such news as this to the victorious lion.

ALI.

He comes.

MEHMED.

Assist me with thy counsel, Ali;
He trusts in thee when all my efforts fail.

SCENE III.

The above. SOLIMAN.

SOLIMAN.

How is 't, vizier?

MEHMED.

The assault is broken off.

SOLIMAN.

The pest on thee! who order'd the retreat?

MEHMED.

When I beheld thy janizaries slain
 By thousands, in a useless massacre,
 I order'd the retreat, to save thy troops
 For better fortune on a happier day.
 The ramparts cannot long withstand our batteries,
 They fall, and we, attacking o'er their ruins,
 Shall plant the crescent on the walls of Sigeth.

SOLIMAN.

That Sigeth soon must fall I know full well,
 But 'tis the time that 's precious; I would buy
 Its quick surrender with a million lives.
 Nothing is now too costly to gain time.
 I never yet was sparing of men's lives,
 And must I learn this in my last exploit?
 Thou know'st me, Mèhmed, dread my direst anger!
 On thee I lay the orders of my will.
 Is it too weighty for thy slender strength?
 Bestir thee now, or thou, thyself, may'st perish.

MEHMED.

If I have err'd, illustrious lord and sov'reign,
 The error sprung but from a worthy motive.

SOLIMAN.

The slave should but obey: to give directions
 Is the sole province of his lord—mark that.
 Why tremblest thou? What hast thou to reflect on?

Storm ! I will storm !—If they refuse to go,
 Let them be chased with dogs up to the walls.
 Storm ! I will storm !—

ALI.

My noble lord and sov'reign,
 Forgive thy servant but one single word,
 Which I would humbly offer to your wisdom.

SOLIMAN.

What is it ?

ALI.

Storm no more to-day. To-night
 I 'll cannonade the fortress and the town ;
 They 'll hold out but a little while, believe me.
 Let the Hungarian pris'ner come before thee,
 And he 'll inform thee of the state of Sigeth.
 Give thy exhausted host a short repose :
 A wise delay hath oft effected more
 Than such a contest—victory is not forced.

SOLIMAN.

I wish to conquer it, and I will conquer !

ALI.

Think but on Malta !

SOLIMAN.

Death and hell, how, Ali !
 Tell me no more of Malta, if thy life
 Is dear to thee. I bear far more from thee
 Than should become the sultan Soliman.

ALI.

My life is placed at thy supreme disposal.

SOLIMAN.

If thou dost think thus, if thy real opinion
Speaks freely in thine aspect, I forgive thee.
I love the truth which not e'en death can frighten.
In token of my great and sov'reign favour,
I'll follow then thy counsel, and desist.
Bring me th' Hungarian.

ALI.

Yes, my lord, forthwith ;
I have sent for him.

MUSTAFA.

He's a noble warrior,
Whom we should never yet have ta'en alive,
Had not, by chance, a janizary's sabre
Struck a deep wound upon his warrior-face ;
So that he fell all pow'rless from his horse,
And was first waken'd by our surgeon's skill.
See where he comes, all weaken'd and exhausted,
Yet in his eye still gleams heroic fire,
And courage quells the sufferings of his frame.

SCENE IV.

The above. VILACKY, *severely wounded and exhausted, led in by a Turkish Aga.*

SOLIMAN.

A manly visage, daring and heroic :
I 'm proud to have for foes such noble men.
Say, what art thou ?

VILACKY.

Hungarian and a Christian,
And therefore doubly hateful in thy sight.

SOLIMAN.

And dost thou think that I would lower myself
To hate a single man, thou haughty dreamer ?
I do not count the drops within my ocean,
My hate regards the nations, but as nations ;
Inform me then how is it now in Sigeth ?

VILACKY.

You 've but to storm it and you'll quickly learn.—

MEHMED.

Insolent slave ! address not thus the sultan.

VILACKY.

Thou art perchance his slave—but I am not !

A free Hungarian bows him but to God
And to his king!—

SOLIMAN.

Thou pleasest me, young Christian ;
Fresh from thy heart and in thy foeman's face.
If I had not well known th' Hungarian courage,
Should I have ta'en such trouble with thy country ?
The lion glories that the bear obeys him,
Not that the mongrel hound insults the monarch.

VILACKY.

Thou lion, then, defend thee from the bears ;
For a true bear will never fear thy mane.

SOLIMAN.

Then shall he learn full well to dread my talons.
Now, Christian, tell me how is it in Sigeth ;
And if I soon upon its captur'd ramparts
May hope to plant the holy victor sign ?
If thou should'st proudly yet persist in silence,
Then will I quickly loose thy speechless tongue,
And death and torture wait thee ! Now reply !—

VILACKY.

All that you have to hear from me, great sultan,
Is not, by Heaven, deserving your harangue !
Withdraw, I counsel you, for on these walls
The billows of thy fortune dash to atoms:

Zriny himself yields not to La Valette ;
 'Tis but a second storming of St. Michael.

SOLIMAN.

I have subdued both Africa and Asia,
 And given them laws ; and dost thou think, weak
 idiot,
 Thy handful of Hungarians are invincible ?
 With twice a hundred thousand lay I here,
 Sufficient surely to o'ercome all Europe ;
 And think'st thou that these rocks can stand against
 me ?

VILACKY.

A multitude is useless against courage.
 Those now in Sigeth can accomplish more
 Than thou canst do with all thy hundred thousands ;
 For they can all die for their holy faith !
 No drunken courage theirs like thy rash host !
 No !—as becometh heroes, cool and prudent !

SOLIMAN.

Yes, they shall die, the rash fool-hardy wretches,
 The desp'rate seamen who, against the stream
 Which thunders o'er the rocks of the abyss,
 With desp'rate resolution bend their course,
 And headlong fall, and hurrying down are drawn
 Into the whirlpool of the mighty deep,
 While time forgets the mention of their name !

VILACKY.

No, Soliman, their name shall live and thine,
A star eternal 'mid the change of time,
To the remotest ages of their nation.
It may be splendid, for a royal conqueror,
To claim the earth as his inheritance,
When he hath triumph'd o'er the vanquish'd world.
But still believe me, 'tis a higher glory
If, when a world-destroying meteor light
Thunders destruction on all nature round it,
We offer then to yield our lives and freedom,
And boldly stand against a world in arms.
Thee, Soliman, posterity will judge,
And brand thee with the curse of tyranny.
This dare I tell thee. See, thy slaves all tremble!
That I, the dread and fearful name of tyranny
Have thrown their mighty sultan in the face!
Yes, Soliman, posterity will judge thee!
Thou hast been victor in full many a strife,
But still thy glory stands not yet so high,
Which thou o'er human corses, ruin'd towns,
And over half the world subdued, hast rear'd,
As that which the grand master of St. John,
Philip de Villiers, whom thou hast o'erthrown,
Hath won him by his courage and his valour.
Now, Soliman, now bring thy executioners,

My hope of life hath vanish'd with these words :
No other will dare tell thee what I 've told !

SOLIMAN.

Christian, thou 'rt free ! what is the moon concern'd
When the hound barks at her ? I give to thee,
By Allah ! little when I give thee life ;
For life is nothing ; but to noble men,
To crawl amid the dust is not to live !

VILACKY.

At such a price I will not ask for life :
Thou shalt still honour me, and let me die.

SOLIMAN.

Christian, I long have ceased to honour men.

VILACKY.

Then learn from me, I'll owe thee for no mercy.

[Tears off his bandage.

Stream forth, my blood ; here, or upon the field,
I die for Heaven and for my father-land !

Curse Soliman ! Long live my noble emperor !

[Falls senseless.

SOLIMAN.

Rash fool ! And yet if Maximilian
Boasts many more such friends he 's rich indeed !
Go, drag him forth, and if departing life
Should still be found to linger in his heart,
Then nurse him gently, and let Levi tend him.

[He is borne off.

SCENE V.

The above (without VILACKY).

SOLIMAN (*to himself*).

O Christian! Christian! thou hast sternly spoken.

MEHMED.

The sultan now seems sad and deep affected :
The Hungarian's boldness has displeas'd him much.

MUSTAFA.

Friends! I am anxious for our master's life.

ALI.

This morning early I found Levi here,
The Sultan's skill'd physician, the old Jew ;
And when I ask'd him how our sov'reign was,
He shrugg'd his shoulders, and declared the journey
Had harm'd him more than he himself had thought;
For joy, as well as victory, is required
To renovate, within his dried-up veins,
The ardent courage of the hero's strength.

MUSTAFA.

He is much worse than he himself imagines :
Did he as yet possess his strength and fury,
He would not thus have pardon'd the Hungarian.

MEHMED.

Let us retire, he seems to meditate.

See, now he frowns in gloomy rumination :
 Let us retire and leave him to his dreams.

[The Chiefs retire:]

SOLIMAN.

Bethink thee now, thou old' and hoary hero,
 For such a spirit wast thou not prepared,
 Thou hast not dream'd to meet a second Malta !
 There still are men who can defy thy favour.
 If Zriny's troops are all like this enthusiast,
 It were indeed a mad and rash beginning,
 To risk the time which is so precious now,
 Upon this handful of adventurers,
 Who have nought else to hazard save their lives.
 The tott'ring fortress then must fall—yes, must,—
 E'en if I fill its deepest trenches up
 With the dead bodies of my janizaries.
 Yes, it must surely fall. But to gain time
 Is still the greatest difficulty left.
 Yet came I hither merely to storm Sigeth ?
 And does my utmost scope and wish extend
 No farther than this handful here of earth,
 No farther than these rash and desp'rate troops,
 And this adventurer, this Zriny here ?
 Have I not arm'd me for the strife of Europe ?
 Have I not wish'd, upon Vienna's walls,
 To give my laws to all the German nations ?

ALI.

My life is placed at thy supreme disposal.

SOLIMAN.

If thou dost think thus, if thy real opinion
Speaks freely in thine aspect, I forgive thee.
I love the truth which not e'en death can frighten.
In token of my great and sov'reign favour,
I 'll follow then thy counsel, and desist.
Bring me th' Hungarian.

ALI.

Yes, my lord, forthwith ;
I have sent for him.

MUSTAFA.

He 's a noble warrior,
Whom we should never yet have ta'en alive,
Had not, by chance, a janizary's sabre
Struck a deep wound upon his warrior-face ;
So that he fell all pow'rless from his horse,
And was first waken'd by our surgeon's skill.
See where he comes, all weaken'd and exhausted,
Yet in his eye still gleams heroic fire,
And courage quells the sufferings of his frame.

SCENE IV.

The above. VILACKY, *severely wounded and exhausted, led in by a Turkish Aga.*

SOLIMAN.

A manly visage, daring and heroic :
I 'm proud to have for foes such noble men.
Say, what art thou ?

VILACKY.

Hungarian and a Christian,
And therefore doubly hateful in thy sight.

SOLIMAN.

And dost thou think that I would lower myself
To hate a single man, thou haughty dreamer ?
I do not count the drops within my ocean,
My hate regards the nations, but as nations ;
Inform me then how is it now in Sigeth ?

VILACKY.

You 've but to storm it and you'll quickly learn.—

MEHMED.

Insolent slave ! address not thus the sultan.

VILACKY.

Thou art perchance his slave—but I am not !

Yield up the castle, I will have him martyr'd,
 As never man was martyr'd yet : such torments
 Will I invent, that hell itself shall shudder
 At the unheard-of anguish of his sufferings.
 Thus do I place, before his view, a crown,
 And the all-mangled body of his son ;
 And if he does not gladly seize the crown,
 By Allah ! if he does not choose the kingdom,
 I then have lost my venture on mankind.
 That moment would avenge th' insulted world.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE VI.

The large Apartment in Sigeth.

ZRINY, ALAPI, PAPRUTOWITSCH, JURANITSCH.

(Several Hungarian Leaders appear from the background.)

ZRINY.

What think ye now, my brethren ; may I yet
 Hold the new town still longer ? may I dare,
 Confiding in the firmness of its walls,
 Await the next assault ? Or must we now

Hurl the dread firebrand on the townsmen's houses,
 And thus, with dire unpitying hand, destroy
 That which our swords may now protect no more ?

JURANITSCH.

Nay ! no such cruelty, my dearest father,
 But leave the burning to the janizaries.
 Shall the poor citizen who here hath left
 His wealth and goods confided to our care,
 Shall he behold his countrymen destroy them,
 And see the firebrand thrown amid his stores,
 Which he had deem'd conceal'd and well protected ?
 The walls are strong, the people bold and true ;
 We fear a fresh attack, and then perhaps
 They may have lost reliance on our strength.
 Then shall we have preserved our king a city,
 And our true citizens their goods and wealth.

ZBINY.

This sentiment does honour to thy feelings,
 And I am gratified that thou so well
 Canst plead for human joys and human welfare.
 He who can rage a lion in the fight
 Can ne'er forget the lion's noble nature.
 But thou art here the youngest in our circle ;
 And though in courage thou dost equal any,
 Thou canst not know, as yet, the art of war.
 Speak thou, my ancient friend—what says Alapi ?

ALAPI.

Lorenzo's sentiments I well have weigh'd,
 And gladly too would I preserve the town.
 But we are few in number, and the walls
 Are too extensive for our scanty forces.
 We cannot offer to the janizaries
 On every side an adequate resistance.
 The town beside, to-day, by Ali Portuk,
 In every part hath terribly been damaged.
 The towers are fall'n, and at the next attack
 'Tis past our efforts to prevent a breach.
 The townsmen, at their earliest, will remove
 Whate'er is moveable of all their goods,
 And bring them safely to the old town here.
 Then be your smoking firebrands thrown among it,
 For better 'twere to burn it to the ground,
 Than Ali Portuk, having 'trench'd him there,
 Should storm more easily the ancient town.

ZRINY.

Such is my counsel too, my noble comrade.

PAPRUTOWITSCH.

It is, to me, incomprehensible
 (Yet would I not forget all due respect),
 When I bethink me that our emperor,
 With eighty thousand men entrench'd at Raab,
 Makes no appearance to relieve us here.

Does he not value then his warriors' lives,
His fortress neither, nor this hero's life—
Ay! more than all the rest, this hero's life?
'Tis all too strange to be, when we reflect on't,
To sacrifice his faithful subjects thus,
Whom he might save for a more prosp'rous time.
Who can may comprehend—it passes me.

ZRINY.

Friend! rave not thus against our emperor;
He hath anxiety and care enough—
The base and vile are oft opposed to him,
O spare him then the melancholy feeling,
That the good, too, must wilfully mistake him,
And look on life all diff'rently from him!
I know it pains his fond, paternal heart,
And costs him, too, in silence, many tears,
Thus to devote both me and mine to death!
Yet deepest wisdom dictates his resolve,
And I would bow me to his sov'reign will.
Here we, a single band, may prove of use;
We cost our foe full many a desp'rate strife;
And he, by this, gains time to call his people.
And what are we compared with such a host?
Would'st thou o'ermaster and retain the sea,
Thou would'st not count a drop that may be lost:
The individual sinks in universal.

It is our sov'reign's just and lawful right :
 He may demand the sacrifice of thousands
 Whene'er the weal of millions is concern'd !

SCENE VII.

The above. An Hungarian Captain.

CAPTAIN.

A Turkish general halts before the gate,
 Commission'd by his sultan, as he says,
 To hold with you a conference of peace.
 He states, his mission is to you alone,
 And he would speak to you without a witness.

ZRINY.

Shall I admit him ?

ALAPI.

It can do no harm,
 And I would fain discover what 's his business.

ZRINY.

Bring him to me. Remain ye in the gallery,
 And be ye ready at my earliest signal.
 Respecting the new town, I 'll next consider.
 But give immediate orders, by this means
 The citizens may save their best effects.
 Give orders, also, to prepare the firebrands,

For in seven places it shall burn at once,
When I give orders. Hasten! Let him come.

[*Exeunt all except ZRINY.*]

SCENE VIII.

ZRINY (*solus. Walks to the window and looks out*).

There lies the city, and a dream of peace
Yet floats in melancholy o'er her roofs;
The cannons all are still, the lengthen'd strife
Hath wearied friend and foe. 'Tis peaceful all;
The streets are silent as in times gone by,
And each doth harmless seek his own affairs:
They close their doors, but little think, alas!
No morning comes to open them again;
They little deem that the destructive lightning
Which dashes all this lovely dream of peace,
Already low'ring in the stormy clouds,
Waits but the hand that shall direct it down.
And must my orders wreck this lovely bliss?
Heav'n trusts the fate of countless citizens
Within my hand, and must I then destroy them?
And can I, dare I ask for life to come?
Yet I must cast my own, too, in the hazard,

Offer my wife, my child, and all my friends,
 Who willingly have trusted to my fortunes,
 And they must, guiltless, share in my destruction.
 Alas, poor innocents ! thus, spreading death,
 Dare I arrest Heav'n's angel in his course,
 Destroying what I built not ? Darest thou, Zriny?—
 What sudden burst of melancholy 's this ?
 What mean'st thou by these woman's tears, old
 hero?
 Thy country now requires thine arm alone,
 And thou may'st put no question to thy feelings !

SCENE IX.

ZRINY, the Hungarian Captain, then MEHMED.

CAPTAIN.

The Turkish chief.

ZRINY.

I am alone—admit him.

[*Exit Captain.*]

Enter MEHMED.

ZRINY.

What, thou Sokolowitsch ! the grand vizier !
 All hail to thee !—What may'st thou bring to me ?

The sultan would some weighty things of Zriny,
Since he hath sent the noblest of his host.

MEHMED.

My mighty lord and sultan, Soliman
Commends his gracious sentiments to thee,
And would demand of thee, and of thy brethren,
(Knowing your weak resistance is in vain,
Since it at length must bring your own destruction)
To yield the fortress to his mighty host.
The sultan honours thy heroic courage,
And grieves to treat thee as an enemy ;
Therefore he sends to offer thee this choice,
Which is but just and fitting to his power,
Whether thou wilt, to-day, yield up the fortress,
If not, he storms it without more forbearance :
Death—is the word, and those who are found alive
Shall perish all beneath the murderous axe !

ZRINY.

Wilt thou go on yet more, Sokolowitsch ?
Thou might'st have spared thyself the journey
hither.

I am a Zriny—that is all my answer !
If Soliman esteems me as a hero,
He cannot hope to find me as a traitor !
How he will fare when he has storm'd the fortress,
Another than myself will reckon with him,
For I discharge alone my duty here.

MEHMED.

I would advise thee simply as a warrior :
 But thou'rt a husband,—father.—Think thee, Zriny,
 The sultan's anger spares not even women ;
 He swore to give them to his vilest slaves,
 If thou would'st not surrender. Thou canst die
 In nightly conflict as a hero should ;
 But recollect thy women.—Zriny ! Zriny !
 I shudder as I think !—These tender creatures !
 Conceive them slain with base indignities,
 To gratify the people's furious mood !

ZRINY.

Thou art a skilful painter, grand vizier,
 When thou would'st freeze the life-blood in the heart!

MEHMED.

Let me advise thee, Zriny.

ZRINY.

Thou, poor Turk !
 Thou know'st not woman, nor th' heroic courage
 That swells so mighty in her tender bosom.
 Let thy vile slaves rejoice them in the off'ring:
 They are old Zriny's wife and daughter, Mehmed,
 And both know well, if needful, how to die !

MEHMED.

He would not have the fortress without price ;
 That 'tis important, will the price declare,
 Which he hath bade me offer thee. Croatia

Is thine, as an hereditary kingdom,
 With as much treasure as thou may'st require.
 As friend and firm ally he will exalt thee
 To the high summit of the noblest honours!

ZRINY.

Fie on thee, Mehmed, that thou dar'st to offer
 To Nicholas Zriny insults such as these!
 Go tell thy sultan, to a true Hungarian
 His honour 's dearer than a monarch's crown.
 He can destroy both me and all my people;
 But he must leave my honour still remaining;
 He cannot yet destroy it like a country,
 For it extends beyond the sultan's sway!

MEHMED.

Now, then, since nothing moves thee, headstrong
 man,

Now, hear my last, my parting words, and tremble.
 Thy son has been brought in from an incursion,
 And is a prisoner; if thou yieldst not,
 The sultan swore such tortures to invent,
 As should wake pity in the breast of fiends.
 Thus on the son, tormented limb by limb,
 To wreak his vengeance on his headstrong father!

ZRINY.

My son! my George! Oh God, thy hand is heavy!—

MEHMED.

Come then, resolve, the tortures are prepared !

ZRINY.

Here needs no resolution. Zriny is
 Prepared for all. Go ! rack and torture him,
 And tear his quiv'ring limbs with red-hot pincers ;
 George is my own, my son, he 'll die a hero !

[*Calling at the door.*

Paprutowitsch ! The firebrands to the town !
 The highest boon I ask'd of Heaven is granted :
 My son shall die, all worthy of his father.
 God now hath heard my prayer ; I am contented.
 Whether beneath your axes, or your swords,
 He dies for God and for his father-land !—

[*As above.*

The firebrands to the town ! Now let it burn !—
 Ask him amid his parting torments, if
 He 'd buy deliverance with his father's shame ?
 Ask him.—My son shall answer no !—and die !—

MEHMED.

My soul admiring bows before such greatness.

ZRINY.

O think not that the meanest of my brethren
 Would cherish thoughts unworthy of my own.
 Believe not, vizier, that my wife and daughter

Would hold opinions different from mine,
 I as a man, and they as tender women.
 But stay, thou now shalt hear it from their lips.

[*Calls.*

Helena! Eva! Juranitsch! Alapi!
 Come all, and haste to celebrate our victory!

SCENE X.

The above. HELENA, EVA, ALAPI, JURANITSCH,
 PAPERUTOWITSCH, and *Hungarian Leaders from
 different sides.*

EVA.

What would'st thou, dearest? how inspired thou
 seem'st!

ALAPI.

How is it, friend? what is it fires thine eye?

ZRINY.

Now hear thyself.—Come, tell this doubter here,
 If, of your own accord, ye have not sworn
 To brave both death and danger for your country!

THE MEN.

With free accord and of our own free-will.

ZRINY.

Tell him, ye women, since he 'll not believe it,
 Ye too were strong enough, your tender breasts
 To yield as victims to the murd'rous blow,
 Whene'er your honour and your faith required it.

EVA.

I follow thee with transport to destruction !

HELENA.

The hero's bride shall with the hero die !

ZRINY (*spreading out his arms*).

Come to my heart! Oh, heavens, how rich am I !

[*A group. Through the window is seen the
 glow of fires, and firebrands fly through
 the air.*]

PAPRUTOWITSCH.

There fly the firebrands now upon the town :
 The flames have caught on all sides—see, it burns !

ZRINY.

Mehmed Sokolowitsch, go tell thy lord
 How thou hast here found Zriny at his post ;
 What were his sentiments and all his people's.
 But see, before thou measur'st back thy way,
 The flaming city hath e'en now announced it ;
 For Zriny is with dreadful zeal devoted.
 To him his honour 's dearer than a crown ;

His father-land more than his own son's life.
He will stand fast, e'en to the night of death!
Assault ye now—we're ready for the strife;
But ye shall never take a man alive,
And Sigeth's ruins are our common grave!

[Curtain falls quickly.]

ACT IV.

Soliman's Tent.

SCENE I.

SOLIMAN, *much exhausted, seated on a chair.* **LEVI**
behind him. **MEHMED** comes in through the chief
entrance.

MEHMED.

How is the sultan ?

LEVI.

Ill, extremely ill ;

I fear much harm.

MEHMED.

How long hath he been thus ?

LEVI.

Since your return from Sigeth. For whatever
Was the intelligence you brought him thence,
It can, at least, have been no joyful tidings.
He sent for me, and dreadfully inflamed

I found his old, heroic blood, and saw,
 By his so feverish look and glowing eye,
 A deadly strife was struggling in his breast.
 The second storming fail'd, the third, the fourth,
 And lastly the fifth also ; the old town
 At length was yielded, being undermined :
 But Zriny fighting fell back to the castle.
 Then the stern anger of the Sultan's breast
 Pluck'd out the very strong-holds of his life.
 He bade them count the dead : they only found
 Five hundred rash Hungarians on the field,
 While many thousands of our bravest troops
 Lay couch'd beside them in that bed of death !
 An aguish fever seized upon him then,
 And shatter'd all his last remaining strength.
 Now he lies yonder pale as one that 's dying,
 And the next morning finds him here no more !

MEHMED.

Draw back a little.—My imperial master,
 I bring you joyful news from Petow Pasha :
 Gyula is ours, for Keretschin hath yielded,
 And given himself up to the Pasha Bebeck.

SOLIMAN.

What matters that ? Tell me that Sigeth's mine,
 And take all Egypt for thy kingdom then !

MEHMED.

King John desired the Pasha to present him
 The fortress for himself, but he refuses,
 Unless he pays four hundred thousand guilders,
 Which this Hungarian war already costs us.
 The Transylvanian will not pay the money
 But sends his chancellor.

SOLIMAN.

But he shall pay it,
 Else rests the fortress mine. He hath induced me
 With perfect ease to undertake this war ;
 Told me the emperor was now so weak,
 So deep in quarrel with the German princes,
 It were impossible he could withstand me ;
 And promised me beside a thousand knights,
 Beside all love and aid from the Hungarians.
 But when I come, the emperor, suddenly,
 Collects a most enormous christian host ;
 Th' Hungarians are more hostile now than ever,
 And all the thousand knights beside are wanting.
 Tell him I'll drive this lying out of him :
 He may rejoice in my imperial anger !

MEHMED.

He must, ere this, have heard just such a message.
 The chancellor stated, the Hungarians freely

Had sworn to render him the greatest aid,
 But when your army burn'd up all their towns,
 They, suddenly, withdrew their proffer'd friendship.
 And as to Maximilian, that the king
 Himself was cheated by false information.

SOLIMAN.

Ay, but the knights! what says he now of them?

MEHMED.

The king declares the bridge was thrown too late,
 Which hinder'd all his forces on the Drau
 From joining us, as was agreed upon.

SOLIMAN.

Accursed bridge! who built it?

MEHMED.

Hamsa Beg.

SOLIMAN.

Behead him, go! for I will not endure it
 That thus my slaves should throw the blame of
 failure

Upon each other's shoulders. Hear him not,
 Though he should still proclaim his innocence.
 He shall atone it, that the Transylvanian
 Thus makes excuses for his recent failure.

SCENE II.

SOLIMAN *and* LEVI.

SOLIMAN.

Thus stand I at the limit of my deeds ;
The world hath surely trembled from its course,
If my dire anger thus is interrupted ;
And now I lie in idle weakness here,
And waste my strength upon this barren fortress.
'Tis over with me.—The old lion dies !

LEVI.

He dies !

SOLIMAN.

Accursed dolt ! dost echo me ?

LEVI.

My noble lord, forgive a poor old man,
That cannot now restrain his deep affliction.
Who will not weep, who will not now lament,
If such a star should vanish from the heavens,
That, like the sun, hath lighted up its century ?
I too have honour'd its illustrious image ;
My hopes and all my joys are now no more !

SOLIMAN.

Then I must die !

LEVI.

Alas ! my lord, in vain
 Would I revive the silent voice of hope.
 Let this console : thou livest for all time
 Great in the field, in science and in life,
 For thou hast rear'd thee an eternal temple,
 Where ever bright thy name immortal shines !

SOLIMAN.

Say, must I die ?

LEVI.

Should Heaven effect no miracle,
 The world to-morrow weeps upon thy corse.

SOLIMAN.

What is to-day ?

LEVI.

The anniversary
 Of thy proud victory over Louis ; also
 Of Buda's fall, and of the fall of Rhodes.
 A prosperous day, my Sultan, for thy family !
 For thy grandfather, Selim, often boasted
 Of several victories won by him this day.

SOLIMAN.

Yet Zriny ! Zriny ! now the hour is thine !

SCENE III.

The above. MEHMED, the BEGLER BEG, and ALI
PORTUK.

MEHMED.

My sovereign lord, thine orders are accomplish'd ;
Before his seat hath fallen the traitor's head !

SOLIMAN.

Storm, storm ! for 'tis to-day the day of Mohacz,
And Rhodes and Buda fell upon this day.

Storm, ye slaves, storm ! to-day must Sigeth fall.
Pour all my forces on this rocky nest :
Sigeth must fall. Yes, it must fall to-day !

[Exeunt the three Chiefs.]

SCENE IV.

SOLIMAN, MEHMED, and LEVI.

The storming is heard.

SOLIMAN.

Support me, Levi ; hold me, for I sink.
O Allah ! let me not expire until
The horsetail floats in triumph on the ramparts ;
Let me not die till then.

LEVI.

My lord and sovereign !

Restrain thine energy, restrain thy life :

All nature is accustom'd to obey thee.

SOLIMAN.

But death doth mock me, as doth Zriny also.

Hear ye that outcry, hear ye singing, Mehmed ?

That was my fav'rite and my festive song :

O it has thunder'd 'mid a thousand fights,

Yet once before my death I hear it now,

And for this once, fortune—obey thy lord !

MEHMED.

Hast thou not something heavy at thy heart ?

Confide it freely to thy trusty slave,

And leave me as a legacy thy cares.

SOLIMAN.

Am I a hero and have selfish thoughts ?

I oft have fought, have conquer'd, and enjoy'd ;

Have purchased thus the present with my blood,

And tasted all its transports of delight.

My glorious deeds have rung around the world ;

Have fill'd the present age with fear and trembling,

And shall obtain the voices of the future,

And win the way to immortality !

That I have trod o'er ruins and o'er carcasses,

That I've devoted millions to the death,

At my own pleasure; this the abject worm,
 Who, underneath my foot, hath crept in dust,
 May tell the world; his crushing is not heard of;—
 My greatness lives eternal, unforgotten,
 And hath no end e'en in the whole earth's grave.
 Build but the temple of your glory high,
 Be it on corses, or on offer'd gifts,
 On hate, or love—build higher yet and higher!
 The flood of time shall overthrow your life;
 The mount on which ye build it may be cover'd,
 The temple, only, splendidly remains.
 In golden characters your name shall flame;
 While after ages praise you, and forget
 The ground on which your columns are implanted.

LEVI.

Spare you, my sov'reign lord and master, spare you!
 For speech is hurtful to you. Rest may still,
 If Heaven would work a miracle, restore you.
 Spare you!

SOLIMAN.

That word I pardon to thy tried fidelity.
 Fool, thinkest thou he who lives as I have lived
 Would choose to draw his latest breath of life
 Wrapt in the soft and idle dream of peace!
 I deem that living only to be glorious
 Which wakes the faculties from out their sleep;

'Tis sloth that kills—the active only live—
And I will live—not die before my time !

SCENE V.

The above. MUSTAFA.

MUSTAFA.

Sire, let retreat be sounded ; 'tis in vain
Thou driv'st thy bravest squadrons on to death,
For Zriny rages like a furious lion,
And scatters wide destruction all around him,
While every man of his is worth a host.
They must be devils who can e'er o'ercome them :
No mortal man can boast him of such strength.
The Janizaries now refuse to storm.

SOLIMAN.

Let them be chased with hounds, and driven on
With whips and scourges to the fortress' walls ;
Then plant ye cannons all behind their ranks,
And fire on those who would refuse to storm.
Sigeth must fall, e'en though I fill its ditches
With heads of Janizaries ; though upon a wall,
Form'd by the carcasses of half my host,
The other half shall all be dash'd to hell !
Sigeth must fall ! must fall ! and now ! Then storm !

I have but a few moments more to live,
And would depart amid the shouts of victory.

[*MUSTAFA hastens out.*

Ah, com'st thou, Death? I feel thy presence now!

[*The storming and alarum of trumpets is heard.*

MEHMED (*aside*).

At the right moment I have sent my courier;
The sultan dies before the evening comes.

LEVI.

Look not thus sad, my dearest lord and master:
Does death alarm too thy heroic bosom?

SOLIMAN.

And what is death that he hath pow'r to fright me?
Or is there aught that can affright a hero?
He had been welcome in the strife of action,
Or welcome after a victorious battle:
I would have gladly prest him to my arms,
And joyous breathed out my departing soul;
But to die thus! Mortality must once
In life be overcome. All-powerful death
Hath even vanquish'd thus the great Mahomed,
And Bajazet and Selim both are gone.
Though crown'd as victors in earth's shadowy
strife,
They all must follow when his will commands.

Yet to die thus ! when, as a conqueror,
I've hail'd the spring sixty or seventy times,
May well afflict a bold heroic soul.

MEHMED.

Thou yet dost live, may'st yet behold the crescent
Triumphant on the vanquish'd walls of Sigeth,
And Zriny's head laid prostrate at thy feet !

SCENE VI.

The above. *The* BEGLER BEG.

THE BEGLER BEG.

Thou art defeated—all thy squadrons fly !
The brave Pasha of Egypt is just shot ;
Death spreads itself amid thy flying host,
And they make stand no longer. The Hungarians
Shout as they dash their victor thunders on us !

SOLIMAN.

Death in thy throat, thou base and coward slave !
Sigeth must fall.—Storm, storm !

THE BEGLER BEG.

Impossible !

SOLIMAN (*hurling a dagger at the Begler Beg*).
 Away to hell, thou coward!

[*He falls.*

Storm! storm!

[*Dies.*

LEVI.

Heavens!

My lord and sov'reign.

MEHMED.

Peace! the lion dies,
 And the whole age is mourning for its hero!

SCENE VII.

The above. ALI PORTUK.

MEHMED.

Come softly in; this is a sov'reign's grave,
 And here a giant-soul hath just departed!

ALI.

Then it is true. The army's in revolt;
 They have suspicions of his death, Vizier:
 We are all lost unless we can deceive
 The army by a stratagem.

MEHMED.

As yet

We three alone know of the Sultan's death;

The chamberlains are wholly in my pay ;
 None else shall know of it, and the old Jew
 This dagger silences.

(To the Chamberlains.)

My friends, bear off
 The Sultan to his innermost apartment,
 And there await me.

[The Sultan is borne off.]

(To the Leaders.)

I have sent a courier
 To the successor of his empire, Selim ;
 For we, I know, ere this are all agreed
 Who now, as Sultan, shall command in Stamboul.
 We'll forthwith place the corse upon his throne ;
 The twilight will but favour the deceit :
 The army shall believe that he yet lives.
 Then storm afresh till Sigeth fall before us,
 And next away to Stamboul to divan.

THE BEGLEB BEG.

What such a costly enterprise as this,
 And all for nothing ? Shall we do no more
 Than just destroy this insulated fortress ?—
 What ! not Vienna, and the emperor's host ?

MEHMED.

Friend ! moderate thine ardour ; it were desp'rate
 To plunge ourselves amid a German contest.

Does not this Sigeth here stand fast as rocks,
 And faster still its true and valiant men?
 Long might we clamour round Vienna's walls,
 Ere Germany lay prostrate in the dust.
 But now we must retire, for the whole army
 Is sadly harass'd; Persia hath revolted,
 And Selim hath opposed the Hungarian war.

ALI.

I honour much thy wisdom, grand Vizier,
 And vote as thou dost: here, thou hast my hand.

THE BEGLER BEG.

Mehmed Sokolowitsch well knows his friends.
 I follow thee, although it irks a general
 That our departed hero's giant plan
 Shall all be frustrate through this Zriny here.

MEHMED.

Now haste away; say that the Sultan lives,
 And is disposed to show him to his people.

BEGLER BEG *and* ALI.

Farewell!

MEHMED.

Farewell! thou, Levi, follow'st me.

SCENE VIII.

Vault in the Castle of Sigeth.

SCHERENK *leads EVA and HELENA in dishabille
down the steps.*

SCHERENK.

Follow me, honour'd countess. Give your hand,
My dear young lady.

HELENA.

Here.

SCHERENK.

The way is steep;
But two steps more, and then we are arrived.

EVA.

What does my husband?

SCHERENK.

On the wall I left him,
Right fresh and strong, prepared for new assaults.
There was much stir within the Turkish camp;
The Captain Juranitsch stood by the gate,
Helping to bind up old Koromsey's wounds:
He begg'd remembrance to the noble ladies.

He is quite well: he owes the Count his life,
But has already paid the obligation.

HELENA.

Ah! he still dares, within the reach of death,
But what he risks amid the strife is mine;
The dart which pierces him doth pierce our love.

EVA.

Why dost thou weep and dream thus, my Helena?
Remember where we are, and what's our duty.
The future moment now is nought to us,
For we have to discharge our present task.
We wander forth to seek a foreign land;
The home where we so long have lived is left,
The doors and windows all are barricadoed.
We sit before the gate in silence waiting
A leader to approach us, who shall guide
Our feeble footsteps to another home.
Still in the garden there are many flowers,
Which we, erewhile, in happier days have tended;
We'll pluck and press them as the last delight
That now is left us in this vale below
With thankful recollection to our breast:
Steep thy young spirit in their gentle balsam,
Then hie away and part all unconcerned!

HELENA.

Ah, mother! mother! give me this repose

And this tranquillity within the grave !
 Breathe out the life from thine afflicted breast :
 I thought the will of fate was fav'ring to me,
 My dreams were all of highest earthly bliss,
 For with the love of my heroic youth
 The sun of my young life hath brightly dawn'd,
 And I have revell'd in its richest spring,
 My bosom basking in the morning brightness,
 When came the storm and dash'd the lofty oak,
 And stript from my poor wreath the early foliage !

EVA.

Collect thee, maiden ; if thy father come,
 Conceal from his regards thy weeping eye.
 The fates have spared him graciously as yet,
 His country now requires his mightiest effort.
 He must fulfil it, make it not more arduous :
 He must fulfil it, and he will fulfil it.—
 Scherenk, inform me, what induced thy lord
 To send us down for safety to these vaults :
 Were it not safer for us in the castle ?

SCHERENK.

The Turks have thrown their fire upon the fortress,
 And, e'en but now, their general cannonading
 Hath reach'd within the chambers of the castle :
 Therefore it were not, henceforth, safe for you ;
 But in these vaults ye may repose in peace,

For see, the walls are strong and firmly built,
 And what is requisite of wine and food
 And household articles, is not forgotten ;
 And, though 'tis little, 'twill perhaps suffice ;
 You soon will be relieved from this endurance.
 I yet suspect deliverance is not far :
 Remember Scherenk's words, my gracious countess !
[He goes back.]

HELENA.

Thou good old man, dream sweetly as thou wilt ;
 Thus let thy hope still-blossom with fresh flowers,
 And heap the fancied garlands all around thee ;
 Thou canst perfume the grave with their sweet
 fragrance :
 'Tis useless trouble ; fate in silence lowers ;
 The cross of death supplants the scatter'd wreaths,
 And rears itself amid the dying blossoms !

EVA.

Nay, not o'er scattered wreaths or dying blossoms.
 No, maiden, every holiest wreath of life
 Twines, an immortal crown, around the cross ;
 And every blossom breathes eternal spring
 O'er the departed spirit's turfy hillock,
 Where brightest rays and purest feelings meet !
 Leave him this happy dream, yes ! let him hope :
 He is an old true friend since many a year,

And finds it hard to give us up for lost,
Therefore he grasps at these departing shadows ;
He sees but death, beholds alone destruction
Where victory and life eternal beam !

HELENA.

I feel this victory, I feel it well,
And name myself, without a blush, thy daughter.
Yet can I not, contentedly, look back,
For insufficient is my ardent longing.
Had I, like thee, the fairest wreath in life
Entwined in light adornment on my brow,
Then had I long'd to win the palms like thee :
But, in the early morning of my life,
I snatch'd a few frail blossoms for my wreath,
And, as I pluck'd them, they were full of tears,
The early dew of day not kiss'd away.
Say, doth not life twine many a fairest garland ?
I oft have seen, amid thy glowing eye,
And 'mid thy glances swimming in their tears,
How sweet, and beautiful, and blest is life :
Yet, mother, yet for me no wreath may bloom !

EVA.

Peace, my beloved child ! I hear thy father ;
Then wipe away thy tears, lest thy moist eye
Betray the smarting sorrows of thy bosom.
Believe me, thorns were mix'd amid the wreath—

The fairest blossoms never came to flowers,
Or if they came they speedily were blighted!

SCHEBENK.

The Count! the Count!

EVA.

Come, maiden, haste to meet him.

SCENE IX.

The above. (ZRINY, JURANITSCH.)

ZRINY.

My dearest wife and daughter!

EVA and HELENA.

Welcome, father!

JURANITSCH.

Helena!

HELENA.

Juranitsch, thus we are here!

EVA.

You are victorious! the attack is routed,
Which they in desperate madness had adventured.

ZRINY.

This time was serious. Such enormous bloodshed
I never yet beheld in all my actions:
Lorenzo saved my life.

JURANITSCH.

Thou hast saved mine :
Thy gallant shield kept off the Turkish blows,
Which thirsted all for vengeance on my head
When I had fell'd the savage janizary
Who aim'd at thee a fell and mortal blow.

EVA.

They then had clamber'd on the castle walls ?

ZRINY.

In drunken fury they assail'd the ramparts,
And many a rash and fierce adventurer
Had planted thus the horse-tail on our walls :
Then call'd I, raging, to my brave Hungarians,
And plunged in fury 'midst the desp'rate heathens :
We threw them headlong down, and many thousands
Were dash'd to pieces falling on the rocks :
A leader fell, and then the Turks all fled :
We sent our parting thunders after them,
And shouted thanks for victory to Heaven.

JURANITSCH.

The victory is ours, but dearly purchased,
For many a hero won it with his life.

ZRINY.

To-day, or else to-morrow, son, we die,
In the high transport of the patriot strife.
O envy them ! to mourn them were a sin.

JUBANITSCH.

The fairest death I saw brave Bartha die :
 The hero was exhausted with the strife,
 And fallen upon his knees. A Turkish lance
 Had wounded his right shoulder : the old warrior
 Refused to have it bandaged, but still look'd
 And watch'd the vital flowing of his blood.
 Then, Zriny, thou wast called to fresh resistance,
 And soon as I had thrown my helmet on,
 And all accoutred grasped my trusty sabre,
 I saw a pair of desp'rate janizaries,
 Who with a horse-tail in their cursed hands
 Had leap'd all furious on the castle walls.
 I sprang upon them quickly, but old Bartha,
 The hoary hero, had arrived before me ;
 He grasp'd them with both hands upon their breasts,
 Threw himself over, and so dragg'd them with him.

ZRINY.

Oh such a day is worth a thousand lives !
 All-gracious Heaven, thou wilt not now forget me !

EVA.

How long can you hold out ?

ZRINY.

Alas, my love,
 You never ask'd me yet a sadder question !

HELENA.

Nay, tell us plainly how long yet?

ZRINY.

Till morning.

HELENA.

Heavens! but till morning, Juranitsch?

JURANITSCH.

Helena,

Where is the courage thou hast promised me?

ZRINY.

I have lost numbers in this dreadful day—

Only six hundred are my forces now,

And hunger fiercely rages 'mid my brethren;

Our stored provisions, now, ate all our foe's,

For we have lost them when we lost the town.

I now possess two cannon, and no more:

The ramparts are all falling, and the fire

Hath caught already the old castle walls,

From firebrands hurl'd on us by Ali Portuk.

In the new castle here we want for all things;

Soon, for we hold it not another hour,

If they again assail it, the old castle

Must fall within their power: we shall be driven

Within these narrow walls, which scarce we may

Defend two days successfully against them;

And even if the foe should not attack us,

Still we must die of famine or in flames.
 No! I'll not perish thus. I'll forth to-morrow,
 Will, beard to beard, and breast to breast, engage
 them,
 And scattering death, will find myself a grave.

EVA.

And we—thy wife and daughter.

ZRINY.

O my children!

I have ta'en care for you. Come nigher, Scherenk :
 Old Francis has discover'd a new path ;
 A subterraneous passage leads from hence
 In darkest windings even to the lake,
 Thus ye will be adjacent to the forest ;
 And while the furious Turks are storming here,
 Thus haste unnoticed in the morning's dawn,
 By a sure pathway to the Emperor's army,
 Tell him that Zriny perish'd like a man,
 And that the falling Sigeth was his grave :
 So, fear ye nothing ; all is well prepared,
 And Juranitsch accompanies your flight.

JURANITSCH.

Nay, thus he does not !

ZRINY.

How, my son ! thou would'st
 Refuse to save thy mother and thy bride ?

JURANITSCH.

O Zriny, thou hast rear'd me by thy side,
 Hast taught me how to wield the weighty sabre,
 Hast graven truth and duty on my heart,
 Hast given to me thy dearest gift, thy daughter,
 Yet now wilt force on me a coward's shame ;
 And wilt not thy sublime, heroic death
 Partake with thy Lorenzo, with thy son ?
 No ! father, no ! thou canst not—no, by Heaven !
 Thou dar'st not—I am, like thyself, a soldier,
 Our Emperor's captain—if my leader falls,
 I dare not live.

ZRINY.

Thou gallant youth ! but yet,
 Thou must away : look at this weeping one,
 She is thy bride ; she may demand of thee
 A life to come of transport and of love.—
 Son, thou must live, and so redeem the pledge
 Which thou hast plighted to her virgin heart.

JURANITSCH.

But first I must the greater pledge redeem,
 For which I stand indebted to my country :
 My heart, my love, my feelings, and my thoughts,
 These, my sweet bride, are thine, and shall re-
 main so :

But what men call their life, the span of time
 That I may breathe within this lower world,

This is the sole possession of my country !
 My love is all eternal ; and on high
 I can be thine, thine undisturb'd, thine only !
 But this high feeling for my native land
 Can finish only with my latest struggle.
 Whate'er I am indebted to my country,
 I can repay it only during life,
 And will do so. I'll seek my bride on high,
 And with divinest transports meet her there,
 Since I shall leave no duty undischarged.—
 Fly without me, and think, when you are saved,
 In softest bitterness of tears, on one
 Who loved you once so warmly and so well,
 Yet threw aside his fondest dream of bliss
 When it concern'd the welfare of his country !
 Weep'st thou? I pain thee—yet I would not
 do so ;
 'Trust me my love is not less warm than thine ;
 'Tis this induces me to make the offering.
 That I devote myself to death were little—
 My life I oft have ventured in the hazard,
 But that I do so, 'mid such joy and pleasure,
 'Mid happiness and highest earthly bliss,
 This is the struggle, this deserves the prize—
 My country may be proud of such an offering.^s

ZRINY.

Remain, my Juranitsch ; we go together—

The father thus shall lead his son to death.
 Thou'rt ready, Scherenk ; choose for thee as well
 Two trusty servants, and with morning's dawn,
 Be thou prepared and ready for thy flight.

SCHERENK.

Sir, I obey.

EVA,

Nay nay, my dearest husband !
 Thou wilt not let thy wife descend so low :
 I stir not hence, for I will die with thee.
 My place is on thy bosom, and when there,
 The janizary's ball may pierce through mine.—
 Trust me I am not weak ; give me a sword,
 And I will fall beside thee as a heroine !

ZRINY.

But then Helena ?

EVA.

Loves she not as I do ?
 Does she not love this bold heroic youth ?
 Can she not die, and is she not my child ?
 Thy child,—and Zriny asks what she shall do !

HELENA.

Yes, be indulgent, father ; for this death,
 Which thou would'st welcome with so bold a heart,
 Canst thou, in cruelty, refuse thy daughter ?

Would'st thou prefer that we should ever pine
 Through years of torment and protracted sorrows,
 Martyr'd by ceaseless suffering ; or that now
 We hail you all as conquerors on high,
 Partakers of your immortality ?

EVA.

My Zriny, be not first so cruel now :
 Oh do not thrust us from thy noblest triumph,
 But take us with thee to immortal glory !

HELENA.

Yes, let us die, for what 's to us the sun ?
 To eyes that weep it is eternal night !
 That which inspires thy breast, enraptures ours.
 O let us die with thee—and, thus united,
 We shall, transported, seek our better home,
 And carry from the night in which we linger
 Eternal love into eternal life !

JUBANITSCH.

O God, what souls ! what women ! O my father,
 Thou canst not now deny ! Thou canst not ! Let us
 Die altogether, father !

EVA *and* HELENA.

Let us die. .

ZRINY (*with enthusiasm*).

Come to my bosom, to thy father's bosom !

Ye have o'ercome. The world perchance may
blame me,

But Heaven approves.—Now will we die together!

[The Curtain falls on the Group.]

JURANITSCH.

The fairest death I saw brave Bartha die :
 The hero was exhausted with the strife,
 And fallen upon his knees. A Turkish lance
 Had wounded his right shoulder : the old warrior
 Refused to have it bandaged, but still look'd
 And watch'd the vital flowing of his blood.
 Then, Zriny, thou wast called to fresh resistance,
 And soon as I had thrown my helmet on,
 And all accoutred grasped my trusty sabre,
 I saw a pair of desp'rate janizaries,
 Who with a horse-tail in their cursed hands
 Had leap'd all furious on the castle walls.
 I sprang upon them quickly, but old Bartha,
 The hoary hero, had arrived before me ;
 He grasp'd them with both hands upon their breasts,
 Threw himself over, and so dragg'd them with him.

ZBINY.

Oh such a day is worth a thousand lives !
 All-gracious Heaven, thou wilt not now forget me !

EVA.

How long can you hold out ?

ZBINY.

Alas, my love,
 You never ask'd me yet a sadder question !

HELENA.

Nay, tell us plainly how long yet?

ZRINY.

Till morning.

HELENA.

Heavens! but till morning, Juranitsch?

JURANITSCH.

Helena,

Where is the courage thou hast promised me?

ZRINY.

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Only six hundred are my forces now,
And hunger fiercely rages 'mid my brethren;
Our stored provisions, now, are all our foe's,
For we have lost them when we lost the town.
I now possess two cannon, and no more:
The ramparts are all falling, and the fire
Hath caught already the old castle walls,
From firebrands hurl'd on us by Ali Portuk.
In the new castle here we want for all things;
Soon, for we hold it not another hour,
If they again assail it, the old castle
Must fall within their power: we shall be driven
Within these narrow walls, which scarce we may
Defend two days successfully against them;
And even if the foe should not attack us,

Still we must die of famine or in flames.
 No! I'll not perish thus. I'll forth to-morrow,
 Will, beard to beard, and breast to breast, engage
 them,
 And scattering death, will find myself a grave.

EVA.

And we—thy wife and daughter.

ZRINY.

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 And while the furious Turks are storming here,
 Thus haste unnoticed in the morning's dawn,
 By a sure pathway to the Emperor's army,
 Tell him that Zriny perish'd like a man,
 And that the falling Sigeth was his grave :
 So, fear ye nothing ; all is well prepared,
 And Juranitsch accompanies your flight.

JURANITSCH.

Nay, thus he does not !

ZRINY.

How, my son ! thou would'st
 Refuse to save thy mother and thy bride ?

JURANITSCH.

O Zriny, thou hast rear'd me by thy side,
 Hast taught me how to wield the weighty sabre,
 Hast graven truth and duty on my heart,
 Hast given to me thy dearest gift, thy daughter,
 Yet now wilt force on me a coward's shame ;
 And wilt not thy sublime, heroic death
 Partake with thy Lorenzo, with thy son ?
 No! father, no! thou canst not—no, by Heaven!
 Thou dar'st not—I am, like thyself, a soldier,
 Our Emperor's captain—if my leader falls,
 I dare not live.

ZRINY.

Thou gallant youth! but yet,
 Thou must away: look at this weeping one,
 She is thy bride; she may demand of thee
 A life to come of transport and of love.—
 Son, thou must live, and so redeem the pledge
 Which thou hast plighted to her virgin heart.

JURANITSCH.

But first I must the greater pledge redeem,
 For which I stand indebted to my country:
 My heart, my love, my feelings, and my thoughts,
 These, my sweet bride, are thine, and shall re-
 main so:

But what men call their life, the span of time
 That I may breathe within this lower world,

This is the sole possession of my country !
 My love is all eternal ; and on high
 I can be thine, thine undisturb'd, thine only !
 But this high feeling for my native land
 Can finish only with my latest struggle.
 Whate'er I am indebted to my country,
 I can repay it only during life,
 And will do so. I'll seek my bride on high,
 And with divinest transports meet her there,
 Since I shall leave no duty undischarged.—
 Fly without me, and think, when you are saved,
 In softest bitterness of tears, on one
 Who loved you once so warmly and so well,
 Yet threw aside his fondest dream of bliss
 When it concern'd the welfare of his country !
 Weep'st thou? I pain thee—yet I would not
 do so ;
 'Trust me my love is not less warm than thine ;
 'Tis this induces me to make the offering.
 That I devote myself to death were little—
 My life I oft have ventured in the hazard,
 But that I do so, 'mid such joy and pleasure,
 'Mid happiness and highest earthly bliss,
 This is the struggle, this deserves the prize—
 My country may be proud of such an offering.^s

ZRINY.

Remain, my Juranitsch ; we go together—

The father thus shall lead his son to death.
 Thou 'rt ready, Scherenk ; choose for thee as well
 Two trusty servants, and with morning's dawn,
 Be thou prepared and ready for thy flight.

SCHERENK.

Sir, I obey.

EVA,

Nay nay, my dearest husband !
 Thou wilt not let thy wife descend so low :
 I stir not hence, for I will die with thee.
 My place is on thy bosom, and when there,
 The janizary's ball may pierce through mine.—
 Trust me I am not weak ; give me a sword,
 And I will fall beside thee as a heroine !

ZRINY.

But then Helena ?

EVA.

Loves she not as I do ?
 Does she not love this bold heroic youth ?
 Can she not die, and is she not my child ?
 Thy child,—and Zriny asks what she shall do !

HELENA.

Yes, be indulgent, father ; for this death,
 Which thou would'st welcome with so bold a heart,
 Canst thou, in cruelty, refuse thy daughter ?

Of bloody deeds will cheerfully accomplish :
My life shall fall at no unworthy price.

SCHERENK.

Here are the hundred guilders; here the key,
As you commanded.

ZRINY.

They shall never say
That they have found it was not worth the trouble
To strip the slaughter'd corse of Nicholas Zriny.
These and the key I'll wear within my girdle,
As is becoming to a trusty governor;
And these, by Heaven! shall no one strip from me
Till death doth hold dominion o'er my breast,
And till the portals of my life are shatter'd.

SCENE IV.

The above. (EVA and HELENA.)

ZRINY.

Ye are prepared; is't not so?

EVA.

Yes, I am—

I now have made, I trust, my peace with Heaven,
And only wait the hour of my departure.

ZRINY.

And thou, Helena?

HELENA.

That which cheers my mother
 Hath pour'd alike its balsam in my breast ;
 Sorrow has pass'd away ; I am prepar'd,
 When thou shalt call, to stand before God's throne.

ZRINY.

Then let us all our last approaching moments
 Hail with a mournful and a fond embrace !
 My dearest wife, how many joys I owe thee !
 Thou hast illumined many a brightest hour,
 Hast many a day with silent bliss adorn'd ;
 The sacred vow we pledged before the altar
 Thou well hast kept, assisting me to bear
 Sorrow and strife with faithfulness and love.
 And many a flower of spring hast thou renounced,
 Which my rude storms of life have broken off—
 Heaven shall reward thee !

EVA.

O my lord ! thou hast
 All that I've done a thousandfold repaid,
 By the affection of thy true great soul,
 And by the rapture of the moment, when
 Thou hast assured me I should die with thee !
 But how ? thou art adorn'd as for a feast !

ZRINY.

Know'st thou this garment ?

EVA.

Could I e'er forget it?

'Tis thus thou 'st clasped me in thy nuptial arms,
'Tis thus that thou hast hail'd me as thy bride.

ZRINY.

'Twas in this garb I hail'd, on that glad morn,
The fairest festival of life and love ;
And in this garb I welcome, in life's evening,
The fairest victory of my joyous courage.
T' our second bride-night death hath summon'd us ;
Come, noble spouse, and let us pledge the oath !

EVA.

My dearest Zriny, my poor brain will turn
Whene'er 'twould dream of thy exalted nature !

[Embracing.]

HELENA.

My father ! mother ! has the earth e'er borne
A nobler pair, two more deserving beings ?—
And you must die. What, you ? Then fate will
plunder

Life of its pride, the world of its best treasures,
If it destroys two such heroic hearts.
This world was all unworthy to possess you,
Having denied the favours of its bliss,
When all of fairest and of best on earth
Should have adorn'd your latest hour of life.

ZRINY.

O do not harshly chide with fate, my daughter,
 But rather thank its kind paternal favour,
 Which hath permitted us, by this ordeal,
 To prove, like gold, our purity of heart.
 Virtue is scarce shown 'mid prosperity,
 Misfortune is the soil where greatness ripens;
 It is the stroke of Heaven on mortal greatness;
 From out its arms came the heroic band,
 The giant beings of the days gone by:
 Out of its school the pride of earth proceeded;
 Whenever it prepares its strife for mortals,
 Its energy explores an unknown way,
 And then unites their glory with the stars!
 Extends an atom to eternity,
 And what was mortal once it makes immortal!—
 Th' expected moment comes, the death-devotion!
 Begin the sacred off'ring feast! (*To Eva.*) In-
 form me
 Where I shall find thee next, and how.

EVA.

Above! my hero—
 And worthy of thee!—Care not about me,
 My purpose is resolved; a parting kiss
 Shall show thee what thy spouse intends to do!

ZRINY,

ZRINY.

But then our daughter, our Helena !

HELENA.

Fear not,

I soar already up to meet you there !

Earlier than you I will ascend. Lorenzo

Will not refuse his bride a parting kiss.

SCENE V.

The above. (ALAPI, PAPERUTOWITSCH, JURANITSCH, *without armour.*)

JURANITSCH.

Thou see'st us ready for the last occasion,
Light, as thou hast commanded, without armour ;
Our open breasts await their daggers now.

PAPERUTOWITSCH.

Your troops are all collected in the court,
They are all longing for your last salute,
And then for death, for father-land and faith !

ALAPI.

A messenger hath brought intelligence,
Who saved himself by nightfall from the foe,

Gyula is given up, for Keretschin
Hath treacherously yielded to the Turks.

ZRINY.

My curses on the traitor to his sov'reign !
On, brethren, on ! for we must make atonement :
We thirst to avenge the true Hungarian name,
And to approve our own heroic stem.

THE THREE CAPTAINS.

We 'll follow thee, and keep our oath.

HELENA.

My father,
Bestow at least thy blessing on thy children !

ZRINY (*kissing them*).

Thus I bestow my richest blessing on you !
Though not for life, but for the death-devotion,
For freedom, honour, faith, and for your country ;
Then fearlessly discharge your god-like duty.
Death's angel here, alas ! hath join'd your hands ;
But we shall meet again to-morrow's dawn.
Those who loved here shall be united there,
And rays of holy light shall twine their wreaths
Around those purest souls who die for God !

[*A pause, trumpets and drums in the distance.*]

ALAPI.

Hark, hark, thy true ones call thee !

ZRINY,

ZRINY.

Yes, it is so.

Come let us give our friends a last farewell,
And then away to face both death and hell!

[*Exeunt all except JURANITSCH and HELENA.*]

SCENE VI.

HELENA and JURANITSCH.

[*Remain in silent embrace.*]

JURANITSCH.

Yet one kiss more, and thus we 'll part!

HELENA.

Lorenzo!

Nay, nay, we part not thus; canst thou thy bride
Abandon to the fury of the storm?
Shall I be forced of drunken janizaries
To beg in vain the bitter boon of death?
Say, shall the foreign murderer's bloody hand
Plunge his fell dagger in my breaking heart?
Shall Turkish furies rend my tender bosom,

Whose every vein doth flow alone for thee,
Whose every pulse for thee alone doth beat ?
“ Death’s angel here, alas ! hath joined your hands,”
Our father said, and wilt thou mock his words ?
No, plunge thy friendly dagger in my heart,
And kiss away my spirit from my lips !

JURANITSCH.

O heavens ! what would’st thou ?

HELENA.

What the tender hand
Of a weak woman would not dare deny thee,
If thou laid’st wounded here, and wert not able
’To seek thy fate amid the battle field,
And feard’st to meet the headsmen’s felon axe,
Then, without trembling, would I seize the dagger,
And speedily unite our souls above.

JURANITSCH.

How ? Shall I kill thee ? Nay, I cannot do it,
Though death has often thunder’d o’er my head.
My brother fell in battle by my side,
And I have stood o’er my slain father’s corse,
And never shudder’d, no, not even trembled ;
But plunged immediate with the sword of vengeance,
Amid the murd’rous squadrons of the foe !—
But to destroy this lovely rose ! The storm
That fells the oak and rages ’mid the pines,

Yet leaves the tender blossoms all unhurt,
 And its dire thunders are as whisp'ring zephyrs ;
 And shall I, ruder than the rudest storm,
 Destroy this loveliest wreath of blooming life,
 And, more relentless than the elements,
 Pluck with a desp'rate force the beauteous flow'r,
 Which e'en the hand of fate itself hath spared ?
 Nay, nay, I cannot do it !

HELENA.

If thou lov'st me,
 If the fleet winds have not borne off thy vows,
 If aught is sacred to thee in this world,
 Heaven, innocence, thy country, and thy love,
 O kill me ! I will meet thee, love, on high !
 And reach to thee the holy wreath of palms.
 If thou yet lov'st me—thou canst not refuse me !
 For I must die ; or shall the furious Sultan
 Drag me among the victims of his lust ?
 Say, is not death to be preferr'd to shame ?
 Say, shall the might of—

JURANITSCH.

Hold, nay hold ; I'll kill thee !

[He offers to stab her.]

HELENA.

Not so, beloved, not amid the storm :—
 No, gently, softly, plunge the fatal steel

Within my breast, and open to my soul
 The fairest pathway to my blessed home !
 Embrace me, love ! how happy am I now !
 For all is clear before my ardent eyes ;
 The veil 's withdrawn, I see a life of light,
 And a new morning dawns within my heart.
 O kill me thus, and kiss my parting soul,
 With a soft bride-kiss, from my pallid lips !

JURANITSCH.

On high, my love, we yet shall meet again.

HELENA.

On high, my love, I am betrothed to thee !

JURANITSCH.

Thence thou wilt look down on thy youth below !

HELENA.

'Twill not be long, thy bride shall call thee there !

JURANITSCH.

Hark ! death approaches, and my brethren call !

HELENA.

Then die a hero, with a hero's triumph ;
 I'll come to meet thee with a victor's palms !

JURANITSCH.

[Kisses and stabs her at the same time.

So—take this kiss, and ask of Heaven its blessing !

HELENA.

'Thank thee, oh ! thank thee, for this sweet, sweet
 death ;

Let me not wait thee long!—Yet one kiss more!
And with this kiss my spirit flies to heaven! [*Dies.*

JUBANITSCH.

Farewell! farewell! my own, my sweetest bride!

[*Clangor of trumpets.*

Hark! how they call me! hark! I come! I come!

[*Lays HELENA'S corse in a niche in the back-ground.*

I lay with many tears thy corse in peace,

And may this spacious grave preserve thy dust.

And now away where yonder sabres call me;

Where strife and murder low'r in bloody clouds.

Now welcome death! Thou bring'st me to my
bride;

I'll haste to meet thee at the earliest call!

SCENE VII.

The Castle Court of Sigeth.

ZRINY, ALAPI, PAPRUTOWITSCH, EVA, (*with a
burning torch*). *The Hungarians—the Standard
of the Empire floating in the midst.*

ZRINY.

For the last time will I address you, friends!

I thank you, first, for the heroic truth ·

With which ye all have dared this deadly contest.
With free and joyous heart may I declare
There never was a traitor 'mongst my people.
We all have truly kept our plighted oath ;
The most have boldly gone to meet their death,
And wait, on high, the partners of their victory !
There is no single heart in all this circle
That does not venture, with delighted courage,
His latest lifeblood for his father-land,
His emperor, and his faith ! this is my pride ;
Therefore I thank you : Heaven too will reward you.
But now we come to die !—The enemy's force,
His hundred-fold and overwhelming force,
We often have succesfully repell'd ;
Have slaughter'd them by thousands at a time,
And hurl'd a bloody death on all their pride.
Full twenty thousand of their bravest warriors
Soliman leaves before this island fortress,
And many of his leaders find their grave :
But other foes are now opposed to us,
Whom manly strength avails not to o'ercome.
They have dug mines amid the mountain's womb ;
The strength of all our ramparts now is shatter'd ;
The firebrand flies destructive through the castle ;
The elements contend thus with our courage ;
But, deadlier still, devouring hunger preys

Upon our weaken'd numbers; our provisions
Scarce last a day—and we must surely die!
But of surrender no Hungarian thinks
Who loves his honour and his Emperor.
Ye think not of 't; I know it, ye will die!—
Away! away! to where the trumpets call!
Say, shall we pine in thirst and hunger here?
No! let us die as is becoming men!—
Show to your foes the firmness of your eye;
Struggle with death, and dearly sell your blood;
Be every drop bought with a foeman's life.
The hero spreads his couch all o'er with slain,
Whom he sends on an offering to the tomb;
And he who thus acquits his mighty oath
Lives ever in the hearts of all his people,
Acquires himself, on high; eternal life,
And goes to share, amid the realms above,
Immortal glory and eternal love!

ALL.

Now lead us on, for we are all prepared!

SCENE VIII.

The above. ZRINY, JURANITSCH.

ZRINY.

Where is Helena ?

JURANITSCH.

She is now at home !

Twining with holy angels wreaths to crown us.
Wait not for me : this was her last command—
“Death’s angel here, alas ! hath twined our hands.”—
On, on ! and let me seek her.

ZRINY.

On, then, on !

Wife, now thy parting kiss ! How wilt thou die ?

EVA.

I will, on yonder ramparts, watch the storm :
A terrible death offering to prepare,
For God hath breathed this strength into his worm !

ZRINY.

But should they clamber o’er the slain ?

EVA.

Oh then,

I ’ll fling this firebrand in the magazine !
And Sigeth shall be only theirs in ruins !

ZRINY.

Die, noble spouse ! death is eternal life !

[*The attack of the Turks is heard from without.*

Hark ! how they storm, and how their tumult echoes.

Then welcome, death ! for thus I hail thy call ;

Now, brethren, on ! Lorenzo, take the banner,

And lead the attack, for thou must be the first.

Thy bride expects thee, let her not wait long !

I follow next, then thou (*to PAPERUTOWITSCH*), and
thou, Alapi.

How ! tears, old friend ?

ALAPI.

But they are tears of joy,

With such a hero such a death to die !

I would, indeed, desire no fairer crown !

JUBANITSCH (*wielding the banner*):

The banner floats !—

ZRINY.

The eagle soars on high !—

Now world, good night ! (*To EVA.*) Farewell !

(*To PAPERUTOWITSCH and ALAPI.*) Farewell, my
brethren !

Give me your hands once more, for the last time,

And let the trumpets pour the victor song !

[*Alarm of trumpets.*

Now follow me, we meet again on high,

For faith and fatherland resolved to die !

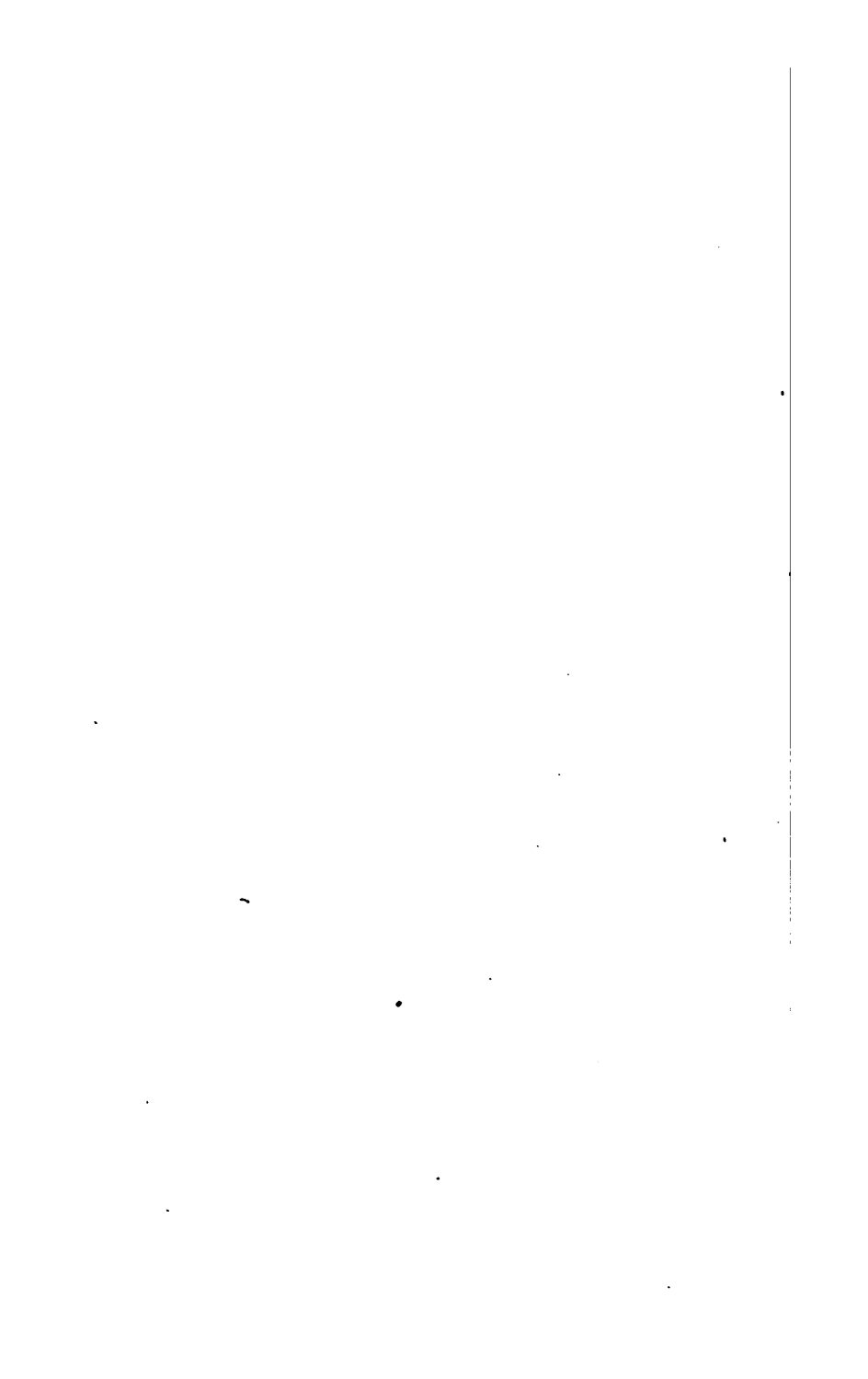
ALL.

For faith and fatherland resolv'd to die !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IX.

The scene changes to a part of the old castle in flames. In the back-ground, the new castle with a draw-bridge raised. Flourish of trumpets, tumult of drums, and war-cry of the enraged attacking Turks. The draw-bridge is lowered. Two shots are fired from the gate, and the Hungarians rush through the smoke. JURANITSCH with the standard, followed by the rest. A dreadful engagement takes place. EVA appears with the firebrand at the powder magazine on the wall. JURANITSCH falls first; ZBINY steps over his corse and fights valiantly. At length he falls. EVA throws the firebrand into the magazine, a dreadful explosion takes place, the new castle falls, and the curtain drops.



NOTES

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF ZRINY.

Note 1, page 12, line 3.

Begler-Beg.

This officer is a governor of a province. The Sangiak Bega are under his command.

Note 2, page 12, line 9.

Ban of Croatia

Is represented by Selden, in his "Titles of Honour," as a dignitary of state; similar to a Viceroy.

Note 3, page 12, line 10.

Tavernicus of Hungary.

This is an officer whose functions, according to the same authority, nearly resemble those of one of our Barons of Exchequer.

Note 4, page 27, last line.

Sangjak.

This is an officer next in rank to a Begler-Beg.

Note 5, page 29, line 7.

Tschaouches.

These are a kind of messengers or poursuivants; they are armed with clubs, and commit great outrage and oppression.

Note 6, p. 39, line 7.

Solacks.

These are guards rudely disciplined, armed and equipped as archers.

Note 7, page 73, line 24.

Can life afford a moment of more bliss?

See the note in the remarks prefixed to this tragedy.

Note 8, page 138, line 24.

My country may be proud of such an offering.

This is the sentiment which Körner adopts as his own, in a most eloquent passage in his letters, and which I have already pointed out in the first volume.

JOSEPH HEYDERICH;

OR,

GERMAN FIDELITY.

A REAL INCIDENT DRAMATIZED IN ONE ACT.

February, 1813.

THE following sketch, as already mentioned, is founded on a real circumstance. The materials are very scanty, but of these the most has been made; and as the production is in prose, it was deemed that the few pages which it occupies would tend to relieve that sameness which is frequently felt and complained of by readers, in perusing a volume consisting entirely of poetry. The patriotic tone of sentiment and feeling which it breathes may also render it no unfit companion for the heroic drama which precedes it.

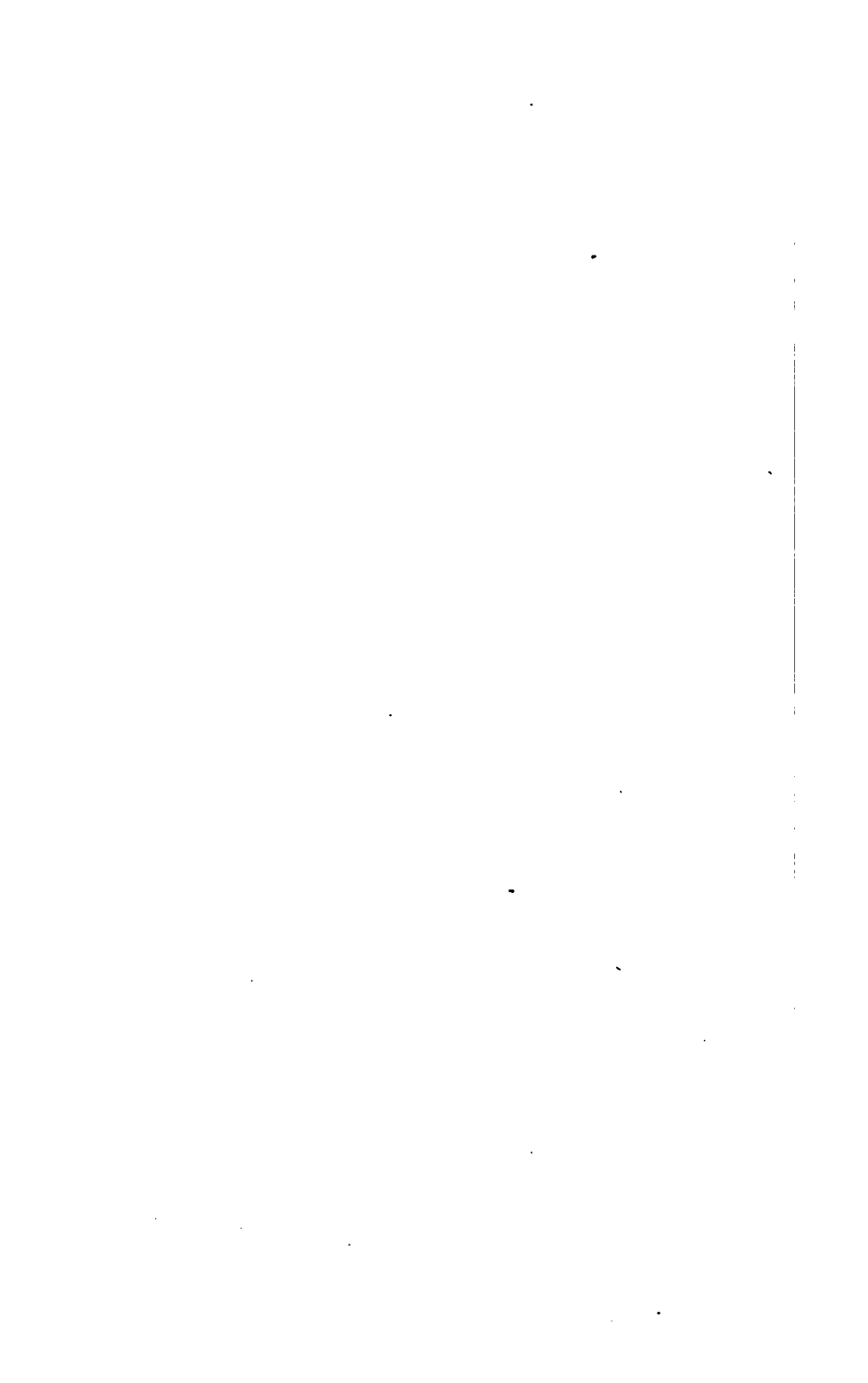
PERSONS.

A CAPTAIN of Yagers.

A LIEUTENANT, } *of a Regiment of Infantry of the*
A CORPORAL, } *Line.*

A MERCHANT,
A SURGEON, } *of Voghera.*
A CITIZEN,

*The action takes place in Voghera on the evening after the
battle of Montebello, June 9, 1800.*



JOSEPH HEYDERICH.

SCENE I.

A lonely street in Voghera. A house with an arbour, and with doors and windows closed, forms the back-ground; on the left a house with a flight of steps.

(The Captain, severely wounded in the right hand, sits near the Lieutenant, who lies on the steps.)

CAPT. No signs of life.—Comrade, it is over with thee!—and yet thy heart still beats! By Heaven, I know not if I ought to rejoice at it! Yes, his heart still beats. If I could procure help—No, no, I dare not wish to prolong his sufferings;

it is all over with him. All the houses are barricaded ; the citizens will not venture into the street for fear of the French plunderers : in vain have I knocked at all the doors ; no one will open, no one will receive us. I can drag him on no farther with my left arm ; he must die here. His prophecy is fulfilled. This morning early, as he marched by me with his company, he bade me a last farewell ! I laughed, but he was in the right. My disposition is so ardent, that forebodings fly before me, else I must this night have experienced much edification from my hand and my lost freedom. But I went with as light and joyful courage into the fire as if there had been no balls for me ; and now I sit here a prisoner, wounded, and my wound yet undressed. I cannot go into the hospital till I know what will become of this officer : he would have done the same for me.—Prisoner ! it is then a wished-for word.—Prisoner ! I a prisoner ! Ah, the fortune of war turns wondrously : to-day it's I—to-morrow thou. Still this would not have been my lot without that cursed shot ; but then a fellow like me will, with his left arm, fight through seven right ones. Peace ! some one comes up the street, apparently a citizen ; perhaps he will help my comrade.

SCENE II.

The above. A Citizen.

CAPT. Halt ! my good friend !—

CIT. What would you ?

CAPT. See, here lies a dying man. He may yet perhaps be saved. Be humane and receive him !—

CIT. It won't do !

CAPT. Why not ?—

CIT. I have thirty living guests at home who have nothing to eat, and no room into the bargain, and what should I do with the dead ?

CAPT. He is not dead yet.

CIT. If he is already dying, he requires no more than the space to die in : help is not to be thought of in the confusion. He has room to die here far more convenient than with me : they have driven me from my house, and God knows how much farther !

CAPT. Is there no surgeon in the neighbourhood ?

CIT. Good heavens ! they have all their hands full ; the market-place is filled with the dying Austrians and French,—all intermingled !—

CAPT. He is one of the bravest soldiers of the whole army.

CIT. And if he were the very bravest, I still cannot help him.

CAPT. Can money induce you?—What will you have to receive him? I will give you all I have.

CIT. That won't be much. But, if I were well paid for it,—I might find a little back room.—

CAPT. Excellent! excellent!

CIT. Yes, excellent here and excellent there! but first the money, else all the excellence is nothing to me.

CAPT. Here! (*seeks after his purse*). Good Heaven! I had quite forgotten. The voltigeurs have plundered me bare!

CIT. So, no money?

CAPT. No money but the reward of Heaven!

CIT. But I cannot make that do for thirty hungry chasseurs. If the gentleman has no money, you must cease from teasing me.

CAPT. Wretch! and hast thou then no human feeling in thee?

CIT. Why not, and a cursed living one into the bargain called hunger; first that must be satisfied, and then comes the rest.

CAPT. He fell for his country, he bled for you, and you cruelly shut your doors on him!—

CIT. Who required him to do so?

CAPT. His honour! his emperor!—

CIT. Then he must feed on his honour and be taken care of by his emperor!—It don't concern me.

CAPT. Shameful, shameful!—Man then has no concern for his fellow man!

CIT. Be not so severe. Be careful of yourself; go to the market-place for a surgeon.

CAPT. I stir not hence till I know what is to become of my brave comrade.—If help is possible, I will procure it for him; if impossible, an Austrian brother's hand at least shall close his heroic eyes.—

CIT. As you please. Only do not wish that I should bear you company. Farewell! I must away where I can get some stale bread and sour wine, else these thirty gluttons will eat me in one day to beggary! [Exit.

SCENE III.

The above. Without the Citizen.

CAPT. Rascal!—God knows, had I yet the use of my right arm, and had I yet my sword—Had I

yet my sword!—Thunder and storm! what a few hours can do!—This morning I stood at the head of a hundred and twenty brave fellows, who obeyed my orders, and now I am forced to beg of this shopkeeper!—This cursed shot! And how the fellow laughed as my sword fell from my hand!—Good heavens! my wound now begins to burn dreadfully.—What hellish fire!—I shall certainly lose my arm.—Well! what of that?—Has not many a father led his only son to the standard? Has not many a mother offered her last support—her son, for her country? Why should I complain at losing an arm? My life must have fallen had they taken it, and, God knows, I would quickly and cheerfully have offered it for my emperor, my good and great emperor!—Peace! does he not move?—Yea, yes, he is coming to himself; he opens his eyes.—Comrade, welcome to life!—Why look'st thou so wildly round thee?—Collect thyself.—Know thy brother in arms. I am thy friend; this is thine emperor's uniform, this the military emblem of thy country. We are at Voghera. Thou may'st be saved; the general will ransom us.

LIEUT. Am I a prisoner?

CAPT. Yes!—we are in the enemy's power.

LIEUT. A prisoner?—

CAPT. Come, let not this distress you ; it's a thing that has happened to the bravest soldier : the fortune of war is a strange jade.—

LIEUT. Why not killed?—Why only a prisoner?—

CAPT. Still, this is one step better. Death allows no one to be exchanged.

LIEUT. Are we defeated?

CAPT. Only forced to retreat. General Lannes has such great superiority on his side. Our corps was obliged to retreat over the Scrivia.

LIEUT. Retreat over the Scrivia!

CAPT. Peace on that subject.—How dost thou feel now? Is thy wound very painful?

LIEUT. Hadst thou awakened me with a cry of victory, I had trusted in recovery ; now I feel that the shot is mortal, and have no more wish to live!

CAPT. Spare thy lungs.—Speak not.—Perhaps.—A miracle is not impossible ; thy constitution is strong.

LIEUT. The body may strive against bodily suffering, but it bows before the anguish of the mind.

CAPT. Peace—follow my advice. Speak not so much.

LIEUT. Shall I, for the few minutes which I may have to live, lament in silent torture? No, let

me unburden my heart to thee at my departure. Closing life presses the last warm vital stream to my breast, and gives me strength for discourse. How is it with our comrades?

CAPT. As I have already told thee, they have retreated over the Scrivia. Casteggio and Voghera are in the enemy's hands.

LIEUT. Was it an honourable retreat?

CAPT. That will I vouch for. The troops fought like lions; it was only this superiority that caused them to give way.

LIEUT. They are still a brave and excellent people, my Austrians. Thou should'st have seen my men; they were all heroes, and stood like rocks in the sea. Heaven reward their truth! There will be but few of them remaining.

CAPT. Thou hadst the outposts?—

LIEUT. Yes, brother. As we arrived to-day at noon at Casteggio, and were preparing to cook, intelligence, as thou know'st, arrived that Marshal Lannes was not far off, and threatened to attack us. I with my company, and a squadron of light cavalry, was detached from Lobkowitz in order to employ the enemy till the whole corps was ready for action.

CAPT. I was not so favoured!—

LIEUT. I soon perceived for what purpose we had been sent here, and saw that the safety of the whole *corps d'armée* depended on this diversion. Scarcely was I arrived in the defile, when I made halt, as I saw the van of the French advancing at the *pas de charge*. It had already lain wondrously heavy on my mind that my time was out, and that I must to-day discharge the debt of death! As I now perceived the enemy's bayonets gleam in the hollow, I felt certain that my ball would be loaded this day! Impressed with the feeling of my approaching death, I called my trusty corporal,—thou know'st him well,—the honest old Heyderich,—gave to him the company's chest, and my own purse, with directions to the colonel to give them to my worthy parents, as the only legacy of their son who had fallen for his emperor. As I sent the old man away, the tears stood in his eyes, and prostrate at my feet he implored me to lead him into the danger of death. The good honest Joseph!—He anticipated, too, what was to happen to his lieutenant.—The parting from this old friend was far severer to me than I had supposed. Just at this time the firing of the French aroused me. Now was the time!—My people fought like wild boars, and yielded not a foot! The bodies of the French were heaped

above us—for my men aimed well, but many fell around me. My officers were among the first: at length I remained, after an hour's fighting, with eleven men—eleven men out of ninety to oppose the attacking enemy. Then I received this shot, fell back and know not what has happened since. I waked, for the first time, in thine arms.

CAPT. Of this I can give thee an explanation. Your people drew back when their commander fell; the lieutenants, Stambach and Ottilienfeld, who had been overthrown on the other side by the French, hastened to thee, raised thee up, and bore thee a space farther, until, stopt by the French chasseurs, they were compelled to leave thee to thy fate. The enemy were about to plunder thee, when some Croats burst from a neighbouring hedge, drove them back, laid thee on their musquets, and bore thee thus to Casteggio, whence Field Marshal Count O'Reilly caused thee to be brought by one of the Naundorf hussars. This man it was, too, who delivered to me the continuation of thy history.

LIEUT. And thou?

CAPT. Although we, by thy heroic devotement, were enabled to take up a position, yet we could not resist the superiority which broke on us on all

sides. We left Casteggio and retired on Voghera. At the upper gate I received this shot in my right arm, was taken prisoner, dragged myself hither, found thee, and resolved at once to await with thee the common lot which is appointed for us both.

LIEUT. How! art thou wounded?—Not dangerously?

CAPT. Do not think it!

LIEUT. Is thy wound not yet drest?

CAPT. No!

LIEUT. Then haste and get it done.

CAPT. No.

LIEUT. Thy loitering may be fatal to thee.

CAPT. First I must learn how it will be with thee.

LIEUT. Friend, I die!—

CAPT. That is not certain; deliverance may be possible.

LIEUT. For me there can be none; and besides, I do not desire it.

CAPT. Nay,—this were raving!

LIEUT. Preserve for thine emperor a brave officer.

CAPT. 'Tis for that I remain here.

LIEUT. Nay! 'tis for that thou should'st go.—
Leave me not the bitter reflection that my linger-

ing death has hastened thine.—Yet, before sunset shall I be released!

CAPT. My hand shall at least close thine eyes.

LIEUT. The Genius of my country shall close them!

CAPT. I have now sate by thee three hours.

LIEUT. Therefore lose not a moment now, but save thyself.

CAPT. If I could but help thee!

LIEUT. There is no help for me!—leave me to die in peace, and go.

CAPT. Brother!

LIEUT. Go, and save thyself! Thine old father yet lives! Save thyself for him—save thyself for thine emperor!

CAPT. Ah! what avail is it to me, if thou diest?

LIEUT. Salute my friends and go!

CAPT. Hast thou, then, no hope of life?

LIEUT. None—save thyself!

CAPT. Press yet once more my hand; my right is shattered. I must now take leave with my left.

LIEUT. Brother—farewell!—

CAPT. May God console thee in thy dying hour!—Farewell!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

The LIEUTENANT (*solus*).

The last farewell!—Death, I tremble not at thee!—But when I think it was the last mortal eye that may look upon me, my soul shudders.—So my reckoning is completed, my testament is made.—May God console my worthy parents when the honest Heyderich brings them my legacy. I am peaceful; thank Heaven, I do not dread the moment of my dissolution!—Have I not thought, while translating Horace at school, that I, myself, could prove the *dulce pro patriâ mori*? Yes, by Heaven! the immortal minstrel is right—it is sweet to die for one's country.—O that I could now step forth before all the young true hearts of my nation, and thunder in their ears with the last strength of my parting life—It is sweet to die for our country! Death has nothing dreadful when it winds the bloody laurels round the pallid brows. Did they know this, those cold and selfish beings who creep behind the stoves, when their country calls her sons to her banners; did they know this, those base un-

worthy souls, who deem themselves prudent and careful as they display their rhetoric, "that it would go on as well without them, that a pair of hands more or less would be as nothing in the scale of victory," and what other evasions the pitiful wretch may find ;—did they know the delight which a brave soldier feels when he bleeds for the right cause, they would press into the ranks. It is true that all would go on without them, and that a pair of hands more or less are nothing in the preponderance ; but has not our country an equal right to all her sons ? If the peasant must bleed—if the citizen offers his children, who can excuse himself ? No one is too good to offer himself to die for the honour of his country : but many are too base for it !—Fly, then, to your banners, if your inward voice impels you ! leave father and mother, wife and child, friend and loved one, resolutely behind : force them from you if they would restrain you ;—the first place in your heart belongs to your country.—How noble a spirit now inspires me !—Will my ardent soul take its departure with these holy words ?—I grow weak ! my voice falters !—As thou willest, my God and Father,—I am prepared !

[He falls back senseless.]

SCENE V.

The above. (The CORPORAL with a cloth round his upper arm, much heated and exhausted, still exerting himself till his strength, at last, fails by degrees.)

CORPORAL. I can scarcely go farther.—If I do not find him soon, all my efforts are vain.—My old bones will fail.—In the market-place lie many hundreds dying, but my good lieutenant is not there.—The wound in my arm begins to burn terribly. My own people considered me a deserter. I desert!—I!—Serve my emperor thirty-five years, and then desert!—Let me only save my lieutenant, and I will quickly find the way to my banners.—Heavens! an officer of our regiment. Good God, it is my lieutenant!—My lieutenant!—*(Throws himself on the ground beside him.)* Gracious Heaven! I thank thee. He is found: I have him again!—Yes, I have him again;—but how?—Dead?—dead?—No, he cannot be dead; he must not be dead!—Has Heaven allowed my endeavours to succeed, only that I may find his corse?—I must watch that I may at least close his

eyes.—His neckcloth must come off—so.—Now I will see where I may find some water. Gracious Heaven! suffer not an old fellow to despair!

LIEUT. Ah! can I then not die yet—not yet? Death, make it short—how long shall I be tortured?

CORP. (*Comes with water in his helmet.*)
Thank Heaven, I bring water.

LIEUT. What do I see? Heyderich? That I should have been deceived too in thy soul? Deserter!—Fie! fie!

CORP. Thank Heaven! he moves, he lives.—
Sir—Lieutenant—my dear Sir—ah the joy!—

LIEUT. Away! away! embitter not my last moments.

CORP. Now is all pain forgotten!—

LIEUT. Art thou a prisoner?—

CORP. No, lieutenant.—

LIEUT. How camest thou here?—

CORP. Thank God!—I deserted.—

LIEUT. Away, wretch! let me not curse thee in my dying hour!

CORP. In the name of Heaven, lieutenant, what is the matter with thee?

LIEUT. Miserable wretch!—to allow yourself to be seduced by a handful of ducats—your five-

and-thirty years of service to be branded.—Out of my sight!

CORP. Lieutenant, you are very harsh. By Heaven! I have not deserved this.

LIEUT. You are right; you deserved a ball through your head.—Deserter!—

CORP. If you knew why I deserted!

LIEUT. No wretch is so senseless, that he can assign no reason for his baseness.

CORP. Lieutenant, the shot which I have in my arm is painful, but the stab which your words inflict on my heart is ten times more so.

LIEUT. Fellow, assume not such honest looks; play the wretch freely before me—I am a prisoner, and wounded, and can do thee no harm.

CORP. Lieutenant, break not an old fellow's heart. I have deserted only to save you. I have all your money about me, with which I can help you immediately.

LIEUT. Wretch!—

CORP. So may Heaven help me in my dying hour, 'tis for that I am here; 'tis for that I am wounded in the arm! How may you be saved?—

LIEUT. Heyderich!

CORP. I desert my emperor for worthless gold!—
I!—Lieutenant! that was harsh.—

LIEUT. Friend—Comrade—what shall I say to thee? How shall I make thee amends?—

CORP. It's already done, if I can see my lieutenant again as a friend, and he calls me the faithful old Heyderich.

LIEUT. My friend! my faithful old Heyderich!

CORP. So, lieutenant, so now all is forgotten. How can I save you?

LIEUT. Deliverance is not possible!—

CORP. Yes, lieutenant, yes—let me only try.—First, you must be placed in a soft bed, then you must have a surgeon—and good, good care shall you have! I will watch by your bed all night.

LIEUT. Faithful soul!

CORP. Let me only endeavour!—This house seems a decent one.—The people have shut themselves up for fear of the French plunderers. They must open.—But my lieutenant should not have thought me a deserter for the sake of money. He should not have done so.

LIEUT. Forgive me, old friend!

CORP. It's long since forgotten, and it's not worth talking about! You are still my good lieutenant.—Now, quick to the door. (*Knocks.*) Halloo—open! my lieutenant is dying, and must have

help. Open, I beseech you, by all that 's sacred!—
Open! be compassionate!—

LIEUT. No one hears you.

CORP. Yes, they hear me well enough; only they are afraid. I hear them whispering within.—
Be compassionate!—open!—a dying man implores you—open! Well, if this is of no use, we must try the soldier's way.

LIEUT. It 's of no use.

CORP. But it shall be of use.—Thunder!—
Open, or I 'll shatter the door, and then the Lord have mercy on you all!—Open!—I 'll teach you respect for my dying lieutenant. Open! or I 'll break it open!

(*Voice within the house*). We will open immediately, if you will only spare our lives.

CORP. See, lieutenant, it 's already of use.—No harm shall be done to you, only open!—now—immediately!

(*Voices within*). Quickly! quickly!

CORP. Courage, lieutenant; the key creaks in the lock.

LIEUT. Yet is there no deliverance for me.

CORP. At least here is relief!—

SCENE VI.

The above. (The Merchant, from the house).

MER. How can I help you? I will do every thing in my power.

CORP. Sir, take this officer, who is mortally wounded, into your house, provide a surgeon, and all shall be yours that I can give you.

MER. You are Austrians!

CORP. Captured and wounded Austrians!

MER. Ah! how willingly would I help you—but I cannot.

CORP. Why not?

MER. The enemy are in the town: I might——

CORP. Have some inconvenience! Fie, sir; what is a little inconvenience to you, if you can save a fellow-creature?

MER. But——

CORP. Is there not money enough?—there are more than a hundred ducats.

MER. Very good, but——

CORP. Is it not enough for you?

MER. The gold——

CORP. Hold! I have no more money, but I have a silver watch—it is all I can command—take it and save my lieutenant.

MER. Brave man!

LIEUT. Heyderich, faithful old soul!

CORP. Consider no longer—take it. I have no more use for it, my time will so soon be out.

MER. Corporal, your lieutenant must be an excellent man if he deserves such love and fidelity. Keep your money, keep your watch: I will take you both, happen to me what may on account of it.

CORP. Your hand, worthy Sir. Heaven be praised, my lieutenant is preserved!

MER. Ye are men, and that were sufficient for me; but ye are noble men, and Austrians as well, and there is no better Austrian in his heart than I am.—My house is open to you.

CORP. Yes, Sir, we are Austrians; thank Heaven, we are yet Austrians!—Give me your hand. The war may place another standard here, but we still remain countrymen!—

MER. Agreed! Now let us hasten, let us get you into the house, lieutenant, then I'll seek for a surgeon to dress you.

LIEUT. Leave me, meanwhile, in the open air.

I shall be better in the fresh breeze than within in the narrow chamber. Leave me here until the surgeon declares whether my life may be spared. If I must die, I would willingly die under this fair sky !

MER. I'll hasten after a surgeon. Corporal, go into the house, and let them give thee some refreshment. When my children see the Austrian colours, they will give you all they have.—

CORP. Only send for a surgeon.

MER. In five minutes I will be back with you.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

CORP. Now, lieutenant, now all is right. If the billet-masters who are quartered in the church-yard lay hold of you, the quartermaster-general will not let you get away.

LIEUT. Get into the house, good Heyderich, and refresh yourself: it seems to me you over-exert yourself. Joseph, you are old; make not yourself intentionally ill.

CORP. Never mind, lieutenant; I have a strong constitution. This cursed shot may burn, but it does not cost one's life.

LIEUT. My God, thy wound! how could I have forgotten it?

CORP. There is nothing in it. It's only a grazing shot. I have more such on my body. But now I will go in and bring you a fresh draught, that shall revive you. First give me once your hand. So—thanks from my heart, lieutenant! you are a brave, a truly brave gentleman; and had it cost me my life, I must have found you again. Now Heaven has provided, and has not let an old warrior despair, who is so attached to his standard and to his emperor. (*Goes into the house.*)

LIEUT. Faithful and excellent heart! And could I mistake? The thought that such a man lives beneath the sun almost makes its light again desirable to me. And why should I not live? Why should I curse a being in which perhaps many joys yet bloom for me, in which I may begin and accomplish many worthy things? Are all prospects destroyed with the loss of a single battle? By the eternal God! I feel that I have yet claims to this earth, that I have yet a voice in the decision of life. He who sees noble beings around him, who are twined about his heart, must be, indeed,

unwilling to leave their presence for the loneliness of the grave!

CORP. (*coming from the house with a flask of wine and a glass.*) Here, lieutenant, is a fresh and good draught of wine; it will pour new fire into your veins. Now then—so—did you relish it?

LIEUT. A reviving draught! You have drunk already, then.

CORP. Oh! I can wait.

LIEUT. Not drunk yet! why not?

CORP. I have no great thirst: that may proceed from weariness, and will soon go off.

LIEUT. So, sit you down. Have you any fever?

CORP. God forbid!

LIEUT. Give me yet a mouthful. So—I thank thee.—Now tell me at length how came you to Voghera?

CORP. I was already beyond the Scrivia, when I learned the full retreat of our army. Now thou must to thy lieutenant!—was my first thought.

LIEUT. Gallant comrade!

CORP. I therefore went to the right about, returned back, and asked all the regiments as they passed by for ours, till, at length, I found it. “Where is my lieutenant?” cried I. “Dead,” called

one, and "dead" said another, "I saw him fall."—"He lies with eighty men of his company in the defile, Lord rest his soul!" cried a third. My heart was almost broken, but I still hoped, for I knew how many have lived when all considered them as dead.

LIEUT. It's not much better.

CORP. At length I saw a man of our company. "Where is our lieutenant?" cried I to him. "It's over with him," was the answer; "they drove him back in the engagement, and afterwards he was left dead in the field." Still I gave you not up for lost, but was almost persuaded you must be living. Like one distracted, I ran through the ranks: "Have you not seen my lieutenant?" was my eternal question. Every where they answered, one "no," and another "he is killed." I now began to despair, when, at length, a hussar galloping by cried, "an officer of your regiment lies in Voghera mortally wounded, and will never more see the sun go down." That must clearly be you; my resolution was speedily taken to save you, were it with the risk of life.

LIEUT. Noble man!

CORP. I gave the company's chest to the major,

who was just riding by, and ran back to the Scriveria; there I stole through our outposts, sprang into the stream and swam across.

LIEUT. Heyderich! Heyderich! if I forget this—

CORP. It's all repaid, lieutenant; it's all repaid. Our people on the bank, who looked on me as a deserter, fired on me; one of them grazed my arm, but what of that? I came safely here.—I a deserter?—I go over to the enemy?—then must the Lord of Heaven have struck me with his lightning, if I, an old fellow, would have become a rascal!

LIEUT. And was it possible I could attribute it to thee?

CORP. Zounds! lieutenant, I had quite forgotten that, or I should not have named it. In short, I came here. "Who goes there?" cried a French sentry: "A deserter," answered I, and they let me pass unhindered. I ran still faster, till I came to Voghera, when I sought a long time in vain in the market-place among the dying and the dead, until good fortune led me to this street. And now I have found you again, and have preserved you. Lord of Heaven! I will now from my heart willingly die, since I know that my lieutenant is cared for.

LIEUT. Comrade, I am eternally thy debtor ; give me thy hand. Let me embrace thee, thou true honest heart !

SCENE VIII.

The above. The MERCHANT and the SURGEON.

MER. Here, my friend, help if thou canst ; this is a man of honour.

SUR. That I perceive when I see his uniform. Now then, lieutenant.

LIEUT. Will you help me ?

SUR. As much as I can.

CORP. Only be quick, be quick ; there is no time to lose.—

SUR. Where is the wound ?

LIEUT. Here.—

SUR. Was there much loss of blood ?

LIEUT. That I cannot inform you, for I only recovered my senses half an hour ago. (*The Surgeon kneels down before him and examines the wound.*)

CORP. (*to the Merchant*). Sir, what do you think of it,—does he seem anxious,—will my lieutenant be preserved ?—

MER. I have hopes; it seems to me the surgeon is not anxious; beside the young man is able in his profession, and will certainly use every means to preserve the brave officer.

CORP. Alas, that I cannot do this! O that I understood it! what delight it were!—Sir, ask him yet what he thinks—if he believes?—

MER. (*to the Surgeon*). Well?—

SUR. There is certainly danger, yet deliverance is probable. I think I can save him; I think the lieutenant may recover.

CORP. Victoria! my lieutenant will recover. My dear doctor, is it true? Victoria! Victoria! Now I thank thee, gracious Heaven! that my little strength is spared yet so long; now I could willingly die.—Is then my lieutenant preserved?—Victoria! he will recover.

LIEUT. Good faithful soul!

SUR. (*to the Merchant*). Haste now, my friend, and prepare a chamber with a soft bed for the lieutenant; then we will place him there, and good fare, good nursing, and a good constitution, will certainly maintain their right.

MER. I hasten. (*Goes into the house*).

LIEUT. Doctor, first of all examine my brave corporal. He has a shot in the arm which he

received on my account. Dress him in the best manner you can.

CORP. First you, my lieutenant.

LIEUT. When I am in the chamber, not before.

SUR. Let me see, corporal.

CORP. It is nothing. (*The Surgeon examines the wound*).

LIEUT. Well?

SUR. The wound is considerable.

CORP. God forbid!—(*Aside.*) Silence!—

SUR. Dangerous!

CORP. (*Aside.*) Silence,—I say, silence!—

SUR. The pulse are much affected.

LIEUT. Good Heavens! his age,—the over-heating,—and the plunge into the Scrvia!

CORP. (*Aside.*) Good Heavens! be silent.

SUR. Nay, sir, here is much danger, wink at me as you will. Your vital powers are destroyed.

LIEUT. And all this for me!

CORP. Be without anxiety; I have a strong constitution.

LIEUT. Good Heavens! Heyderich, thou art pale, Heyderich.

SUR. He is giddy.

CORP. It is only fancy; I stand yet firm on my feet.

SUR. You tremble!—Be seated.

LIEUT. Joseph, what is the matter with thee?

CORP. I believe I have not much longer to live.

LIEUT. Good Heavens! how perceivest thou that?

SUR. I fear! I fear!

CORP. Out with it! lies will not do now. All seems so black before my eyes! I believe it will soon be all over with me.

LIEUT. Heyderich!

SUR. I expect it. His age, the enormous exertion,—the sudden chill,—the wound,—the loss of blood.—

LIEUT. Save him, doctor; save him!

SUR. I believe it is in vain. The grave demands a debt long since due.

LIEUT. He was such a brave—brave soldier, and yet must die so wretchedly, not in glorious fight by his banner.

CORP. Glorious?—I die not, indeed, beside my banner, but I die *for* my banner; for I have preserved a valiant officer for my emperor, and I am prouder of this than if I had saved the standard. Fresh standards may be embroidered and gilded, but such a hero as my lieutenant is not easily to be found.

SUR. Do you feel any pain at your breast ?

CORP. Enough to break my heart !

SUR. Then think on God !

CORP. With him I have already reckoned early to-day ; there only remains now to take leave of my lieutenant.

LIEUT. Joseph ! Joseph ! thou diest for me !

CORP. My eyes grow dim. Where is your hand—your hand, lieutenant ?—Give it to me for the last time. So, farewell !—I have no need to make any will, I have no children, nothing but this watch, lieutenant ; take it in remembrance of an honest old fellow, who was faithful to you—faithful even to death.—

LIEUT. And I must be saved at such a price !

CORP. And when you reach your country again, say to my comrades, that it was my last will that you should declare to them I was no deserter. I have remained a good Austrian to the grave, have served my emperor bravely, and have died like an honest fellow !

LIEUT. Thou wilt live in the remembrance of all good men.

CORP. Assure me again that my lieutenant shall recover.

SUR. With God's help I do not despair of it.

CORP. Now close, old eyes! Victoria! I have preserved my lieutenant! (*Dies*).

LIEUT. Good Heavens! he falls.—

SUR. Never to rise again!—

LIEUT. Has he expired?—

SUR. His time is out!—

LIEUT. Let me approach him.—Thus kneel I in sorrow and in enthusiasm over thee, thou true departed friend!—Fatherland, behold!—such hearts beat in thy children!—Such deeds ripen under thy sun!—Fatherland, thou mayest be proud!

THE END.

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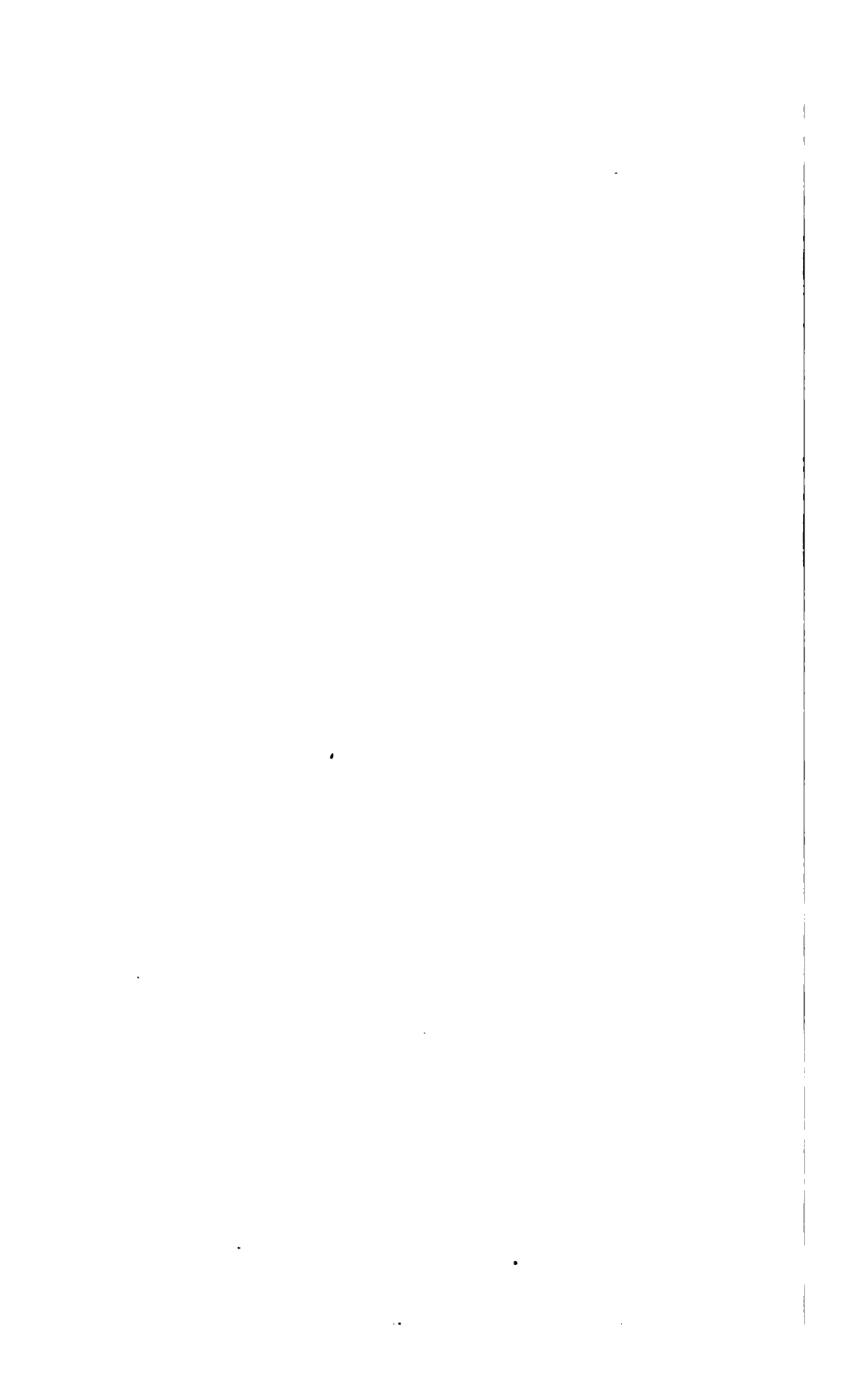
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LIEUT. And all this for me!

CORP. Be without anxiety; I have a strong constitution.

LIEUT. Good Heavens! Heyderich, thou art pale, Heyderich.

SUR. He is giddy.

CORP. It is only fancy; I stand yet firm on my feet.

SUR. You tremble!—Be seated.

LIEUT. Joseph, what is the matter with thee?

CORP. I believe I have not much longer to live.

LIEUT. Good Heavens! how perceivest thou that?

SUR. I fear! I fear!

CORP. Out with it! lies will not do now. All seems so black before my eyes! I believe it will soon be all over with me.

LIEUT. Heyderich!

SUR. I expect it. His age, the enormous exertion,—the sudden chill,—the wound,—the loss of blood.—

LIEUT. Save him, doctor; save him!

SUR. I believe it is in vain. The grave demands a debt long since due.

LIEUT. He was such a brave—brave soldier, and yet must die so wretchedly, not in glorious fight by his banner.

CORP. Glorious?—I die not, indeed, beside my banner, but I die *for* my banner; for I have preserved a valiant officer for my emperor, and I am prouder of this than if I had saved the standard. Fresh standards may be embroidered and gilded, but such a hero as my lieutenant is not easily to be found.